

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

OVER 290,000 COPIES Sold Every Week **FREE NOVEL**

Vol. III. No. 32.

Registered at the General Post Office, Sydney, for transmission by post as a newspaper.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1936.

48 PAGES. PRICE 3d.

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OF NEW SOUTH WALES



LEAP Year

HERE is a legend that the male
(Proud master of the universe!)
Decides upon the maiden pale
He'll take for better or for worse,
Except that—this is rather queer—
Girls do the asking each Leap Year.

The asking, yes, although the choice
Is always theirs in any year;
Their doing when, with faltering voice
A suitor says what they've planned to hear.
Leap Year just means they'll ask straight out
Instead of going roundabout.

—By STEWART HOWARD.

Yes, the Holidays are over Now!



HAVE Midnight "DRINKIES" Come to STAY?

Anyone Can Start a Party

Under Adelaide's New Law
WILL THE INFLUENCE SPREAD?

Adelaide has gone gay under its new liquor law, and the rest of Australia is standing back in amazement, intrigued, entertained, shocked, or critical, according to the outlook of the observer.

Hitherto regarded as one of our most sedate, sober, and restrained capitals, Adelaide now hasn't a dull moment with its midnight "drinkies," and the State is rent by the wordy warfare of those who approve and those who don't.

How far this controversy will go, and the extent to which other States will be involved if similar legislation is introduced by them, are questions exciting interest everywhere. Our Special Representative reviews the situation in this article.

"To drink or not to drink!"
That is the question perplexing the whole of South Australia.

Although a few people claim to have

foreseen the difficulties which would be encountered when the amendment to the Licensing Act came into operation, it is apparent nobody realised what an outcry it would cause.

Almost from the day the amendment



MISS SARAH CHURCHILL, the beautiful 21-year-old daughter of Mr. Winston Churchill, who recently decided to adopt the stage as a career. She was to have made her first appearance as a dancer in C. B. Cochran's new Revue, "Follow the Sun," just before Christmas.

took effect some fresh confusion or difficulty arose, until those people who wished to apply for a liquor permit to hold a party did not know where they stood. Everyone seems able to interpret its privileges in a different way.

The amendment causing all the trouble sounds simple enough, for it "enables any private person to obtain a one-night permit for the consumption of liquor until midnight at a social function at hotel or licensed club."

At least, it did enable all such private persons to obtain their one-night permits for the first few days, when it was suddenly realised that the amended law placed almost no restrictions on parties held on licensed premises at which alcoholic refreshments were perhaps the main attraction.

Rush Started

ON the day preceding Christmas Eve—the amendment being effective for only four days before that—the Licensing Court and police officials began to grow alarmed when a rush of applications for permits was made. After that further applications continued to pour in in such numbers, and so many would-be hosts were so indefinite as to their plans if a permit were granted, that police officials realised it was time something was done and applicants were referred to magistrates.

A permit costs 10/-, and must be granted at least 24 hours before the party which it is to cover takes place. Once a permit is granted it was further realised little more could be done about it. This raised a legal point which has yet to be decided.

The problem deepened when hosts who had invited friends to bring other friends along did not know which were really their guests, for it was an easy matter for others on the premises to claim to be of the party.

The amended Act, of course, came into force just before Christmas and the welcoming of New Year, when the festive spirit abounded and everybody wanted to celebrate.

Thus flaws in the amended Act were subject to a really severe test and, while at first it appeared that the new licence regulation would be misused, close inspection by police and members of Parliament of parties held by permit on New Year's Eve were reported to have been jolly, but without a sign of drunkenness.

Now everyone is wondering if midnight "drinkies" have come to stay.

WOMEN Have No Fear of THE AIR High Percentage of Travellers in Australia

The world moves on... To-day every aeroplane accident receives startling headlines in the Press, and the streets are filled with tragic posters. Recently an accident in a motor-car received the same prominence.

However tragic air accidents may be—and unfortunately there have been a few in recent months—they must be looked at in proper perspective. When we are told that we have a one hundred-millionth chance of catching some germ, we laugh. Yet, relatively, aeroplane accidents are in the same ratio.

THIS seems hard to believe; yet the air is now a common means of travel, and how often do we hear of accidents? Certainly not once a week—not once a month even.

Nowadays nobody is frightened of travelling in motor cars. To suggest that anybody was too timid to ride in a car would be to provoke a pitying laugh. And when facts are considered in a proper light, the laugh should be

just as hearty in regard to aeroplane travel.

Compare the danger to any other sphere of life. It is no greater, if as great, than is presented in any street, any hour of any day.

It is in the age of the aeroplane, not only in travel, but in commerce. And women are not behind in appreciating the fact at its full worth. Women executives of big firms make regular flying trips all over Europe—it is no more than a train trip to them.

Australian women are just as im-



READY FOR THE TRIP. These air passengers are typical of the many hundreds who enjoy aeroplane transport every year in Australia.

The "CHILDREN'S TREASURE HOUSE"

Last Token Appears
This Week

ON the inside back page of this issue appears Token B28 for the "Children's Treasure House."

No more tokens for this book will be printed, and our readers are hereby notified of the closing of the "Children's Treasure House" book offer.

to-date. Out of the hundreds of women who fly from one capital to another, a great percentage of them do so for business reasons. They realise that time saved is money saved. Efficiency is the very make-up of a successful business woman, and she knows that the aeroplane has helped to speed up the efficiency of modern business.

In a hasty survey of last year's passengers who used the Imperial Airways planes from Sydney to London, easily 25 per cent. of them were women.

For shorter distances, such as from Sydney to Brisbane, and Sydney to Hobart (via Melbourne), the percentage of women passengers was even higher.

Mr. Birchell, of Holman's Airways, goes as far as to say that almost 50 per cent. of the passengers who use their service are women.

Flying is no longer a novelty, even to women. They know that the perils of the air are no greater than the dangers of the land.

WIDE AWAKE
CELIA...

stole a march on Beauty. Went to her dressing table looking just ordinary, (such an indifferent skin!) came away a vision of breath-taking loveliness. She found the gift of a radiant complexion waiting for her in her pretty box of Revelry.

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36, 7, 27

LET'S Talk About—



IMMIGRATION ADVOCATE

CANON GARLAND, of Brisbane, just in his 72nd year, presided at the 14th annual meeting of the New Settlers' League, one of his chief interests.

When E. G. Theodore was Premier of Queensland, the Canon was responsible for reviving the movement for the immigration into Queensland of British lads as farm learners, some 4000 of whom arrived. A beginning had previously been made under the Premiership of Digby Denham, in 1916, when 400 lads came out.

Canon Garland has three motives in this movement. First, to give British lads a chance of a fuller life in brighter sunshine and fresh air; second, to assist farmers in obtaining labor which, without sweating, would still make cheaper the breakfast table for city people; third, to bring out our own kith and kin to keep Australia white. The Canon also had to do with the bringing out of 5000 women household workers, many of whom are now married and the mothers of fine Australians. Two other big interests with him are religious instruction in the State Schools—for the introduction of which he was responsible in Queensland and West Australia—and all soldier interests.



WIFE OF MAHARAJA

THE Maharani of Nawanagar, who has just returned to Bombay, is the wife of the Maharaja Jam Sahib, a nephew of "Ranjit".

It will be remembered that the happy couple have been married only a short while—their wedding took place last March.

The Maharani is the daughter of the Maharaja of Sirci, and is an accomplished landscape painter.

Her husband, the Maharaja, will captain his own cricket team on a tour of New Zealand next summer.



STAR COMING HERE

CHARLES FARRELL, who has been chosen by Miles Mander to play the lead in National Productions Ltd.'s latest undertaking, "The Flying Doctor," had no stage experience before entering films eight years ago as an extra. Born in Onset Bay, Massachusetts, in 1902, Mr. Farrell is brown-eyed, and stands six feet two inches in his stockinged feet. He was educated at Boston University, and is now one of the most popular leading men on the screen, having co-starred with Janet Gaynor in "Seymour Hays," "Sunny Side Up," and "Tess of the Storm Country."

Mr. Farrell should be in every way suited to pioneer an Australian picture into the forefront of the world's markets.

UNBELIEVABLE Savagery of the Early SETTLERS

Mary Gilmore's Attack on Australia's Pioneers

When Rivers Ran Red with Blood!

Shocking allegations of ill-treatment of the blacks in the early days of settlement are contained in Mary Gilmore's latest book, "More Recollections," just published in Sydney by Angus and Robertson Ltd.

Rivers running red with the blood of butchered aborigines; piccaninnies left to die and be eaten by dingoes; "picnic" hunts, which concluded with a ball and banquet to celebrate the occasion, in which natives were hunted with horse and hounds, and shot down like animals, are recorded as fact.

THE episodes dealing with the poisoning of the blacks read like a literary breakfast with the Borgias. Poisoned flour, tea, and treacle were given to black brother in the days when the cradle of a new civilisation was being rocked on the banks of the Hawkesbury River. "And," says the author, "massacres were frequent since the swift, flowing river quickly washed the bodies out to sea."

These macabre chapters in an otherwise quiet-moving book of reminiscences have evoked considerable controversy and vigorous denials. This de-bunking of the pioneers, coming from such an unexpected quarter, has left readers breathless with amazement, but the author sticks to her guns. Furthermore, her reputation as a chronicler of Australia's past is such that charges made by her cannot be lightly passed over.

Hidden History

AUSTRALIA has been congratulated by the League of Nations for the efficient and sympathetic manner in which it has used its mandate in New Guinea and, as a nation, Australians are proud of this experiment in the control of native races.

Is it possible, then, that in the past is hidden a different story—a tale of tragic horror, of massacre, and bloodshed? Unfortunately, the book is not fully documented, particularly as far as the atrocious episodes are concerned, the writer perforce having to deal with word of mouth authority and memories of things she has been told.

Let Mrs. Gilmore tell us in her own words:

"How terrible things were is shown by the stories of the Clarence River massacre alone. Men who had left the coast in horror said that bodies—not in ones or twos, but in dozens—for months floated down the current of the river; that the water was so polluted with human debris that no one drank it without first boiling it, and that the dingoes ceased to attack calves and fattened on babies."

Mrs. Gilmore tells also of the hunts which took place on the Hawkesbury:

"Among the sport of the military officers and the landed gentry was hunting the black. Grandmother told me they went out after them with guns and packs of dogs just as they hunted foxes in Ireland. 'It was just like fox hunting,' she said, 'for when it was over they made a feast and had a ball.'"

Graphic details of one of these hunts are given by Mrs. Gilmore, as told to her by her grandparents and her mother.

Daughter of the Theatre

JANET MARY WATSON, daughter of Richard Watson, one of the stars of the J. C. Williamson Gilbert and Sullivan Company, has not only convinced her parents, but also her kindergarten teacher, that she is destined for a stage career.

The other day the teacher was telling the class a fairy story when four-year-old Janet announced that she knew it off by heart.

"Well, you tell it," said the teacher. Half-way through Janet forgot the story, but that did not cause her any embarrassment. On the contrary she calmly turned to the teacher and said, "Prompt, please!"

The use of theatrical expressions, however, is not Janet's sole claim to a theatrical career. She is a remarkable mimic, and already knows most of her father's Gilbert and Sullivan roles.

Mrs. Watson plans to have her daughter taught singing and stagecraft. She will begin her lessons in England, however, as the Watsons, who hail from South Australia, are returning to London at the conclusion of the Gilbert and Sullivan tour.



Janet Watson



MRS. MARY GILMORE, and (at right) a young native mother and her child. The latter represent the tragic remnants of a dying race which is now fully protected in camp and reservation, and by statute.



Her grandparents were opposed to these hunts, and did not participate.

"Suddenly the door was pulled open and a black girl of about 12 rushed in, fell at her feet, clutched her skirts and with agonised pleadings, sought protection. Immediately two gentlemen entered the room, dragged the girl out, and beat in her head at the door."

As a reprisal for the killing of cattle by the blacks the book declares that wholesale poisonings took place. These episodes would have driven Lucrèce Borgia and her distinguished family green with envy. First the natives were poisoned and made much of at the homesteads. When their fear of the whites had been sufficiently allayed the trap was set.

"On stations and farms a boiler of treacle would be made and then served out as a treat to the poor, unsuspecting blacks who had joyously helped stir and make it. They were given tarts to win their confidence, then at the last moment the lot was poisoned."

"Sometimes poison was mixed with the sugar and rationed out; sometimes cold tea was served out or left in quart pots for the families to find."

THE practice of poisoning and hunting was general according to Mrs. Gilmore. Elsewhere in the book she says: "Besides the poisoning, great hunting parties were formed by land owners. With dogs, the blacks were rounded up and either shot where they stood or driven into the swamps and rivers and drowned." And this within living memory.

Perhaps the most poignant episode in the whole book is the conversation Mrs. Gilmore remembered as a child concerning the murder of a black girl, who had been tied to a sapling and left to die. Even the strong stomachs of the time revolted at this.

"And there she stood—stood . . . while the brute who had tied her there had forgotten her in other victims, stood while the ants and the flies had worked their will on her, stood while thirst tortured, and the crows found her."



A BIRD-NESTING EXPEDITION by Australian natives. Food has always been a problem with the aborigines, and their quarrel with the early settlers was that increasing flocks and herds diminished their hunting grounds.



Clark GABLE

Jean HARLOW

Wallace BEERY

China Seas

Rosalind RUSSELL

Full details are on page 4 of this issue. Read all about the competition, then see the picture at the theatres of the stars:—

ST. JAMES THEATRE SYDNEY ★ METRO THEATRE MELBOURNE and watch for first screening of "CHINA SEAS" at the CREMORNE Theatre, BRISBANE

TEMPTING Children to Their DEATH

Why is Menace of Disused Waterholes Tolerated?

School holidays, such as are being enjoyed by youngsters all over Australia just now, are always associated with an increase in the number of accidents to children.

That is only natural. Mischief is the middle name of every youngster worthy of the name, and when children get into mischief they invariably court danger.

But why create danger? And that is what the tolerance of disused brick-pits and other waterholes in the suburbs of every capital city in Australia means. They seem to be nobody's business, with the result that dozens of lives are lost by drowning each year.

COINCIDENT with the Christmas school holidays there has been a recurrence of these regrettable tragedies which it should be some authority's task to prevent.

Two little girls, Marjorie and Jean Osborne, sisters, 9 and 11 years of age, lost their lives in an abandoned clay pit in Brisbane, and other similar accidents in other parts of Australia emphasize the fact that while human ingenuity has so

far failed to discover anything that will prevent children getting into mischief or going swimming in places they have been warned against, legislative action should be taken to prevent danger spots being created and advertised, as it were, for the benefit of the children.

Brick-making companies take up blocks of land in industrial suburbs, make huge excavations, and when they have finished their work they leave them—great gaping holes in the earth, un-

enclosed and unprotected. When the rains come along these disused pits become miniature lakes, which naturally attract children looking for somewhere to play. They are invariably of great depth, and even children who can swim well find difficulty in getting out of the



A SEASONABLE GIFT was the coolie hat that a friend of Kathleen Martin, of Adelaide, brought back from Singapore for her. It should prove popular in Australia, as it provides wonderful shelter from the fierce rays of the sun. —Dickinson-Mantel Portrait.



Between Friends

Let's have a cup of Bushells Tea and talk to our heart's content! Let's enjoy the fine flavor of Bushells. It's the flavor of buds, leaves, rich and fragrant.

From hill-top gardens these young leaves are brought to you in the Blue Label packet. They yield their rich juices in your teapot. They delight you with their flavor in your cup.

The Tea of Flavor



water owing to the steep banks and the greasy nature of the clay.

Unfortunately, there is no law in Australia to prevent people leaving these danger spots on private land. But many of the suburban councils are now taking steps to fill in the abandoned clay pits within their areas. The process, however, is a long one, and although they can be filled in at small cost by being used as rubbish dumps, vigilance has to be exercised to see that no nuisance is caused in the process.

Municipal and shire councils in New South Wales now have power, under recent legislation, to compel the owners of private property to enclose such danger spots with a fence, but who ever heard of a fence that could keep an Australian youngster out once he made up his mind to go through?

The Australian Women's Weekly discussed this problem with a well-known authority on Local Government matters, and he expressed the opinion that it would be idle for the councils to spend public money in filling up these excavations, for the simple reason that if one danger spot is closed up to the children they immediately seek another.

"What is the use," he said, "of spending thousands of pounds on disused clay pits to protect children who want to swim, when as soon as you do they go down to some creek or other and get drowned just the same?"

"The only solution of the problem I can see," he added, "is for parents to look after their children, warn them of the danger of these abandoned clay pits, and above all, teach them to swim as early as possible."

That is all very well. The same might be said of a loaded revolver. But who would adopt such a casual attitude if it were suggested that it would be reasonable to leave such a weapon lying around and simply warn children that they must not play with it? Or to point it in even stronger terms—teach the children how to use the revolver?

No, too many lives have been and are still being lost in these unprotected and insufficiently protected waterholes for the matter to be brushed aside airily. Mothers in all the States should take the matter up and insist on legislative action to compel owners of lands on which excavations are made to fill in those excavations before abandoning the areas.

It should not be the concern of a local governing authority. The onus of removing the danger should be on the owners of the land.

Why They All Want to Visit the East

Everyone in Australia seems to be trying to explain why they want to visit the romantic China Seas, judging from the rush of entries in the Grand Holiday Competition announced in The Australian Women's Weekly last week.

The Australian Oriental Steamship Co. is donating the first prize of a return ticket to Hongkong by one of its luxury liners, and the trip may be taken at the convenience of the winner. The competition is being conducted by The Australian Women's Weekly on behalf of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

"It gives me pleasure indeed to know that a contest is being held which will create further understanding between the peoples of this country and my Homeland," said the Vice-Consul for China, Mr. K. P. Wang. "It is my sincerest wish that China and Australia—the oldest and youngest nations of the world—will continue to develop mutual understanding and sympathy, and nothing could do more towards this object than personal contact."

"Any visitor to the East will be immediately impressed with the amazing progress which is being made throughout China through the system of reconstruction under the Chinese National Government. It will also be noticed, however, that China is retaining many of her old customs, because she realizes that they are often superior to modern Western ways."

"Thus the winner chosen for this tour will find much of interest and will learn many things well worth knowing. I will personally give every possible assistance to make the trip both enjoyable and valuable."

Heardly its drama and dance, for, as a Western dancer of the modern school, I have so much to learn from China, the cradle of civilization. Tradition, which is nothing but a word to artistic young Australia, is the very life-blood of these peoples. And what ardently I thirst!

V. Tucker, Woolahara.

To me the very name "China Seas" suggests romance, intrigue, and those thousand adventures one associates with the Orient. After all is not romance that irresistible something we spend our lives dreaming about, looking and longing for, but so few of us find, and who am I to resist?

Mr. F. Knott, Murrumbidgee.

Love for the romantic, whether some story or adventure, given me a desire for the atmosphere characterizing it and I believe that of the East or anything Eastern, the mere sound of the name China Seas really stirs me as something with a tendency to influence my imagination.

Ann Cunningham, West Abert Vale, Melbourne: Always longing to travel. How marvellous on waking one morning to find oneself slipping by the wonderful Barrier Reef, past wondrous islands to a country ever delightful to a traveller. Imagine my happiness commencing today with my sailor husband after a trip grand beyond dreams.

Mrs. M. Fyfe-Smith, Caulfield, Vic.

The land of China would be thrilling, educational and it would be interesting to compare their primitive and their modern life. Visit and see China's religious rites, and customs. Get in touch with women and children.

RULES

Write or print clearly on a slip of white paper in not more than 100 words your thoughts on "WHY I WANT TO VISIT THE ROMANTIC CHINA SEAS," together with your name and address. A prize of a return ticket to Hongkong will be awarded the reader sending in what is adjudged the best entry.

Address your entry to The Australian Women's Weekly, and enclose it, "China Seas Contest."

No person may submit more than one entry. In judging, the following qualities will be considered: (a) Originality; (b) Appreciation shown of the romance of the CHINA SEAS and the Far East; (c) Literary style; (d) Neatness.

No entry will be accepted after January 27. The decision of the Editor on all matters concerning this competition shall be final.

Diverse Replies

ALTHOUGH entrants are limited to 50 words in expressing "Why they want to visit the romantic China Seas," they are expressing themselves adequately, as a glance through the letters reveals. This is what some of them say:

Mrs. K. Campbell, Edgely: I long for contact with the Eastern mind through its culture, its customs, arts and cer-

VALIANT FEUD

BRUSH TAIL, the wolf, howled a challenge to his natural enemy, Slip Along, the panther, out on the high plateau, and back on the breeze came the snarling challenge of the great cat. They watched each other warily, these two, and both bore the scars of conflict. Still, the balance was held evenly.

Each fight grew more bitter. Even during the hard winter the feud was not, as in previous years, laid aside.

By Vingie
E. ROE



The man clubbed his gun and leaped back as, with a snarl, the panther, forearms spread to catch his victim, jumped towards him.

ILLUSTRATED BY WEP

HIGH PLATEAU lay in the Stone Ridge country. Cupped in the lap of the great hills it swung its sheltered open to the sky, like a cradle, or a sanctuary. There was a spring in its middle where the great red hills grew in summer, and where the grass grew lush and high, and coarser forage clothed it like a carpet. Pine trees ringed it, Stone Ridge backed it at the north, and where the vast slopes descended to the south there hung blue space and the further green of tree-clad slants and shoulders.

It was a far cry to any habitation. There were trails across it, from this thicket and that, from rocky cliff and piney glade, and they all converged at the spring's lip.

This spring was a wonderful thing; clear as crystal, forever cold, it moved and boiled above its sandy bottom, a blessing to every living thing.

It had seen tragedy, and love, and life for all the cycle played itself out beside it. It had seen man's face, too, for one short season, mirrored in its virgin depths, for there had been a trapper once who lived at High Plateau for a winter. He had been a strange man, hiding from something, and death had overtaken him one late night in the snow. His bones still lay there, and in the fringe of the pines at High Plateau there still stood the tiny cabin he had made with such infinite labor.

Its latch spring still hung on its peg; there were old beans on its shelf, its bucket had dried and rusted on the crude table.

No other human had ever been there since, but many and many a night Brush Tail, the wolf, had padded silently round it, sniffing.

Brush Tail knew the country of the Stone Ridge in every crevice, every cranny. He had been born there, in a cave under Hanging Rock, and he had lived his whole life there. Brush Tail was no wanderer, preferring to stay in the land he knew, to hunt familiar trails. He was a great hunter.

He lived fat in his savage fashion, and many were the helpless fawns that went to keep his thick grey pelt so shiny. But if he had a predilection

for the tender meat of these piteous ones, he was no coward when it came to bigger game.

He had fought and won innumerable battles. But his arch-enemy, who was still at large, was Slip Along, the panther. This was an adversary who commanded—and got—respect.

Slip Along was tawny as the earth littered with its dead pine needles, and he measured nine feet from nose to tail-tip. He was sleek and shining in good years, heavy-shouldered, hard in his long muscles, graceful and full of beauty. His voice was deep as thunder when he called a challenge on some windy slope in the moonlight, high and shrill like a woman's scream, when he hunted for his prey. It had the ancient trick of mystifying that prey, seeming to be faint and far away the closer he came. A perfectly terrible thing was Slip Along, and every living thing in the Stone Ridge country feared him.

Every thing but Brush Tail. Brush Tail hated him from the ground up, and the panther returned the hatred in full. For one reason, they knew, these two, that as wolves and panthers went they were as evenly matched as possible. In stretching, deadly length, Slip Along had the advantage, but Brush Tail was taller at the shoulder, and quick as the other was he was a trifle quicker.

There had been a battle royal, which had left Brush Tail with a never-dying desire to fight it again. And

of the art of kicking himself backwards, keeping his hind parts moving back and away, always back and away.

And if Brush Tail carried the alga manual of Slip Along, the panther, too, bore his own reminders. These were far fewer than those he had given the wolf, however, though they were more serious.

ONLY two, in fact. One was the limp in his left hind leg, where Brush Tail, according to his ancient and instinctive cunning, had tried to hamstring him, and had all but succeeded. The other scar was a hollow behind the cat's foreleg, where a jawful of flesh had literally followed Brush Tail's snapping fangs, leaving a weakness there in muscle and sinew which no amount of healing had ever cured.

And then, in a certain spring, when the sweet winds whispered on the piney slopes and tall red lilies grew on the sheltered places, a human came to High Plateau.

This was a man, and there was a lot behind him. He was a tall man, slender in his fine outing clothes, too slender. His face was thin in the cheeks and very white, and his large blue eyes were clear as the singing spring among the grasses and much deeper. They were too deep for any human eyes to be, for they held the bodies of drowned hopes and loves, of

grasses had encroached again. He loosed the mules and let them go, with their halters hung on their empty pack saddles and the bell-jinny at their head, according to instructions given by their owner, from whom he had hired them. They would come home, the owner said, wondering at this strange man who wanted no one, not even a pack train owner, to know his secret place of refuge. And it was refuge. A hiding-place from a world which had not done kindly by him, a sanctuary in the wilderness where the man hoped to get back to health, to life, if it were possible, and, perhaps, to God.

It was a hundred-to-one chance he took. He knew that well.

The best doctor in San Francisco had told him that. Also his own soul told him. But what matter?

He had had a lot of life. Money, the things that money buys. He still had the money, safely cared for, willed away, in case. . . . But the things of life that matter he did not have. Love, for instance, and that loyalty that goes with it hand in hand if it be true.

It had not been true. But, oh, how sweet it had been! A golden glory that was false. He had been a fairly decent man, as manhood goes, and he had loved his wife with all the passion in him, had given her everything in his power, fidelity and gentleness, luxury and peace.

AND she had thrown them all away with a snap of her rose-leaf fingers, a wave of her cigarette in its jeweled holder. As the creeping thing grew on him, the illness that sapped his strength, that shortened his breath, that set the red flag of danger in his thinning cheeks, she had told him airily that she was through, that she wanted to go away. And she had gone—to Singapore—with his best and oldest friend. So, it was finished. And he was all but finished. A man of a lesser heart, a poorer courage, would have put the period to the story with a gun, perhaps. But there was something in him, some fine nicety of the spirit, which held up his head against it all, made him raise his blue eyes to the blue Heavens—and buy himself three years' provisions, hire a train of pack mules.

And here he was, lost to his world as entirely as if he had died and been buried, with a heart that ached at every turn and a rough that would not be stilled.

It took him days and days to move his belongings to places of safety. The cabin could not hold a third of them, though he lined it from floor to rafter

with his precious tin. So he built a platform of saplings which he cut with his axe, and stored them thereon, covering them with heavy canvas, tied down at the corners. Before the autumn, if he lived that long, he would do better by them, build more securely. He had tools and conveniences, a fine rifle and ammunition, books in pocket editions that would give him comfort for many moons. . . . And when all this was done he stood on the High Plateau and looked at his lone, green world with a grave face, looked up and nodded.



LISTENING

Sometimes I think the sweetest thing
In all the world is listening;
The thrush's call, the robin's voice
Bid many a saddened heart
rejoice;
A distant bell, the drone of bees,
A laughing brook, the whispering trees;
A singing kettle, summer rain,
A dear old song with glad refrain;
A baby's brave, first-uttered word—
What sweeter sound was ever heard?
—E.M.B.

He was launched on his fight, his bridges burned.

So the days began to come and go in loneliness, in majesty and great beauty, in such a stillness that it could be heard.

He wished sometimes that he had got himself a dog. No blooded animal of the cities, but some little friendly fellow, picked up homeless on some street, perhaps, or from a dog's home.

Please turn to Page 16

A Long Complete Story!

they had fought it again—five times in the passing years. After each fight they had both lain up for weeks nursing their wounds, had both been unable to hunt and had nearly starved in consequence.

Brush Tail carried scars on his great shoulders under the ruff of grizzled hair that were like a fringe of cords laid along his skin where the cat had raked and clawed him to the bone. One of his tail, sharp ears was split to ribbons. His sides, too, had healed ridges along the ribs from end to end, where Slip Along had hunted with his hind feet for the wolf's belly. . . . But never had those curling, hunting hind feet found that vulnerable spot, for Brush Tail, at grips, was pastmaster

ambitions and desires, of all the things that make life worth living.

He came into the Stone Ridge country with a string of pack mules—heavily laden with everything a man might need to keep life in him indefinitely, and he cast about for a place to make his home.

He stopped first down on White Oak Flat below the High Plateau and spent three days searching the country with his glasses. His joy was great when he found the cabin of the dead trapper all ready to his hand. It seemed to him like a promise, and a benediction on his quest, the shining of a Grail, somehow, and he brought his great store of provisions and dumped them in the little yard where the cleared

JUST BORED



O-decided, quite frank with herself, that she was a little beast!

That morning she had been really horrid to Bo before he went off to business. (Her full name was Josephine; he was Boswell. So, being much in love still they called each other "Jo" and "Bo.")

She had said to him: "I suppose you're not working late to-night, dear?"

"I'm afraid so!" was his rather rueful reply.

And then she had gone up in the air. Told him just where he got off! He had been working late every night at the office for the past three weeks—and the weather was so hot and the country so inviting . . . ! She had told him all that, and, she had added: "Of course, you've got your pals up in town, and I expect a good deal of this overtime of yours is put in in some bar or other with them—while I have to stop here all on my own, just bored to tears . . . !"

He had cut in sharply:

"Please, dear! I don't tell silly lies like that. If I wanted to spend an evening with the boys I should say so, and let it go at that! I'm terribly sorry you're so bored, but you can't have it all your own way, you know! As a matter of fact, I'm only doing the wretched overtime because you said a little while ago that you'd give almost anything for a small car, so we could get around a bit. Well, this overtime's going to help to get it, since we can't afford . . . in the ordinary way!"

At that revelation she knew herself, in a flash, for the beast she was! They had only been married a year, and she was still very much in love with him. She wanted to fling herself into his arms and say how sorry she was; and explain to him that she'd sooner have

A Short Story

— By —

BASIL FRANCIS

The evening was very hot, and the roads dusty—she was tired, sticky and thirsty, and, for once, the cool comfort of her own tiny drawing-room appealed to her more than the beauty of the countryside.

And it was at least two miles to the station!

From behind her there came the shriek of a klaxon horn, and the whirr of a motor. She cursed inwardly—another wretched road-hog to fling his dust over her as he dashed by . . . !

But this one did not dash by. Certainly a large, handsome open car slid smoothly past her, and then, without so much as a squeak of protest from the brakes, pulled up a yard or so ahead.

The man who leaned over the side and looked at her with smiling eyes was dark, and not unhandsome. He was not just a young man, but certainly not an old, or even middle-aged one. He was immaculately dressed in a suit of light grey, and hairless. His hair was dark, thick, and wonderfully curly.

"Please forgive me for thus accosting you," he said, with a light politeness which was rather pleasing to her. "But I see you're in trouble with that foot of yours. Might I give you a lift anywhere?"

Jo paused, hesitated, and blushed a little. She looked very charming when she blushed, did Jo.

"Awfully kind of you!" she acknowledged. "As a matter of fact, I'm making for the railway station!"

"Right!" he cried. "Then jump in!" Then, hastily correcting himself, with a smile: "Not with that foot, though—just step in!"

The cushions of the car were very soft and luxurious for a tired little body; the rush of air in her face was intriguingly grateful to its over-hotness—and the man beside her was certainly very nice!

"Going back to town?" he asked her, as they slid smoothly through the soft evening air.

"To the suburbs!" she answered, with a certain scorn in her voice which he did not fail to note.

"Seems a pity to leave this, on such an evening, for the bricks and mortar, doesn't it?" he asked. "I suppose you've got to get back, right away?"

She shook her head.

"Oh, no!" she replied. "Not yet, really! Only I'm tired and hot, and my shoe's being naughty. And I'm bored to tears with my own company."

"Ah!" said the man. "Well, this seems pretty easy to me! I've just been out to see a man on business, and find that he's away for the week. So I'm at a loose end, too! How about joining forces, and having a run round for an hour or so in the old bus?"

Jo was tempted, and more than willing to give way. But she was an honest little soul and decided that she ought to let him know just what the position was:

"I'd love it!" she told him. "But—I must be back by about ten o'clock. You see, my hubby's working overtime, and will be home about then. That's why I get so frightfully bored being left alone all day and all the evenings as well!"

"I'm sure you must!" he said. "It's pretty hard lines! Well, let's have a dash round and ease each other's boredom for an hour or two, and then I'll



But this one did not dash by. A large, handsome car slid smoothly past her, and then, without so much as a squeak of protest from the brakes, pulled up a yard or so ahead. The man who leaned over the side and looked at her with smiling eyes was dark and not unhandsome.

run you right home. That'll save time. What d'you say?"

"I say what I said before—that I'd love it!"

"Right we are, then!" he dexterously turned the big car in the narrow road. "Now, you said you were thirsty, I think. What about a nice, long, cool drink, eh?"

Jo's little scarlet mouth watered terribly at the very suggestion, but she answered bravely:

"I don't drink, you know. Not alcohol, I mean!"

"Why should you? A nice, long, iced lemonade, for instance? Here we are, this is quite a jolly old place!"

And he swung the car deftly into the yard of a picturesque old-fashioned hotel sprang out, and held out a white well-manicured hand to aid her in alighting.

"Mind that poor foot, now . . . !"

As she hurried up the road which contained their little villa, a couple of hours later, Jo's thoughts were more than a trifle chaotic. The road—which, when she first saw her new home a year or so ago had seemed so airy and countrified to her—now looked all closed in, and shabby. And, for

or to take liberties of any sort. Only, when she had made him drop her at the top of the road, and had given him her hand in farewell, he had held it—quite gently—just a little longer than usual, and had said:

"Well, little lady, I don't know about you, but I've had a most enjoyable evening!"

"Oh, so have I!" Jo had responded enthusiastically. "And thank you lots and lots!"

He had retained his hold on her hand:

"Do you think there is any reason why we shouldn't repeat it?" he had asked. "Is hubby likely to be over-tiring again, any time soon?"

"Oh, I expect so. It's costly every night now! Anyway," she added wickedly, "he's always late on Fridays!"

"Then shall we say Friday evening—at the railway station you never reached to-night?"

"Oh, I'd love it!" Jo had cried, on impulse. "What time shall we say?"

"Well, supposing we make it five o'clock—then we can have a spot of tea in the country, somewhere!"

"That would be lovely!" Jo had

Illustrated by
FISCHER

"Where on earth have you been to?" he demanded, rather angrily, as Jo entered the house. "I've been worried to death—thought of phoning the police in fact!"

"Nice of you to worry like that—especially when I see so much of you, these days!" Jo had snapped back—a slightly guilty conscience and a touch of irritability had made her forget all her remorse of the morning! "I've been trying to get rid of my boredom by taking a walk in the country—and got a sore heel for my pains!"

She flung her shoe aside, and commenced rather gingerly to peel off her silk stockings.

"Sorry about that—but you might have left a note to say where you'd gone!"

"I thought I'd be back before you. But, oh, good heavens," she cried out, in a sudden burst of irritability, "what fuss just because I go out for five minutes. Have I got to stop in these blessed walls from morning till night, all alone, like a wretched woman in a harem? Or what do you expect?"

And Bo looked at her with cold, hard eyes:

"Oh, nothing!" he answered, bitterly. "Just nothing!"

They went to bed that night hardly on speaking terms!

THE crisis came, as the crisis inevitably does come in such affairs. Jo had been out with the man-in-the-car not once, but quite a number of times more. He was always the same—chatty, entertaining, attentive to her every want. And never attempting to make love or to take the slightest liberty. That he was a very wealthy man was plain to see, although he never spoke to her of his affairs. She did not even know his surname, nor his name. He told her to call him Bob, and she had laughed and said:

Please turn to Page 40

Dangerous Flirtation

once in her life, she wasn't quite so anxious as usual to get in and give Bo his supper . . . !

The truth of the matter was that she had had a truly delightful evening—not rendered any the less pleasant by a definite feeling that she was being rather naughty! (How true it is that stolen fruit is the sweetest always!)

The man had been in every way charming and delightful. They had covered miles and miles of the most beautiful country; had rested a while by the river, and had sandwiches and milk at a dear little roadside. And all the way he had talked in the most sensible and interesting manner and hadn't once tried to make love to her.

agreed. "I'll be there! Good-night—and thank you lots more!"

"It is I who should thank you!" he had answered. "Good-night, little lady!" They didn't even know each other's names!

SHE did not realise it, but Jo was splashing in dangerous waters! A year of married life, with the first honeymoon passion just wearing a bit thin, is a risky time to let another into your life!

Fate—as fate has a habit of doing—made things worse. When Jo got in Bo was already there. He was tired, hungry, and irritable.

his company than all the cars in the world. But he was angry (and justly so), and he had gone off and slammed the front door before she could recover herself.

Jo gave a sigh. It was all very sad and distressing, but it was, she supposed, the sort of thing that happened to most married people. Anyway, the fact remained that she had spoken no less than the truth when she had said that she was bored. She was—bored almost to extinction!

And the whole beautiful summer evening in front of her, with the country calling loudly—it wasn't so far away from their little villa to places where the honeysuckle bloomed, and the haystacks were golden in the sunlight . . . !

She suddenly decided that she would go and have a ramble on her own . . .

CERTAINLY

Jo looked a very charming little person, but although she herself was far from realising it, not just quite in keeping with the hedges between which she wandered. Her muslin frock and wide-brimmed straw hat looked very pretty, but, somehow, seemed to have a flavor of the town about them. Also she had been foolish enough to put on a pair of new, high-heeled shoes—and now she was feeling sorry about it. For there was a nice, large blister on her heel, and every step was an agony.

MOTHER

Adventures were many
When I was small,
But someone came running
After each fall.
I'd someone to count on
Climbing each tree,
That was my mother—
Caring for me.

Adventures grow sterner
Struggling for fame,
But something still heartens
A losing game.
Remembering her loving
Can you not see
That is my mother—
Praying for me?

—M.C.B.

MEN and ANGEL

Concluding the Story of Angela Todd and her chase to London after her sweetheart.

ANGELA is nearing the end of her adventure. After her break with Neville in Paris she goes to London and Talmadge. He is brusque to her on the telephone, and coldly distant when they meet. "He's 'holding out' on me," thought Angela, who did not like eating humble pie. But they were too much in love with each other for anything to spoil the happy ending.



It was next morning before she heard him over the wire. Then her finger-tips went cold and her heart pounded so that she could scarcely speak. "Captain Talmadge?" "Speaking." His first word struck her almost into silence. She gathered herself together. "This is Angela Todd." There was a pause before he said: "I recognised your voice." "Did you?" said Angela. Hope tortured her. "I have a good memory," he said dryly. "Well, what are you doing in London?" "I had your note." "Yes?" Not another word. Not a word to throw to a dog apparently. "You said you couldn't come to Paris."

"Yes." "I had to see you." "What about?" "Paul—I've got to talk to you." She thought: "It's like beating myself against a wall, but if I let him shut me out now I might just as well be dead." She said: "Paul—" and to her horror found herself—with his name—choke on a sob. Couldn't go on.

"Yes?" he said. She couldn't answer. Agonising silence lay between them, in which the telephone crackled faintly. "Are you there," he said at length impatiently. Angela swallowed hard and forced a croaking little laugh. "Yes—I'm



Illustrated by Boothroyd

She walked over to Kennington Gardens and up and down—up and down between the flower-beds for an hour and a half. Bronze and gold and scarlet dahlias, rose and lilac cosmos—petal and leaf woven into a living tapestry of summer dying, autumn coming on. There was autumn in the air, a bluish mist. Autumn on the wind, a feathering chill.

At half-past eleven Angela went back to the hotel and sat down beside the telephone in her room to wait. She tried to read the morning paper. No use. Lifeless black marks on a lifeless white page. All that existed for her was in the ugly black instrument standing on the small oaken table beside the bed. She stared at it with dazed and hungry eyes. Silent. Silent as stone. On the table beside it her leather-bound travelling clock ticked slow minutes away. A quarter—ten minutes—five—then like blind men feeling their cautious way, four—three—two—one.

Angela thought: "It won't ring at twelve exactly, you fool." Trying to steel herself.

But at twelve almost to the second the telephone rang.

"Sorry," said Talmadge. "I find I can't manage it."

She clenched her hands and kept her voice quiet.

"Later, perhaps?"

He sounded edgy. "I've got a pretty crowded day."

"When are you leaving?" asked Angela.

"To-morrow."

That shocked her into utmost daring. "Paul, you can't go without seeing me—it isn't fair."

"Oh, all right," he said wearily. "Meet you in the Savoy lounge for a cocktail at five. I'll send it by that time."

So five hours more to be killed and buried. Angela had some luncheon—dust and ashes by the taste of it—and went to a cinema. She might have done better. For the cinema was of the romantic and glamorous variety, and the sight and sound of love's young dream effortlessly triumphant filled her with a horrible loneliness. She came out into the hazy London evening with a pale face and tired step. Waiting had worn on her like pulling against the current of a sunless stream. She had not, however, come to the end even of that.

Angela said: "Oughtn't this to go in the tray, too—so as not to bend it?" Talmadge took the photo and slipped it between two shirts.

When she got to the lounge of the Savoy, Talmadge was not there. She sat down in the farthest corner and, to avoid making herself conspicuous, ordered a cocktail.

At the table nearest her a pretty girl in grey with orchids on her shoulder was talking to a young man in tweeds with a handsome grin. Farther on two middle-aged cronies argued amiably over paying for the whisky-and-see.

A man on crutches came in with a woman whose smile was on posters all over London. Even the man on crutches looked gay. He was laughing into the lovely face of his companion. As he passed Angela she heard him say: "Well, anyhow, here we are!"

Men and women—Angela thought: "It's only when you're alone you re-

like suicide the woman met his eyes. They settled down to murmured eager talk.

Twenty minutes past. . . Angela thought: "I've never waited so long for a man before—but of course with him it's different."

In the back of her mind, slowly a small, cold fear lifted its ugly head. He hadn't wanted to see her. She was making him do it—as she had made him take her to St. Malo. Did he despise her for her persistence? She thought with a shiver of dread in her secret consciousness: "He couldn't intend just letting me wait—not meaning to come at all. He wouldn't do that."

Punishment—could he be paying her out for the way in which at St. Malo she had walked out on him to

At a quarter to six, while she sat staring at her bag and gloves, trying to force herself to pick them up and go away, a page stopped beside her. She had not seen him crossing the lounge, looking among the tables as he came.

"Miss Todd?" he asked in his polite, impersonal boy's voice.

"Yes," said Angela, breathless. She feared the slip of paper he held out to her almost as much as the silence he had broken. She tipped him and he went. She opened the slip with dry hands.

"Captain Talmadge is sorry that he has been detained. He will be unable to meet Miss Todd."

She folded it up and put it carefully into her bag. She would have done the same at that moment with a death warrant. Going through the lobby she walked slowly. She wanted to run—sobbing—to the nearest, deepest dark.

PAST the revolving door she stood a moment half-dazed. "Taxi, miss?" said the doorman.

As he spoke a taxi drew up. The door was jerked open and Talmadge got out. When he saw Angela he smiled briefly.

"How are you? Just leaving, eh?" "I had your message a moment or so ago," said Angela. She thought: "I sound all right."

"Directly I'd sent it I found I could get off," said Talmadge. "Took a chance on catching you." He started to pay off the taxi. "Look here—do you want to go back in there?"

"No," said Angela, with more emphasis than she realised.

"Hold on," said Talmadge to the taxi-driver. He said to Angela: "Get in. We can decide as we go." He had sounded tired over the wire, but he didn't look it. He looked keen and cool and fit. A big laugh, perhaps.

He said to the driver: "Go along the Embankment—no, drive down the Mall and round St. James' Park. My rooms are out that way," he explained to Angela. "Haven't much time. Suppose we just drive for a bit, then he can take you wherever you want to go. Sorry I can't ask you to dinner and a show. If you'd let me know sooner—"

Angela said: "If I'd let you know sooner, by now you'd be on your way to Japan."

He looked at her without speaking; reached for his cigarette-case and offered it.

Angela shook her head. "Remember how you taught me to blow smoke-rings?"

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A SUNNY ROOM

Summer is captured here—the warmth and light Of fire and sun send out their golden glow:

A bright canary trills its keen delight

In liquid notes that leap and splash and flow; And from a bulb-bowl piercing fronds arise:

A miniature green forest, pebble-strawn, There is mid-summer in the light that lies

Across the rug this dreary afternoon.

And such a sense of peace and deep content

Pervade this old, worn room—such sunny cheer,

So many orderly, safe days are spent

Within its walls, such happiness is here.

So home-sweet are the chairs beside its hearth—

To me it is the loveliest room on earth.

—Grace Noll Crowell.

here." He said in a slightly altered tone: "What is it you want?" "A chance to tell you—that's all—something I want you to know." He said: "I'm terribly rushed." "It won't take long." "Where are you staying?" She told him.

"If you'd come and have lunch with me to-day—"

He laughed, himself—shortly. "I don't get time for lunch."

"Paul—please!"

"I'll tell you what I'll do," She heard his restless shift of position. "I'll give you a ring at twelve to say if I can manage." She had to be satisfied with that. And twelve—two endless hours away.

By Fanny Heaslip Lea

like how empty—" Yet she knew that if every human being she had ever known—except one—were in that room with her—emptiness would still be there.

Her cocktail came. She drank it gingerly, trying to make it last as long as possible. Well past five now. But he had said he had a crowded day. Leaving to-morrow. A thousand final irritating details. A thousand things to detain him.

Across the room a woman sat alone, nervously twirling an empty glass, smoking furiously. Angela thought: "She's waiting, too." After the fashion of all selfish humanity it comforted her a trifle to find another in the same snare as herself. Presently a man came in from the lobby, hesitated, glanced about. With a gleam

go back to Neville? Neville, who hadn't needed her—hadn't even wanted her. Blind, egotistical fool that she was. Still, even if it were fair punishment, must she take it? Half-past and a minute over.

She thought: "I ought to be horribly angry." She had to lash herself into anger. She had to remind herself of decent pride and ordinary self-respect. "I ought to get up and go." But she went on waiting. She knew as her solitary watch wore on that people looked at her curiously. She caught a knowledgeable smile flickering between two men not far from her that brought the blood to her face. Still she sat there.

Twenty minutes to six. She thought: "I'll give him five minutes more."

The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Laif,
sketched by Petrov

SMART GARDENERS

*Sow in gay gingham
and reap in flowering chintzes*

IF gardening is your hobby, you will want the correct clothes for it. Just as for any other occasion it is possible to have attractive though essentially practical ensembles for gardening.

Flowering chintzes seem to ask to be made into colorful aprons and dresses, whilst the new uncrushable cottons that wash so easily are also ideal.

NATURALLY, you want your gardening clothes to be inexpensive. Any of the designs on this page could be made at home for a few shillings; all the materials wash, and, as you know, some of the new cottons do not even need to be ironed.

Whether you really work hard in your garden, or just pick the flowers, you may as well have comfortable, suitable clothes.

In the lower left-hand corner is sketched an attractive apron. Ordinary hessian is used and bordered with a

green floral linen, the waistband continues and ties in a bow at the back. A piece of American cloth (which is waterproof) is stitched on just below the knees to keep you dry when kneeling; two loops hold scissors and lengths of raffia for tying up flowers, and the ever-useful pocket is centre-front.

The next sketch shows a shirt and trousers—the former is blue-and-white checked gingham with short puff sleeves and blue wooden buttons; the trousers are blue Cesarine, fitted at the waist and slightly flared at the hem. The belt is blue-and-white canvas. A large hat of coarse white straw completes this ensemble that is also suitable for holiday and beach wear.

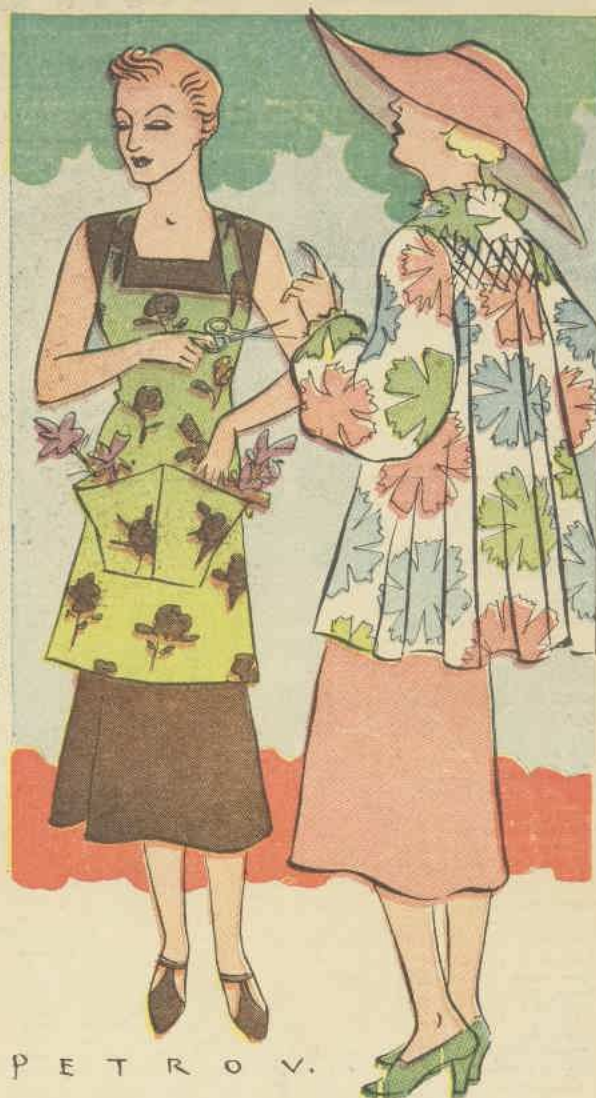
Perhaps you like to sunbake whilst you garden. In that case you will like the backless seersucker dress. The skirt is flared and buttons centre-back; the black linen shoulder-straps tie at the back of the neck, and a narrow sash encircles the waist.

To the right you will see a very practical apron. This would be useful to slip over your dress if you were only arranging your flowers. The material is chintz, bought in the furnishing drapery department, a pale green background sprinkled with bunches of brown flowers. The apron is shaped in at the waist, and the shoulder-straps cross in back and button on to either side of skirt, which does not meet at the back. The pocket is wide at the top, and is made of double chintz.

Very attractive is the smock of glazed chintz in pastel shades; this is full front and back, and can be slipped on over any dress.

Any of these sketches, except the aprons, would make useful house frocks for hot weather.

• **A PRACTICAL** gardening apron made of chintz. The shoulder-straps cross at back and button on either side of skirt.



• **AN ARTIST'S SMOCK** in glazed chintz, large pastel flowers on a light ground. Such a smock can be slipped on over any dresses while gardening.



• **APRON** of hessian decorated with floral cretonne bands, and with waterproof square to kneel on, and compartments for gardening utensils.

• **BLUE-AND-WHITE** checked gingham blouse with short puff sleeves, blue Cesarine for the long, slightly flared trousers.

• **YELLOW-AND-BLACK** seersucker dress. The top is completely backless. The skirt buttons centre-back. Black linen belt.

Paris Snapshots

NEW handbags are bigger than ever, of fine leather and suede, with corners of metal, huge bracelet handles, or heavy metal frames. Suede, in navy, black, and all shades of brown, is quilted and stitched. These bags have many zippered compartments.

PRINTED chiffon fans to match printed chiffon evening dresses are shown by Mainbocher. Schiaparelli makes fans of spun glass material.

A SMART color for late summer is dark blue with a rich violet cast. Evening capes made of taffeta and moire, cut like the dashing capes the Italian officers wear, are the most popular evening wraps in Paris.

FRINGES are going out of fashion. Women in Paris brush their hair straight off the face to go with the new halo hats and berets.

TWO and three strand short, pearl necklaces tie on with a bit of black grosgrain ribbon. The bow can be tied front or back. Wear these with a black frock. Gold will occupy an important place in next season's mode, not only for jewellery, but in materials, for trimmings, for buckles, belts, and buttons.

SAUCER hats with wide or narrow brims still go with midsummer dresses. Contrast is achieved with a facing of white or a pastel shade against navy, brown, or black.

SEEN recently in Paris dress collections —dresses with contrasting fitted jackets, large buttons as trimming, very wide contrasting belts, evening dresses draped and moulded tightly to the figure, little tailored velvet collars on print jackets, soutache braid in intricate designs on the new wool frocks and suits, capes of all lengths with every kind of dress, sleeves, skirts, shoulders, and bodices draped by night and day, hair with curls mounted high, decorative headresses for the evening coiffure—diadems of mirror glass, haloes of velvet and crepe, flowers and feather ornaments. Flowers still worn with evening gowns, lots of white details on black frocks.

TO take the place of an evening bag there are square-cut, oblong metal boxes covered either with rhinestones or colored lacquer. Inside there are compartments for powder, lipstick, rouge, cigarettes, and money.

DUSTY-PINK and sunny-yellow are most popular summer-time colors. All kinds of yellow are used for spectator and active sports, white still reigns supreme on the tennis court.

MANY evening frocks still follow Eastern trends. Voluminous chiffon gowns even end in full trousers like those of a harem girl's, with stockings feet showing through open-toed sandals. Bari scarves of chiffon are attached to chiffon evening coats.

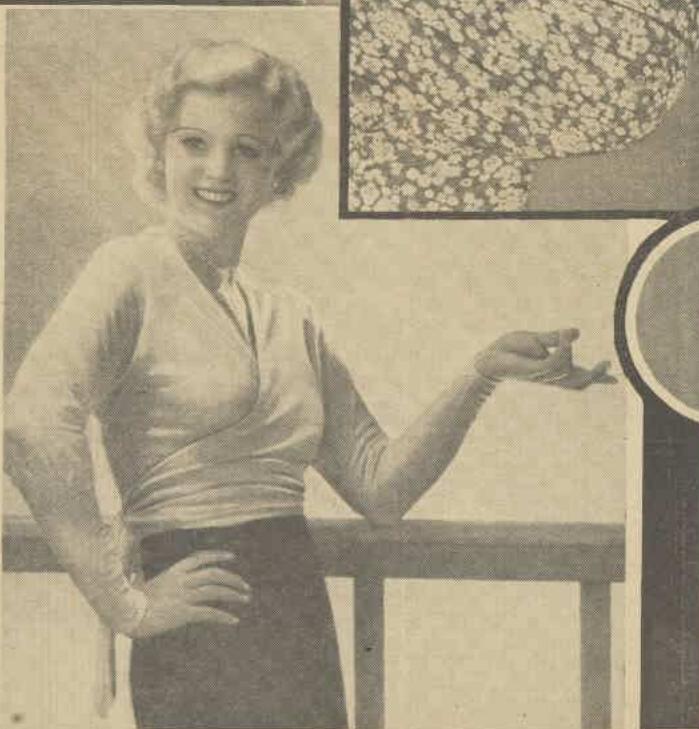
Double-Duty Clothes

Planned by Paris Designers
to face any financial crisis
with serene charm



● **BLOUSES** are the most versatile of all friends of the double-duty outfit. Fashion's offerings in blouses to-day fit them for any occasion from sportswear to semi-formal evening occasions. Above is a charming blouse of flat crepe, tailored after the shirt-maker manner.

● **AT the right** is a Parisian model in oyster satin, designed for afternoon wear. The cross-over fronts are finished in a waist bow at the back.



● **ABOVE:** A floral chiffon dinner gown with a vivacious leaf-printing in green tones on a black ground. The tunic top has dramatic sleeves lined with black chiffon. Fastened on the shoulder and down the side from the armhole it is easily removable. The frock beneath has the decolletage cut on formal evening lines.

● **A Dainty** two-piece day dress at the left is of printed crepe. The blouse, which is basqued and belted, is simply and effectively trimmed with lingerie touches. This type of blouse can also be worn successfully with any plain skirt in a color which tones in with the printing design. In this case, the printing is green, yellow, and brown, so that the wearer of the blouse is given a wide choice for an extra skirt. A change of accessories completes a happy transformation of the outfit.

If the aim of Paris designers is to interpret the times in their designs, then this year the troubled economic condition of the world has been largely in their minds. Numerous dresses and ensembles shown in Paris this season permit many a gown to do double duty.

By a twist of the wrist, the doing up or undoing of a buckle or a clasp, a gown which has had the appearance of a formal afternoon frock or informal dinner dress becomes, denuded of sleeves, a simple evening gown.

Sometimes a scarf arrangement can be attached to the slip of an evening gown, and then we have the new two-color effect which is so important. One model I remember well was in white satin. Long white velvet sleeves, which fastened to a twist of velvet around the throat, could come off with the unclasping of a large diamante buckle at the back of the neck, and then a flame-colored chiffon scarf, attached to a belt, was put on, giving a surprise effect in the front, the long ends threaded through the belt again at the back to

Exclusive Photographs and Article from
Mary St. Claire by Air Mail from London

form a long train—which made it a gown sufficiently elegant for the most formal occasion.

LeLONG adds a lace cape to a black velvet gown cut on slender lines, with a lace frill at the hem. But the long cape can be removed, and what once was a delightful hostess frock for informal occasions becomes a robe for more formal affairs.

Evening coats of cream cloth, along the lines of a countryman's smock, may do duty also at garden parties, for, worn over a dark red or a deep purple-blue frock, they make a striking and practical outfit.

Robert Pique showed a dress in printed blue, green, and white silk, which had a loose bodice, cape sleeves and a tunic, all of which could easily be removed since it was all held in place by a plain blue chiffon belt, and there we had again a denuded evening gown.

Baroque makes an informal dinner gown of black chiffon, mostly pleated, but attached to a plain pointed yoke, to

give a slender line to the hips. The pleated white organdie collar, with its fashionable frill underneath the chin, is fastened by a green velvet bow with long ends, but sleeves, bolero, and organdie collar all come off, leaving a pleated bodice with green velvet shoulder straps, which can be matched to a belt and sash of the same ribbon—and one is ready to go and dance in the grandest ballroom.

The Paris designers say that our informal social life, when one never knows if a tea party may extend to dinner and the theatre, or supper and dancing, has made them use their ingenious minds to trick us out in clothes which at first sight look like an afternoon suit with long skirt and fitted jacket.

Then off comes the jacket, and there is a low décolleté blouse of lace, pleated chiffon, or bright velvet, with or without sleeves, which at the dinner table or in the theatre looks like an evening dress.

Sports outfits also do the transformation act. An ensemble may consist of four or five pieces—jacket, two skirts in different colors, swagger coat, two blouses, etc., which may be interchanged to arrive at various effects.

SPREAD THE PAPER—OPEN THE TIN
—AND SPEND A
HAPPY HOUR OR SO
with
"QUICK"
ENAMEL

"QUICK" Enamel is astonishingly easy to apply. It dries quickly, and imparts a lasting, washable gloss to all surfaces. Also use "QUICK" Stain—"QUICK" Silver—and "QUICK" Clear Varnish

Sold by all Paint and Hardware Stores

An Editorial

JANUARY 11, 1936

SERVICE!



NOW that the good times have been had by all, over Christmas and the New Year, the hour is come to pay tribute to the people who really made it possible for them to be so good. In the helter-skelter of our individual and party pleasures, few of us worried, even if we ever thought about the ungrudging services of the men and women who worked that we might play.

The cooks sweltering in their cafe kitchens, the weary-footed waitresses, the postmen trudging late into the night with that morning's holiday mail, the carriers for the departmental stores working the clock round so that none might be disappointed, the girls and the men behind the crowded counters, the city tram and bus men handling their country-born fares with wonderful patience and as wonderful courtesy, the train and ferry crews in vain but persistent pursuit of impossibly ideal timetables, the emergency gangs on light and power supplies, the whole army of these servants of the public gave of their willing best.

Theirs was the most amazing contribution of all to the nation's annual festival. Its cash value is beyond estimation, and any extra wage they were paid, or extra time off they were allowed, because of such special labors, could be no adequate compensation. Their spiritual reward must be the sense of a job well done.

It is for the rest of us not only to place on record our recognition, but, more importantly for ourselves, take to heart and mind such a magnificent example of service. These days of community movements, big and small, of Rotary and Apex, and similar meritorious organisations, the more casual are sometimes content to wear a badge or periodically pledge an intention to serve and let it go at that. The implications of the badge and of the pledge are not truly realised.

We are all of us in some service or another, to our employers or to our employees, to others as to ourselves. That is the normal routine of life. But it is the service that goes beyond the normal routine that counts for righteousness. This was the service learned and practised by our menfolk in the Great War. In the armies of peace it is this same sense of service that must be observed. In this last fortnight we have seen such a service by such armies. Let us others not forget, otherwise ours will have been but a vain enjoyment of stolen delights.

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

Prosperity Index

IN Sydney and Melbourne, and in proportional degree in the other State capitals, there was an unprecedented number of marriages celebrated on the eve of the recent holiday season.

The consequent improvement in the old boot and shoe trade was probably an even greater index of Australian prosperity than the 10 per cent. increase in the factory figures quoted on this page three weeks ago.

These Averages

ONCE again the statistical experts are abroad in the Press with their tables of the past year's fatalities and accidents and deaths from this cause or that.

But these people who are so keen on informing us that "two people out of every hundred die every day from arterio-sclerosis" are themselves contributing to the nation's potential death-roll with their gloom.

Wouldn't it be far healthier for them to say "ninety-eight people out of every hundred escape the effects of arterio-sclerosis every day?" The facts are still there—and the warning so that be who reads may run to the doctor.

War

FROM our London correspondent comes the news that British children alive in 1935 were heavier and taller at twelve years old than were the children of that age ten years before.

Ten years before was 1925 and kiddies then twelve years old were born in 1913. And in 1914 a great war broke out, lasting four years. There need be no comment.

Summer Madness

WHEREVER there is a beach along the Australian coast there you will find surf-bathers, and wherever the surf-bathers gather, automatically there spring up surf life-savers' organisations.

In many respects these are the most extraordinary volunteer bodies in Australia. In 99.99 per cent. of cases they are entirely self-supporting, their work is of the most continuously strenuous character imaginable, their standards are 100 per cent. efficiency, and their reward—their own sense of duty done.

Except as to their summer sports carnivals they resent publicity; but their unrecorded feats of individual and collective heroism in just one season would make a unique Book of Gallant Deeds. On one Sydney beach on the one Sunday afternoon over the Christmas holidays, no fewer than 30 lives were saved. An insurance expert would average those lives at £1000 each. For any one of them to offer his rescuer the price of a drink might have had him thrown back into the water again.

Lyric of Life

Rebuff

I saw him passing in the street to-day,
I quickly turned my head and looked away
Pretending that I did not see him there,
Pretending that I did not really care.
And yet my woman heart cried out in me
To stop him, make him heart understand and see
How much he meant, that we were really one
And all that foolish quarrelling was done.
I hurried after him and called his name . . .
The way he raised his hat was just the same
But from his smile all tenderness was gone . . .
He merely raised his hat and hurried on.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

Death and Life

WITHIN the last week we have been reading accounts of the bombing of the Abyssinian lines by Italian military planes, and of the bombing of the lava flow erupted by the volcano, Mauna Loa, which was threatening to destroy the water supply and the town itself of Hilo, in Hawaii.

Both bombing excursions were effected with the greatest success from the points of view of those who launched them. Lives were lost and lives were saved. Peace has her victories no less renowned than war.

Have They?

HARVARD UNIVERSITY received a Christmas gift of £100,000 for the engagement of "a scholar pre-eminent in the field of political economy."

The donor insisted that the lecturer should expound "those principles which take into account the experiences of the past, and at the same time are alive to the needs and aspirations of the present."

Surely they haven't been teaching us anything else?



THE TWO MEN who control the digestions of those aboard the *Discovery II*, F. Smedley, chief cook, and his assistant, G. Irving. See story Col. 4.

Artistic Finish

THE cables tell of the provision in the will of the late Adrian Stokes, a Senior Academician, requesting his executors to have destroyed, by an expert, unworthy examples of his art.

A pity some artists still in the flesh don't come to the same conclusion. We'd provide the expert.

The Real Point

FATHER SCHNITT, in charge of the Viennese Boys' Choir during its recent most successful tour through Australia, is reported to have criticised Australians for their laziness in musical matters.

Australian Press critics have risen in arms about the good father's remarks. They should remember that if we were not so musically lazy we could easily have half a dozen boys' choirs of no less calibre than that of our recent brilliant visitors.

Perhaps it is they are not cathedral-goers, where on any Sunday in any Australian city they will hear those harmonies of boys' voices that will dissolve them into the ecstasies that lifted Milton to his own high harmonies.

A Woman Now Discovers The Discovery

By ADELA SHELTON SMITH

Fifty-two men — only one of them more than 40 years old—nearly all of them bachelors, and all of them good-looking; speaking the accents of the English universities or the southern counties of England; wearing grey flannels, old socks or shorts, or gold-brided uniform with the careless grace of the sporting Englishman; and looking as if they have come from Lord's or the Oxford-Cambridge boatrace rather than from the cold coasts of the ice region. These are the men of the *Discovery II*.

IN spite of their youth and charm they are obviously men of purpose, fully capable of dealing with the hazards ahead of them—the search for Lincoln Ellsworth and Kenyon, lost American explorers in the great white continent of Antarctica.

But they are not always preoccupied with science and navigation. In the fore-castle there is a gramophone and two piano-acordions, and in the wardroom another gramophone.

The *Discovery*, neat and demure in her grey paint, looked like a very cold little person sunning and warming herself in the Victorian sunshine. She came to Melbourne after six weeks on the ice edge, and is returning there for a voyage expected to last about three months.

Cook's Shopping

THREE months' voyage meant a monster marketing for the chief steward. This was his shopping list: Seven tons of potatoes, 2000lb. of green vegetables, four tons of beef, mutton and pork, 6000 eggs, half a ton of butter, eight tons of flour.

In addition there are large supplies of tinned and powdered milk, and sugar. Tea, coffee, and cocoa were loaded in England for a year. Half a ton of tea was bought, the crew consuming 14lb. of tea a day.

On the cook, almost as much as on the captain, rests the responsibility of keeping the crew contented and cheerful, and everyone aboard claims proudly that the cook gives them very good meals.

The galley, where the chief cook and his assistant—who bakes fresh bread daily—prepare the meals for the officers and men, is about the size of the average kitchen. All the huge pots and pans, including the frying-pan that fries ten eggs at once, are securely placed in ledged compartments on the shelves.

The galley opens on to the deck, and in a storm the seas are likely to wash in and swamp the soap or anyway cover the cooks' feet, so they wear thick leather blucher boots. In a really serious storm they clamp shut the heavy iron doors.

Officers' "Flats"

THE captain—black curly-haired, brown-eyed, and cleft-chinned—lives in a "flat" (his officers' cabins are described by the crew) behind the chart-room. It is one of the few cabins that boasts a carpet, also a parchment lamp-shade. A deeply-cushioned Morris chair, with an ash-tray set in the arm, completes a very comfortable apartment.

The officers' flats, with shuttered floors and cretonne curtains swinging gently in the warm breeze, look more like a row of bedrooms opening on a verandah in the tropics than the cabins in a polar research ship. They are fitted as comfortably as cabins in a tourist ship, and each has its own personality in photographs, cushions, eiderdowns, socks, golf clubs, or guns.

So many extra supplies were needed for the voyage that the little *Discovery* seemed to groan under the weight of the two aeroplanes, hundreds of drums of oil and petrol, huge packing-cases, cases marked "stodge rations," and a sea of food supplies massed on the open deck. Mounds of marrows ripen in the sunshine, sacks bulge with lettuces and cabbages; and spring onions and radishes in open boxes lie temptingly below the nose of the officer on the bridge or the sailor in the crow's nest.



BLONDIE

More Haste,
Less Speed!



TRAGIC DEATH of Arburthnot LOWER Illuminating Letters of a Forthright Citizen! Lifelong Wish Fulfilled

By L. W. LOWER

Australia's Foremost Humorist



Illustrated
by
WEP

Doubtless both of my readers will be glad to learn of the death of my grandfather, Arburthnot. He was killed at a croquet match between the Amalgamated Lead Pipe Manufacturers Wanderers and the Pestless Chocolate Vagabonds.

Just after he'd scored a goal, too. Everybody said it was a shame. Even the umpire who killed him said it was a shame.

Cheering crowds and even throngs, not to say mobs, gangs, crowds, rabble, presses, and hordes, followed the corpse to the cemetery. All his life he had desired to have a little place to himself: now he's got it.

AFTER the celebrations we all settled down to do a bit of solid mourning. We mourned to such an extent that the police were called in, and you should have seen the empties! The caretaker gets the lot. No wonder he owns a car. I mean a car.

These New Year's Eve celebrations do get you, don't they?

SO: I went through his letters. My grandfather's, not the caretaker's. In this age of biographies it is well to get some of Arburthnot's letters published. All the best people do it. I quote a

selected few; the rest will be published at a later date.

"Take notice that unless within seven days after personal service on you of a copy of this summons, or where service has not been personal within 10 days after leave to proceed, you file with the Registrar of this Court a notice in duplicate . . . stating the grounds on which you intend to defend this action, you will not afterwards be allowed to set up any defence to this action, but the plaintiff may proceed to judgment and execution. If you file the notice within the prescribed time

the action will be set down for trial at a Court to be held in not less than four clear days after the filing of such notice."

There was rather an interesting reply to this, which I think should be passed on to posterity.

"Sirs," it read, "you can go your hardest. Come and get me. Yours truly, Arburthnot Lower."

And then there was another one. You've all heard this, but I'm feeling a bit weak and I'm sure you won't mind meeting an old friend. "I desire to remind you that you have not yet paid the Federal Income Tax for the year ended 30th June, 1929. I also desire to inform you . . ." But you've all heard it.

It seems strange to me, but Arburthnot always appeared to have some kind of serious illness in his family when he was applying for sanctions against the Income Tax Department. I'm sorry to hear on this, but the Income Tax Department and myself do not get on too well together.

Reading the Will

Then another thing I found while I was rummaging in the attic. He had had his telephone cut off. That's one of the horriblemest things that can happen to a man, but Arburthnot never complained. He just told the postal department to take their asphyxiated telephone. Which they did.

There was a pathetic scene at the reading of the will. My great aunt got her teeth fastened into my grandmother, and it took two solicitors and a clerk to drag her off.

The whole thing started over a glass case of waxed fruit which my grandfather left to his wife. My great-aunt Myrtle said that the fruit belonged to her, as, although she had originally given it as a wedding present to Arburthnot, it was really only a loan. She also claimed four antimacassars and a what-not.

Set for Life

AFTER the row had died down a bit and they had my grandmother tending a nicely, the startling discovery was made that Arburthnot's shark's tooth, which had been hanging from his watch-chain for sixty years, had disappeared.

I was immediately suspected, as it is well-known in the family that I am saving up for a shark, and when you come to think of the number of teeth sharks have you can see that it's practically a life job.

I was stripped and searched, and when they found the gold band which used to be on Arburthnot's walking stick—Crime! It was so bad that a week afterwards the solicitor became a nationalised Italian and went to Abyssinia for a rest.

Still, thanks to the generosity of my grandfather I am now set for life. He left me a Chinese puzzle trick and I don't know how it works. I have an interest in life now. I rush home in the evenings and hurt myself on to the thing and wrestle with it far into the night. Sometimes I hold my breath until I go black in the face and stamp my feet

Scene of jubilation in the clubhouse when they heard of the death of poor Cock Robin—I mean poor Arburthnot Lower.

with rage; but I can't undo the thing. My wife is becoming hysterical and leaps at sudden noises, but I am not to be deterred, and, if necessary, will retire to a monastery, taking my puzzle with me. I am trying to get into touch with Arburthnot, and am learning to become a medium to twelve easy lessons. Already I can go into a trance. The difficulty is to come out of it.

Not that it really matters, because my friends don't seem to notice any difference. They might say, "Lower's looking even doper than usual," but little do they know that I am in tune with the infidels—with the infidels! Blank!

WITH THE INFINITE!

I can feel myself going off now. I am possessed by the spirit of George Washington. Please hide all the hatchets!



Why is she so sure to Enjoy Her HOLIDAYS

SHE'S healthy, happy and deliciously slim and is certain to enjoy every minute of her holidays—all because she takes her nightly Bile Beans.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable. They tone up the system, purify the blood, and daily counteract fat-forming foods, thus keeping you healthy, happy and attractively slim.

Start taking Bile Beans to-night and so make sure of being at your best for your Summer Holidays.

BILE BEANS

1/3 & 3/- EVERYWHERE



"I like nice gowns and frocks, and was afraid I would soon have to be asking for outside. As a result of my nightly Bile Beans I have lost ten pounds in weight and feel much better for it. Besides reducing my bust and my hips by four inches, my arms and ankles are much slimmer."—Mrs. P. W.

"Even when my patients have got rid of their surplus fat I always advise a continuance with Bile Beans. I tell them that Bile Beans are the safest and surest means of preserving a youthful figure and keeping them healthier too."—Nurse P. E. D.



Letters of Credit for Travellers

A simple, safe and convenient way to arrange for funds at the various places a traveller is visiting, within Australia or abroad, is by means of a Bank of New South Wales Letter of Credit.

This method renders it unnecessary to take the risk of carrying large sums on the person.

With each Letter of Credit, the Bank issues a Letter of Introduction, which bears a specimen of the traveller's signature and provides identification.

There is an agent of the Bank of New South Wales wherever, throughout the world, banking facilities are available.

Bank of New South Wales
(ESTABLISHED 1817)

147 branches in Australia, New Zealand, The Pacific Islands and London.
Agents and Correspondents throughout the world.

INC 1935

She Overheard Her Dentist Say...

"MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH!"

WISH I DARED TELL PEOPLE HOW MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM FOOD DEPOSITS BETWEEN THE TEETH

I COULDN'T HELP OVERHEARING YOU DOCTOR. WHAT DO YOU ADVISE?

I SUGGEST COLGATE'S DENTAL CREAM. ITS PENETRATING FOAM WASHES AWAY DEPOSITS THAT CAUSE BAD BREATH

Her smile is Brighter — Her Bad Breath gone — since she changed to Colgate's.

KEEP two birds with one stone this way! Avoid bad breath—and at the same time get cleaner, brighter teeth.

You can, say dentists, because most bad breath comes from the same thing that causes dull, dingy teeth and much tooth decay. That is simply "half-way" cleaning of the teeth.

Why Dentists advise Colgate's

Colgate's is made to clean teeth thoroughly. Its penetrating foam gets into every crevice. Emulsifies the food deposits between the teeth and flushes them away.

Every surface of every tooth is thoroughly cleaned. The cause of bad breath is removed. You know from the clean, fresh feel of your mouth that each brushing purifies your breath.

At the same time—a soft, got-free ingredient gently polishes tooth enamel. Stubborn stains disappear. Natural luster is restored, teeth gain new brilliance.



Thus the same care that keeps you free from bad breath gives you also a brighter, more sparkling, more attractive smile!

Colgate's Dental Cream costs less per brushing than any other leading toothpaste. And regular use of it gives you both cleaner, brighter teeth and a pure sweet breath.



VISIT YOUR DENTIST EVERY SIX MONTHS!

LARGE TUBE 1/3

IF YOU PREFER POWDER... TRY

COLGATE'S NEW PROPHYLACTIC DENTAL POWDER

A special formula releasing oxygen that prevents inflamed gums and pyorrhea. Sells at 1/6.

NEW BOOKS

CONDUCTED BY JEAN WILLIAMSON

Australian Country Towns Move Into Fiction

Prize-winning novels are usually suspect. For some obscure reason, more often than not they are remarkable for any or every quality but the main one for which fiction is bought, to wit, entertainment.

This is not true of "Tiburon," the novel with which a young Australian girl, Kylie Tennant, won the S. H. Prior Memorial Prize for 1935. It is chock-full of entertainment, as well as being an important addition to Australian literature.

"TIBURON" combines most of those qualities which, in so many novels, are mainly conspicuous by their absence. It has breadth, tolerance, and humor; and, above all, is remarkable for the very evident sincerity which is apparent in the writing and characterisation.

Nobody who has any experience of Australian country towns will be able to doubt the authenticity of the picture Miss Tennant has drawn. Everything is there, the good and the bad, but the book is so artistically done, a sense of proportion so evident, that only the most rabid local patriot, the most one-eyed booster of all things Australian (irrespective of truth) could take umbrage at it.

Indeed, the most surprising thing about this story—when the youthfulness of the author is taken into consideration—is the surprising quality of tolerance that permeates it. Youth is generally the time when a crusading spirit is supreme, but in Kylie Tennant any such urge, if it was present, has been suppressed: "Tiburon" is artistically correct, not only in what has been included, but more important still, in what has been left out.

This reviewer had the privilege of reading the novel in manuscript, before the identity of the writer of it was known. From the first and second readings, the impression was carried away that the author was undoubtedly a man. The reason for this was the very masculine humor that runs right through the story. It is typically Australian; sardonic, sally, and with a bite to it. It is earthy and redolent of the types introduced into the novel; and Kylie Tennant is the first of our women authors who has been able to handle successfully this highly difficult style of writing.

You will meet in "Tiburon" many very admirable characters; women such as Mrs. Malloy, Mrs. Blakely, and even Mrs. Dwyer of the local pub, and men of the type of the Rev. Bill Sorrell and Dennis Kelly, the latter two poles apart superficially and yet with one common bond between them: something of the

heroic in their attitude towards life and their fellow men.

The characters who represent the other side of the picture are no less true to life. The Whites, the Mulvers, the Willoughbys, and a certain section of the "social elite" of the township are painted in colors that are both brilliant and enduring; their life is to be found in any community, country or urban.

Writing entirely without sentimentality, Kylie Tennant has succeeded in presenting a sympathetic and true picture of an Australian country town—in any State—as has been presented by an Australian author. She has her faults, but these are technical and not in any way destructive to the qualities which should make her future work of importance to our national literature.



KYLIE TENNANT, whose first novel, "Tiburon," is reviewed today. It won the Prior Memorial Prize for 1935.

—Women's Weekly critic.

Her constructive ability will improve as she goes on, and with added experience to combine with the freshness of outlook and surprising maturity which are already hers, further novels will be something to look forward to. "The Bulletin." All booksellers. 5/-

SHORT REVIEWS

"AUSTRALIAN WRITERS' ANNUAL, 1936." A hearty welcome to this, the first production of the Fellowship of Australian Writers! It's a good magazine, bright and entertaining, without any sacrifice of literary standards and with a balance of thoughtful, considered articles that present interesting viewpoints on Australian literature, past, present and future. Stories, verse and articles are by well-known contemporary writers, and illustrations by artists whose work has achieved meritorious success. The president of the Fellowship, Miss Flora Eldershaw, has edited the Annual, with Syd Nicholls as art editor and Will Lawson as business manager. (2/-, all booksellers.)

"HURRICANE." Vance Palmer. Reputations are more easily broken than made, as the author has so interestingly shown in the story of Paulkner, of the Papuan Civil Service. One false move, and the work of years was swept away. Against a background of administrative life in Papua, the warring elements of a missionary, a trader, the rush of men to win gold, the author has sketched the career of an able man.

whose reputation was wrecked because of a woman, and in this case by one for whom he had no love. (Angus & Robertson. 4/6.)

"THE MAD DOCTOR." F. J. Thwaites. Despite the fact that there is a surfeit of flat clenchings, and cursing of British justice and the B.M.A. on the part of Garry Raymond, the "mad doctor" of the story, this novel is probably the best yet from Thwaites' pen. Construction is sound and dialogue good, marking a pleasant advance on previous novels by the same author. The plot is rather turgid, but will satisfy most readers of this novelist's works. If you accept the situation in which the doctor operates on his sister, and subsequently is sent to prison, the rest of the story is logical enough. Raymond hides himself in the jungle, taking with him a secret cure for paralysis. Of course, he is sought out by sick people. To his retreat comes a girl who gradually wins the doctor back to civilisation and love. (Published by the author. 6/-.)

"SUNSHINE STEALER." Berla Ruck. Life was very drab for Carmen, in whose heart there was a longing for sunshine. The London weather added to her depression, but when she lost her job and found some money in the street on the same day, things began to get rather complicated. An advertisement for a Sunshine Cruise was a mere temptation to avoid looking for the owner of the money. Carmen took her chance, and found excitement and romance in abundance. But she also found that retribution followed on the heels of her misdeed, and that the old adage, "Findings keepings," is not always true. Love sustained Carmen through the humiliation of acknowledging her fault and understanding love brought her great happiness. (Hodder & Stoughton. All booksellers. 7/6.)

"CRUCIBLE." J. P. McKinney. This is the best novel the publishers have brought out for a very long time. A war story, it has none of the overdone, spectacular, mud-and-blood qualities that have marked so many overseas books of this nature. It is restrained, realistic, and a picture of the late world conflict that is not, for heightened dramatic effect, distorted out of true perspective. The author was with the A.I.F. in Egypt and France, and so has an intimate knowledge of the men and scenes he describes. They are real. Further, in tracing the progress of John Fairbairn through the war years, he has done a very capable job of work in showing the transformation of a prigish, young man into a more mature, more tolerant and understanding figure. All the minor characters are well handled. In mental outlook, language, and attitude towards military authority they could not be mistaken for anything but Australians. Their speech and their jokes (watered down a trifle for the benefit of the censor) have a ring that is familiar to every Australian who mixes with his fellow countrymen. This is a good war-book and a good memorial to the A.I.F. (Angus and Robertson. 4/-.)

BRAN TUB No. 38

2 2/4 FOUR JACKASSES DETECTED A

TEST

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PH

BRAN TUB

£50

MUST BE WON

Can You Solve This Simple Puzzle?

Don't miss this splendid one-week competition! It is just a short and easily-worded paragraph about KOOKABURRAS which appeared in an Australian newspaper some time ago, and has now been put into puzzle form by our artist. The opening words, "Four jackasses detected a" will tell you what it is all about—and for the rest the wording is simple, and the sense of the sentence will help you. Each picture or sign may mean part of a word, one, two, or three words, but not more than three. Solve the puzzle carefully and write your solution IN INK on one side of a sheet of paper. Add your name and residential address, and post the entry to:

"BRAN TUB," No. 38V
BOX 4155X, G.P.O., SYDNEY

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY. All entries must be postmarked not later than FRIDAY, JANUARY 17th.

The First Prize of £50 will be awarded to the competitor whose solution of the paragraph is correct or most nearly correct. In case of ties, the prize money will be divided, but the full amount will be paid. Sealed Solution and £50 Prize Money is deposited with "Australian Women's Weekly," Sydney. A postal note of 1/- must accompany each initial entry, and 6d. each additional entry. (Where postal notes are not obtainable, 1/1 in stamps will be accepted in lieu of 1/- postal notes). Any number of attempts may be sent on plain paper. Alternatives in single entries will be disqualified. Post Office addresses not accepted. Results will be published on SATURDAY, February 1st.

£50 WON

RESULT OF "BRAN TUB" No. 35

The winning Competitor in this contest is:
Mr. F. Jones.
14 Victoria Avenue, Oakley Park, Lithgow, N.S.W.

His solution, containing two errors, was the most nearly correct one received, and the Prize of £50 in cash is therefore awarded to him, and will be posted on Friday, 24th January.

SOLUTION TO "BRAN TUB" No. 35

She awakened her husband, who, as a one-time runner of some repute, imagined his chances good when he gave chase to the intruder, who, on being disturbed, hurriedly decamped. The burglar was evidently a man of considerable experience.

A Day With the King of Sunshine



SUNSHINE brings gladness to the mother and child on the beach, the girls speeding over the harbor, the young lad fishing, the girl and her escort off on a motor-bike tour, the rider resting after a warm canter, the river sightseers, and the camping family in the beautiful Australian bush. In this care-free fashion Australia spent the New Year and week-end holidays, in the places where Old Sol, King of Sunshine, held court.

5 OUT OF 10 Children Suffer from WORMS!

Every child is menaced by these health-wreckers. Worms make no distinction. They attack children—big and small—of every social class.

If your child has bad nerves, night terrors, irregular appetite, itching or weakness, suspect worms at once and take action!

The GUARANTEED Remedy
To get rid of worms, use Baxter's Worm Tablets. They are the safe, sure way of clearing up even the most difficult cases of intestinal worms. They do not contain poisons or any injurious compound.

FREE BOOKLET

The symptoms and cure of worms are explained in detail in the Baxter's Worm Tablet Booklet which will be sent—

FREE AND WITHOUT OBLIGATION

on request to The Laxative Manufacturing Co., Dept. W-2, 266 Swanton St., Melbourne, C.T. If tablets are not obtainable locally, send 3/6 or 8/- for double size. Sent post free in plain wrapper.

BAXTER'S WORM TABLETS

CONSCIENCE Money



R. JULIUS CHITTERPIN was writing a letter, and as he wrote his tongue worked around his thin lips with a semi-circular movement in harmony with the bold strokes of his pen. Those who knew Mr. Chitterpin—and they were many, for he was an income tax collector—said that he was a dull, unimaginative man with no soul and a flinty heart, and indeed, when he pursued his normal vocation of collecting those taxes which had, inadvertently, fallen into arrears, they were not greatly mistaken.

With his own money he was always very careful, putting aside a little of his salary every month. He had been doing this for so many years, and it had accumulated so rapidly in Government stocks that quite a comfortable little nest egg awaited the

rainy day that never seemed to come. On this particular Sunday evening Mr. Chitterpin was making restitution for a wrong, and, according to St. Luke, Chapter 19, Verse 8, he was making it fourfold.

The letter finished, Mr. Chitterpin opened a drawer and produced a large sheet of halfpenny stamps. With an expression of something like relief he licked three and stuck them on the letter. The others he placed in the envelope. Then he walked across the road in his carpet slippers to the pillar-box.

On the following morning Mr. Edgar Dwight, of Dwight's General Store,

found the letter. He tore it open, and, as he read, his jaw dropped lower and lower with amazement, until his mouth was shaped like a capital "O."

"Ma! he called, 'Ma! Come 'ere, quick!'"

In a moment his wife, a corpulent woman, entered the shop.

The lady, taking the letter into both hands began to read, enunciating each word slowly and carefully.

"Dear Sir," she read. "Four years ago I made some purchases at your stores and received in change one shilling too much. I have often meant to return it to you and now I am convinced, on reference to my Bible, that I should make restitution fourfold. I enclose stamps to the amount of four shillings. J. Chitterpin."

"Oooh! Well, I never!" Her ample bosom heaved and palpitated with the excitement of the event.

DURING his investigation of the breakfast haddock, Mr. Dwight gave his opinion on the actions of the mysterious Mr. Chitterpin.

"That's a right and proper man. I don't remember the pleasure of serving him, being so long ago—four years—but he's done the proper thing, an' I'll wager he feels all the better for it. I should like to meet Mr. Chitterpin and shake 'is hand. Wish we had 'im on our committee. I'll tell 'em about this. Do 'em good, and shake up their consciences, that will."

"What about Charles Gladly?" said Mrs. Dwight, looking into the teapot. She felt the story frozen glare of her husband on the top of her head. This subject had been discussed before.

"Ah—well, that was a business deal, even if I did get the better of 'im. I took no mean advantages. I'm going to write an anonymous letter—worded like this—and see what happens, enclosing restitution fourfold. That'll be a pound I'll 'ave to send him, less this four shillings—sixteen shillings; and don't you never refer to that no more."

It so happened that Mr. Charles Gladly was entertaining to supper an old friend who was a policeman when the anonymous letter arrived.

"Well, I'll be shot!" he said. "Listen to this, Fred. A 'nonyous letter."

"Dear Sir,—Having had the advantage of you in a business deal, which was strictly above-board, for the sum of five shillings I have often meant to return it to you, and now I am convinced on reference to my Bible that I should make restitution fourfold. I enclose stamps and P.O.'s to the amount of one pound. A well-wisher."

He shook out a little heap of postal orders, and the large sheet of halfpenny stamps.

"What d'you think of that?"

"Well, I'm blowed!"

"Good enough for the papers, that is!" said Policeman Fred enthusiastically.

"But I know the well-wisher," exclaimed Mr. Gladly smiling, and taking a long drink from his tankard.

"The reporter boys round the station will like to see that letter," said P.C. Fred. "Tell you what—you lend it to me and next thing you'll see a couple of columns about it in the papers."

THE police constable's prognostications were correct in almost every detail.

The local newspaper made a story of the windfall to the Gladly family, even to the extent of publishing a very blurred and wholly unrecognisable portrait of a face purporting to be that of Mr. C. Gladly.

And so it happened that Mr. P. P. Bimby-Wade, reclining in an arm-chair, digested his breakfast and this item of news simultaneously.

Mr. Bimby-Wade was a self-made and very wealthy man. He was so rich that it is true he did not know the extent of his wealth.

When he read the small paragraph relating to a curious anonymous letter enclosing restitution fourfold in the sum of one pound, he placed the paper across his knee and stared up at the beautiful ceiling of his library for several minutes.

What then actuated Mr. Bimby-Wade will never be known. It may be that twinges of conscience for old and nearly forgotten business deals recurred painfully. It may be that he was actuated by a real and honest desire to prove his patriotism and come to his country's need at the same time possibly getting himself recognised for honors.

Complete Short Story

By **JOHN
TALLAND**

Be that as it may, Mr. Bimby-Wade was moved to sudden resolution, and he rang the bell for one of his secretaries.

A slim, dark, efficient-looking and utterly silent young man entered obsequiously, and stood at Mr. Bimby-Wade's elbow.

"Write to the Chancellor of the Exchequer," said Mr. Bimby-Wade, "and tell him this: That I offer one hundred thousand pounds to open a subscription to reduce the National Debt, on condition that ten others will do the same—or twenty others for half the amount."

"Very good, sir," whispered the unemotional secretary, as he withdrew.

Several months later the Chancellor of the Exchequer was talking to his secretary.

"Of course," said the Chancellor, "such a thing is not without precedent. France, after the war of 1870, dived into her long stocking and surprised the world. And we shall surprise the world this afternoon, my boy! This speech of mine is going to make the biggest sensation since the Great War in 1914. That man, Lord Wimsey of Glade is the biggest patriot of all time. Think of it! What an action! What a generous gesture! A fortune to the nation."

"Four hundred and fifty-five million, six hundred and thirty-eight thousand and forty-one pounds, fifteen shillings."

"And the lots are not yet closed! It's still pouring in from the colonies! Think of the effect! No more death duties, no more super tax, only a very nominal income tax. Increased trade. Industry booming as never before."

MR. JULIUS CHITTERPIN

was waiting a report when he received notification that he was required by his district inspector.

"Well, Chitterpin, I don't know whether you've guessed what I have to say to you? It's a very painful duty, I assure you, but it's got to be. It's a shame after all your services. But there you are. Since the national debt's practically extinguished and there's no income tax to collect worth speaking about, the collectors have nothing to collect. So—At the end of the month—I'm very sorry."

He smiled sympathetically and shuffled some papers to intimate that the interview was finished. Mr. Chitterpin inclined his head politely and left the room.

On the last day of the month Mr. Chitterpin drew his salary cheque and went to the bank where his money and securities were lodged. There he withdrew all his money and in the same afternoon he bought a ticket at the railway station. It is believed that Mr. Chitterpin also travelled by steamer, because he was carrying a check travelling rug in addition to his black bag, but nobody has been able to say with any degree of certainty, for he has never been heard of since.

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DO YOU KNOW WHO INVENTED ASPIRIN?

Great benefit of taking the
Original Aspirin.

Different makes of aspirin vary in many respects. To get the original Aspirin buy Bayer. Bayer invented aspirin thirty years ago, and first gave this boon to suffering humanity. It was Bayer Aspirin that doctors all over the world first used.

Because of a unique process of making and tabletting, Bayer Aspirin is made to dissolve almost instantly in the stomach. This quick solution means quick absorption; quick penetration to the seat of pain. Hence you get practically instant relief—the quickest safe relief it is said, ever known for pain. Think of a headache, a nagging tooth, neuralgia, neuritis, sciatica, lumbago, rheumatic pains, each relieved in a few minutes. Colds too, you can break them up with a dose or two of Bayer Aspirin. Allay the fever and ease the body pains of influenza. Soothe a sore throat and reduce infection by gargling with two tablets dissolved in a quarter-glass of water. And Bayer Aspirin is a blessing indeed to the women also, but for its unfailing relief, would be predestined by regular attacks of pain.

All chemists sell genuine Bayer Aspirin in boxes of 12 tablets, also bottles of 24 and 100 tablets—the Bayer Cross trade mark is on every tablet. Say Bayer and insist because Bayer means better.

Sam Richardson
(Professional Golf Champion of Aust.)
highly praises Tea

"As everyone who has ever swung a golf club knows, golf requires just as much mental effort as physical. Your temperament, your ability to concentrate, your entire mental outlook are supremely important factors. A game should always be approached with a keen alertness, and for this reason, I find that a cup of tea before a game puts me in the right frame of mind. Tea undoubtedly has a calming effect and quickly relieves tension."

"The new way of serving Tea ICED is a pleasing variation, and it's really remarkable how quickly and thoroughly Iced Tea refreshes you."

RECIPE FOR CREAMED ICED TEA
Put 2 tablespoons good quality tea in teapot, previously heated, pour 1 quart boiling water over the tea, allow to infuse for five minutes, then pour off into a jug. Place jug in freezer for two hours, or put in freezer with 3 ozs. castor sugar and 1 pint cream (or 1 pint milk), place in freezer of lemon. Serve with thin slices of lemon. Always strain tea carefully.

FREE NEW RECIPE BOOK
giving many delightful methods of serving Iced Tea. Write for your copy to The Tea Market Expansion Bureau, Kyle House, Macquarie Place, Sydney, enclosing 1d. stamp to cover postage.

THE TEA MARKET EXPANSION BUREAU

Hot or iced

good TEA stimulates quenches

TS 10G

Some NEW LAUGHS

Conducted by L. W. LOWER

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."



"Shall we waltz?"
"It's all the same to me."
"So I've noticed."



IRATE BIG GAME HUNTER: Why did you throw your rifle away when the lion charged?
OFFSIDER: You told me to let him have it.



"Do you mean to say these lumps are the result of heredity?"
"Yes, my wife inherited her mother's temper."



SERGEANT: If anything moves, you shoot.
SERGEANT: Yessir, an' if anything shoots, I move.

ON YOUR FEET ALL DAY? —If So, You Need Zam-Buk

WHATEVER the daily task, whether you serve behind the counter, work in a factory or are occupied from morn to night with household duties — think of the strain you put on your feet. If you neglect your feet, no wonder they burn, ache and feel tired and you're too weary and irritable to enjoy your leisure and recreation as you should.

Here is a simple nightly treatment that not only brings untold relief, but maintains your feet in health and comfort. After bathing them in warm water and drying thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk into the ankles, insteps, soles, and between the toes. As the refined herbal oils are absorbed into the skin.

Pain, Swelling & Inflammation are quickly allayed. Hard skin, corns, and bunions are softened, joints, ankles, toes and feet are made easy and comfortable, and you can again walk in comfort. Start with Zam-Buk to-night!

1/8 oz 3/16 oz box. All Chemists & Stores.

Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night



"Can't stand at work, cannot blistered, tender feet. Zam-Buk is wonderful! put me sleep on for the night. Zam-Buk is delightfully cooling and keeps me perfectly sound." Mrs. F. S.

"I was practically a cripple for a year with corns and hard skin on the front of my feet. Thanks to bathing and regularly massaging them with Zam-Buk I can now do a handy work with comfort." Mr. R. W.

Brainwaves

A prize of £/6 is paid for each joke used.

"MUM, isn't it wrong to strike anyone smaller than yourself?"
"Yes, dear."
"Would you mind telling teacher? I don't think she knows."

THE schoolteacher was giving her class of young pupils a test on natural history.

"Now Robert," she said, "Tell me where the elephant is found?"

Robert hesitated for a moment, then his face lit up.

"The elephant, teacher," he said, "is such a large animal that it is scarcely ever lost."

"WHAT happens to boys who tell lies?"
"They travel at half rate."

"WHAT'S the idea, fishing with cigar-stumps?"
"Want to catch smoked fish."

"YOU are charged with throwing your mother-in-law out of the window!"
"I did it without thinking, sir."
"Yes, but don't you see how dangerous it might have been for anyone passing at the time!"

"WHEN anybody comes round talking about some new theory you always agree with it."
"Well, I'd rather agree with it than have it explained to me."

Dancing Made Easy — This New Way!

Learn AT HOME
In One Evening!

WITHOUT music or partner, without drudgery, difficulty, or the expense and inconvenience of attending classes. YOU can become a finished dancer almost overnight. You need not be a "wall-flower" or "outsider" any longer, for I positively GUARANTEE to teach you.

EASY AS A.B.C.

Even if you've never danced a step in your life before, you will have no difficulty in learning by this method. All the latest dances, including Slow Foxtrot, Quick-step, Waltz, Tango, Rumba, etc., and also Old-time steps can be learned in an amazingly short time, and soon you will be one of the best dancers in your district. Success is ASSURED, for the "Dumont" System NEVER FAILS.

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— "Dancing Made Easy"

To further popularize my amazing Home-study System, I have decided to offer a complimentary copy of this big, instructive book, "Dancing Made Easy," absolutely FREE, to all readers of this paper. Here is your chance to "get out of the rut," and be a good dancer, so send the Coupon NOW, before this FREE offer is withdrawn.

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192 CASTLEREAGH ST., SYDNEY.



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COME OUT OF YOUR SHELL! Be popular, sought-after, and admired by the Opposite Sex! Dancing is the Short Cut to Good Times and Social Success! and non-dancers, or bad dancers, miss half the fun in life. Don't delay. Send for this amazing book NOW—while it's FREE! This FREE offer holds good for ONE MONTH ONLY. We ACT AT ONCE!

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NAME (Mr., Mrs., or Miss)
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TRUST YOUR DENTIST

To see how
Sparkling White
your teeth can be

-he says **KOLYNOS**



Used on a DRY brush morning and night it will quickly improve your teeth. They will feel cleaner. Soon they will look naturally white—whiter than you believed possible! This remarkable dental cream foams into every tiny crevice and kills millions of germs which cause stain, tartar and decay. It cleans every tooth surface and enters every nook and cranny. Your teeth are cleaned perfectly—right down to the beautiful, natural white enamel without injury. Get a tube of Kolynos to-day. Sold by all Chemists and Stores.

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

The Antiseptic, Germicidal and Cleansing TOOTH PASTE.

Dry Inhalation Defeats LUNG TROUBLE and CONGESTION

Sufferers from lung trouble, congestion and like diseases are now given hope of complete recovery from their ailments by the use of Membrokus, a dry inhalation. Many past sufferers have been aroused from a mental condition of abject despair, and given an entirely new outlook on life almost from the first inhalations of Membrokus. Many who had previously believed that their cases were beyond treatment, and had despaired of recovery have responded so readily to treatment by Membrokus dry inhalation that they report on almost weekly their different stages of improvement and relief from suffering such as: COUGH, LESS DISAPPEARING, MOUTH EASILY DISCHARGED, ABLE TO SLEEP AT NIGHT, CHEST PAINS DISAPPEAR, HAEMORRHOIDAL AND NIGHT SWEATS CEASE, THE APPETITE HAS IMPROVED AND ENERGY REMAINED. Imagine their heartfelt joy and wonderful thankfulness when, almost immediately, they notice an improvement in their condition and continue to look and feel improved. Until they are able to report: "IMPROVEMENT STILL CONTINUING" and "RELIEF IS PROMINENT." You, too, see it to yourself to give Membrokus dry inhalation a try—it can help you as it has done many others.

Completely Rid of ASTHMA BRONCHITIS

All the resources of healing have been compressed into Membrokus, a dry inhalation which is even the best remedy as being logical and correct. It is different in every way from all other forms of treatment. No case is too bad for Membrokus. The most stubborn cases have been overcome by it. Every week we receive letters of praise and heartfelt gratitude from many persons suffering from lung trouble, who have been cured by Membrokus dry inhalation. Make the RELIEF PROMINENT.

If you are a sufferer you owe it to yourself to try Membrokus dry inhalation.

CATARRH HAY FEVER ANTRUM Trouble BANISHED WITHOUT OPERATION

This dry inhalation completely clears away the mucus and inflammation from the bronchial tubes, nasal passages, antrum and antrum tubes, the very thing that those suffering from Catarrh, Hay Fever, and Antrum Trouble are looking for. Remember, it does not merely relieve. Membrokus gets right to the seat of the trouble through the blood stream, allaying infection and eventually completely restoring normal health. Mrs. E.B. writes: "I don't know really how to express myself, as I feel so well after inhaling your labors. I inhaled two every day for a week and I feel so well that I only inhaled one daily. I feel a different woman, have no wheezing or sign of Bronchitis or Catarrh. I have lost the cough I used to have. Anyone suffering from any chest complaint such as Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh or any other lung trouble ought to try your Membrokus."

MEMBROSUS (REGD.)

DRY INHALATION TREATMENT

For particulars call or send a stamped addressed envelope, mentioning your complaint, to MEMBROSUS, C. (City office) IRVINE'S PHARMACY (T.S.D. 22 years), Gowing's Building, Borneo St., 43 Market Street, Sydney, N.S.W., Tel. 3400.

VALIANT FEUD

Continued from Page 5

It was too late now, however, and he tried to make friends with a grey squirrel who lived in a pine behind the cabin. This was a fascinating thing and filled many a still hour. It was successful, too, and culminated in a week or two with the saucy chap stretching along the ground towards him with many a wailing, many a tail-twitching, to get the raisins which the man tossed towards it. It was a lovely squirrel, shining and fat, with a tail like a silver plume and eyes as black as sloes. The man named him Barney, and he came to know it, and that it stood for raisins. The friendship grew and was precious to them both.

The smell of the pines was sweet as perfume, and the man drew it deep into his lungs long hour by long hour, hoping.

He found, later, that he could walk farther than he had thought he could, and later still he found the little rushing stream over beyond the turn of the great hill, and that it was full of trout. So he rigged his six ounce rod and went after them, feasting like a king that night, for they were unused to man and bit freely.

He had been two months in his wilderness when he got his first knowledge of Slip Along. This was on a night when the moon rode high and the big cat had come home to his familiar haunts from a long trip over on Pappoose, and his screaming told all the world of his return. The unearthly sound brought the man upright in his bed, his hair creeping on his scalp. He was no coward, but there is something in a panther's scream that chills the blood.

He listened with the breath held in his throat, and something that was like a premonition of trouble took hold of him, and he got up and closed the cabin's open door. But just as he closed it he heard something else, something that was like an answer to the panther's cry. This was so savage, so deep, so high, that it was, if anything, worse than the other, a long, unearthly howl.

Brush Tail, over on the farther shoulder of Smoky, told his ancient enemy that he was here and unafraid. So the man knew that there was a feud in the mountains as well as if he had seen the shadowy forms of evil which challenged each other in the night.

After that he carried his rifle whenever he went abroad, and he took no chances on trail or slope or open, always scanning everything in sight with careful eyes.

It was in October that he got his first glimpse of Brush Tail, on a heavenly day of warm sun and blustering vine-male in the lower forest. He was coming home from a long climb down to a little flat where the manumita berries were red-brown and ripe. His pockets were bulging with the little odd fruits which he was taking home for Barney.

The squirrel lived in his cabin now, very frankly and cockily, sitting on the table's edge when he had his meals.

He climbed slowly, and, finding a convenient rock, sat down to rest, and, turning, looked full into the face of the most monstrous lumber wolf he had ever seen. It stood so tall at the shoulder that its head was above a man's waist, and its pale eyes were yellow as gold, fixed on him steadily. For a terrible, trance moment, they stared at each other, the hair rising on both of them. Then, for some unaccountable reason, the man thought of the dog he had wished for and before he knew it he had spoken aloud.

"Hallo, old boy," he said.

There was no fear in his voice, only the genial, friendly tone a man uses to his dog, and he was astonished at himself.

Brush Tail was astonished, too, for he had never heard a human voice before, and this one bore neither terror of his presence, nor challenge to his supremacy. It was entirely new and curious.

So he looked long at this strange creature with its alien smell, raising his great head to sniff his scent, turning his great head a bit to this side and that. And then the man moved, held out his hand. At that the wolf leaped like a flash back into the brush and was gone.

The man went on home, but he did not forget the meeting. Neither did Brush Tail forget it, and on a moonlit night in the following week he paddled about the familiar cabin which now bore this new creature's scent. He watched the place carefully, sitting on his haunches in the shadow of a pine at the meadow's edge, and there were other scents on the air, too, the sweet foods which tickled his nostrils. There had been fish, recently fried, and bacon. The man was sleeping quietly—he could sleep better, it seemed, these long, sweet nights, did not cough so often—but Barney the squirrel, curled

at the foot of the bed, sat up on his silver tail and screeched at the top of his lungs, angrily. The man reached a crowsy hand and quieted him.

And presently Brush Tail was gone, a shadow among the shadows.

So the autumn drew on apace and the man had finished his building of a safe place for his vast provisions, a dug-out in the earth, lined and covered with little logs, its log opening securely chained.

The pain in his heart had become duller with the passing months.

He had spent weeks and much of his scant strength getting wood for the tiny iron stove in the cabin against the winter. An odd joy was beginning to burgeon in him, the joy of the human who has come back to the breast of nature and found help, who pits his soul against the universe. He began to think ahead longer than the autumn.

The winter would bring deep snow. He had not seen snow for years. He would make himself a pair of snow-shoes.

And then, suddenly, one soft, late autumn night, winter came out of the north and was there. Came with an unheeded whisper of snow in the dark, and he awoke late to grey shadows in the cabin.

It was beautiful, and he revelled in it, going out a little way but finding its soft hindrance too much for his strength. So he watched it from his little window, content and smiling. The sun came out and the world of the lone mountains was another world entirely.

That winter was to be the hardest one the hills had known for many a long year. If the man had been a little wiser he might have read the signs of it—the great activity of the squirrels in storing mast, the height from the ground at which they stored it, the early coming down of the deer from the higher country. These things he saw, some of them, but their significance was lost. He marvelled at the deer, frequent little bands of them, all going down along the great slants towards the low lands and the rivers. He had never seen one going up.

He had made his snow-shoes, clumsy things but adequate, and went for short trips on them, trips that lengthened as his strength grew.

And the winter closed down hard and very quickly. It seemed never to let go its first firm grasp. The snow came and froze, and came again, and there was nothing living to be seen except the squirrels which lived high in the great pines and came out in the frosty sunlight to chatter at the wide, white world.

But though nothing living was to be seen, there was something in the Stone Ridge country, two somethings, in fact. Brush Tail still ran his long trails, hunting, and Slip Along watched him from this limb and that, bating. Neither the panther nor the wolf had left the vicinity of the High Plateau.

Down where the deer had gone there was a danger which they both knew and feared—man and his dogs. They had heard them both from far distance when they, in other hard years, had followed the deer. But they had not seen them.

So now these two, old and wary as they were, stayed in their wilderness and took their chances on the stragglers which had been caught.

And always a few of the round-horns did get caught—to "yard" together in some glade, tramping the falling snow until they built for themselves a veritable prison of frozen walls which they could not scale, slowly starving as the winter held. There was one such "yard" over on Pappoose and the wolf and the panther found it.

It contained a little herd of some twenty deer, mostly does and young ones, though there was one gallant old monarch who sold his life dearly—but the least said of that piteous affair the better.

It had to do with Slip Along, who fed fat for many days. The two marauders took turns upon this mutual lair, knowing full well that this was not a time to air their ancient grievances.

They killed, and ate their own kill, leaving each other strictly alone, and they did not waste. They saw such other sometimes, from the "yard's" edge, but beyond burning eyes and raised hackles they kept their own distance.

And the man saw them, too, at different times. For the wolf he had a sort of grim respect, a feeling of nearness which must have come to him from his hairy ancestors who tamed the first wolf and brought it to his fire.

For the cat he had a fear and a dread, deep in him and nameless of origin. There was something in that long, low-stretching body which chilled him to the bone.

Please turn to Page 30

WHO'S NERVY

ILL AND RUNDOWN?



GET FIT AGAIN WITHOUT DRUGS

If you are nervy, rundown, failing, nine times out of ten the food you eat is not doing you proper good. It simply passes through your system incompletely digested and poorly assimilated. The real cause is the absence from the food of vital mineral salts which lead to mineral starvation nerves and all the depressing effects of nervous disorders. Get more of these minerals—phosphates and glycerophosphates—into the system, and nerves and that restless feeling vanish.

Bidomak tastes fine and contains all the necessary minerals in pre-dissolved liquid form. It is guaranteed to make you well or cost you nothing. Mrs. D.T. of Adelaide, says: "That every day seems a blessing." Jim Broadhead took Bidomak to build up for his record-breaking flight from England to Australia. These are just two of thousands of people who have come to know Bidomak's power to make sick nerves well. Get a bottle today and start taking it. You'll feel better, look better and you'll really be better.

BIDOMAK

THE TONIC OF THE CENTURY FOR "NERVES, BRAIN AND DEPRESSED FEELING"

3/- at all Chemists and Stores

Product of the Douglas Drug Co., Dist.

Lettered by the Douglas Drug Co., Sydney

(S. C. Peak, Manager); Douglas Drug

Co., Adelaide; Ricker-Tompson Ltd., Melbourne; Wood, Son & Co., Perth and

Brokers Ltd., Fairbairn & Co., Lancaster.

Economical Beauty Hints

Do not trifle with sticky, messy dyes, unpleasant to use and unsatisfactory in effect. Dye hair is terribly unattractive. To restore grey hairs to their natural colour, apply PULVEX. This lotion is safe and pleasant to use, and the effect of PULVEX is wonderful—immediately rejuvenating entirely satisfactory!

And now, as to removing unwanted hair. Pure powdered phenol is quite the best of all known hair-removers. It removes hair safely, instantly and completely, discouraging future growth.

A simple yet certain remedy for sunburn, freckles, windchaps, moth-patches is introduced wax, which harmlessly removes ageing, discoloured surface skin, and thus enables the fresh, fine-textured skin beneath to show in all its beauty. An ideal cheek colour is one called collodium. It is harmlessly perfect. Should you be troubled with excessive fatness this can harmlessly be reduced by taking citric berries. All chemists have these aids, as well as the lovely new Deodorant Face Powder. Clipping, refreshing, delightfully perfumed.



"OF COURSE I FEEL GOOD"

Pulvex your pets once a week, and keep them free from fleas and lice this summer. Pulvex kills fleas dead and keeps others away. Non-poisonous. Harmless even if swallowed. . . . odorless. Pulvex costs no more—beware of imitations. 1/3 a tin or 2/- double size, at all chemists and stores.

Wholesale Distributors: WILLIAM COOPER & NEWBERRY (Aust.) Ltd., 4 O'Connell Street, Sydney.

PULVEX

KILLS FLEAS OFF—KEEPS THEM OFF

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published on this page.

Pen names will not be used, following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page.

So They Say

READERS, NOTE!

The "So They Say" page is your page. Any topic you care to write about is welcome, so long as it is interesting — and provocative. Letters should not exceed 120 words.

DISLOYAL RELATIVES

ONE writer pleaded for sincerity among friends. Of course, one hopes that anyone worthy of the name could never be otherwise, but how much greater is the need for sincerity among one's relations? Too often we hear or see sisters criticising each other's ways, homes or frocks, brothers disloyal to their sisters, parents joining in the criticism of some member of their family behind that one's back—result, unhappy hearts and sorrow.

To the thoughtful, sensitive nature, these things mean that the most beautiful ideals in families are quite ruined, and though we, perhaps, smile and try to hide the hurt, hearts remain sad and heavy.

El for this letter to C. Powell, Blackwood Creek, Tas.

WHY OLD SONGS APPEAL

WHY do the "old songs" appeal so much to almost everyone? I found out, only quite recently, why I love them so much. I was listening to one of our great singers and as an encore number "Robin Adair" was rendered. At once I forgot the singer, the "Book of Memory" turned back its pages, and I heard again my mother's voice, saw once more the light in her eyes, and her smile as she sang to us in our childhood's days "What Made the Ball so Fine," etc., etc.

And so it is with every old song. Some loved one or dear friend or favorite singer has sung it, and imbued it with his or her own direct personality. Queensland's most lovely soprano of 20 or more years ago sang, equally lovely "Good-bye" and "Kate O'Shane." Whenever I hear these songs again rendered I cannot help visualising the face, charming stage presence and wonderful voice of the singer who sang them so long ago.

It would be interesting to know how other readers feel when hearing the old songs rendered.

Mrs. S. L. Sheldon, Station Street, Sunnybank, Brisbane.

FUNNY CONVENTION!

HOW many lonely people there are in a big city. So many live in rooms and flats who are complete strangers to others whose habitation is, perhaps, only divided from them by a thin wall. They hurry away in the mornings to business, in the evenings and buses, see the same familiar faces every day. They may speculate about each other and notice when the pretty red-haired girl has a new hat, or the nice young man with the very blue eyes has a new suit which sets off his fair hair to perfection, but they may never break down the barrier of reserve built up by convention.

And so at night when the daily work is done they may come home to sew or read and perhaps the person next door is also settling down to a lonely evening at home. How pleasant it would be to spend their evenings together sometimes—but they do not even know each other's names!

Somewhat it is the largeness of things that prevents our natural sociability from expressing itself. Our joy little barrier of reserve is a protection, for among all the good there may be evil lurking. But surely there must be some way out of the difficulty?

Miss F. Wilson, No. 6 Melton, 115 Victoria Street, Port's Point.

LEAVE 'SMOKERS' TO MEN

WHY should "chattering" women be allowed to interfere with the solitary reign of the male in the smoking-carriage? It is there that the average man seeks to enjoy a quiet smoke and peruse his morning paper among fellow-men who disturb not the silence of the smoke-laden carriage save for an occasional word or the rattle of turning leaves.

How reasonable then are the glances that follow the entry of two females talking of mere trifles in high-pitched tones! A feeling of unrest pervades the compartment.

Moreover, let such women stand who impose on man's civility by travelling in smoking-carriages at the peak periods!

D. Wilson, 36 Bright St., Middle Brighton, Vic.

Is Honest Criticism Welcome To Women?

IT doesn't pay to be honest if you don't care for a friend's wearing apparel (Miss I. E. Mullen, 21/12/35) for in most cases that person, in asking your opinion, is just waiting for a flattering reply. It is not worth the risk of losing a valuable friendship to give a candid and truthful answer to her question. Better to leave that to others, and there are plenty of "catty" people about who delight in pulling a person's appearance to pieces to his or her face.

D. Bell, Airlie, 74 Trevelyan Ave., Abbotsford W3, Vic.

Criticism is Good

IT all depends on the nature of the person who asks the question! "How do I look?" as to how one should answer. There are some sensitive natures one really must not hurt, and others one really must not ruffle. The former think you are unkind, and the latter that you are jealous. However, that advice and criticism are good to listen to, whether we take heed or not. On taking stock among my friends I find I can number seven whose severe criticism and advice as to my clothes I can accept gracefully simply because they are my friends.

Gale Nelson, Herbert St., Brisbane.

Truth Can Be Brutal

IT is not always necessary to say what we think, and if we cannot say something kind and pleasant, then it would be better to say nothing at all. We all hate a liar, but the little white lie which makes friendliness is not really a lie because the deception is harmless, pleasant, and likely to do more good than evil. If we all tried to talk kindness whenever possible to soften the edge of plain brutal truth, which is not demanding to be told, the world would be a much happier place.

Clarice Haddock, 51 Leaky Beach Rd., Mille End, Adelaide.

Honesty is Best Here

RE Miss Mullen's question. We take it for granted that it is among intimate friends only that an opinion is asked about clothes.

I cannot see that anyone is being sympathetic by refraining from expressing an honest opinion to the one concerned, and then telling others: "I didn't think it suited her."

When one sallies forth in new attire and our pals have nothing to say about it, I think we may correctly surmise that they do not admire it greatly. Then if one must press for an opinion, I think it is foolish in the extreme to be hurt.



when their opinion happens to be quite the contrary to our own.

Mrs. T. Throckmorton, Wilwaning, Kyabram P.O., Vic.

She Expects the Truth

WE all know honesty is the best policy, so if your friend asks: "How do you like my new hat?" be honest and say you don't like it. Don't wait and say that you didn't like it to somebody else.

Your friend asks you because she thinks that you, being her friend, will tell her the truth. Put it nicely, such as: "I don't think the shape really suits you. There are several shapes that would do you more justice." She then may have time to change it and feel better pleased—all due to your honest opinion!

E. R. Roberts, Dean St., Enfield, N.S.W.

Here's to the Team Spirit And Sports Girls!

VERY few people, Mrs. Brown, will agree with Kate O'Brien in her sweeping statement that the team-spirit is an objectionable thing—mean and pointless.

I think it is one of the finest traits that we can cultivate. It teaches a person to sink his individuality unselfishly for the good of the whole. Carried to its logical conclusion, it would teach men to co-operate, and thus help to eliminate war. Very little progress can be made without it.

"It ain't the individual. Nor the army as a whole. But the everlasting team-work Of every bloomin' soul."

Mrs. J. R. Cress, Campbell St., Bowen Hills, Brisbane.

Another View

WELL, I, for one, agree with Kate O'Brien about sport making women mean spirited—only for a different reason. From my experience, I have found that, in most sport women will not play for the fun of the game, there is always ill-feeling and "back-biting." Ladies' day at tennis seems to be the worst of all. As each four goes on to play the remainder sit down and discuss them—not their game, but their

Canine Friendship Not So Worthy!

FROM time to time, in your estimable journal, have appeared references to the perfect friendship of the dog.

Will this friendship, however, stand the test of critical analysis? Is not the basis of this friendship and loyalty just a lack of intelligence—a failure to understand what others are?

I have asked for it, you dog-lovers:

"Now, let it work: mischief, thou art afoot. Take thou what course thou wilt!"

R. Lindon Brown, Dalserock, Ipswich Road, South Brisbane.

vices and virtues—and I have yet to see the game won that everyone considered fair.

Mrs. R. Fletcher, 184 Burwood Rd., Belmont Nth., N.S.W.

Ridiculous Statement

KATE O'BRIEN's statements as to the effect sport has on women are really too ridiculous and erroneous.

At any rate one advantage that sport has is that it enables us to pick those among our acquaintances who are likely to be reliable friends and those who are not.

I have proved that the person who can only meet defeat with a scowl, accompanied by loud complaints and excuses, is invariably the "fair weather friend" and in one's hour of need is always conspicuously absent.

Mrs. T. Reddish, Tongala P.O. Vic.

Makes for Intelligence

RE Mrs. M. Brown's letter and Kate O'Brien's opinion of women and sport.

I think the latter's remarks very disparaging to sportswomen in general. Remember, to have a healthy brain you must have a healthy body, and what finer way of obtaining same than exercise in sport?

Take the woman on the field of games; take her in business, in society, and in the home, and we will not be able to agree that women make themselves stupid by sport.

Mrs. C. A. Handley, 270 Beamish St., Campbell, N.S.W.

Wonderful Spirit

I DO not agree with Kate O'Brien. So far as sport's increasing stupidity goes, I have found that an alert, well-trained body is usually accompanied by an alert, well-trained mind.

And I do know that life in a small country town would be unbearable but for the sporting bodies. I suppose it is only to be expected that in a small population jealousy, petty scandals, and gossip will arise; but when there is a "get-together" on the tennis court or at the cricket ground such differences tend to evaporate.

What a pity that everyone could not acquire the nature of the true sport; then we would have a uniformity of mind of which we might be justly proud.

M. Marriot, Wyuna Town P.O., Vic.

Why People Season Already Seasoned Food

AGNES M. BOYLE'S "maddening habit" among men in further seasoning already seasoned food (21/12/35) I put it down to the fact that a man's palate is already spoiled by nicotine and strong liquors. I have noticed that men who drink a lot take a great deal of seasoning before they can taste anything at all. Agnes M. Boyle should not allow the habit to become too mad, as it seems to be quite incurable.



able, and it is habits such as these which so often cause the rift within the lute" in many happy homes.

Mrs. M. Wallis, William St., South Yarra SE1, Vic.

Here's an Offender!

A. M. BOYLE thinks seasoning the food before tasting is a "maddening habit."

I always do it as I think there is not the flavor in the food without it. You could put six times as much seasoning (especially pepper) in the dish when preparing it, as you would when eating it, but in the cooking you seem to lose the flavor.

Perhaps Miss Boyle could tell me why some people have the "maddening habit" of stirring their tea till you wonder if they are trying to stir the bottom out of the cup. It only takes a couple of sips to dissolve a spoonful or two of sugar in a cup of hot tea.

W. Jarich, Pine Vale, Yering Creek, N.S.W.

BETTER BROADCASTS

RADIO is in the air at present, and this seems a fitting moment to ask when programmes broadcast in Australia are to become more Australian in tone. More than that—when are radio programmes to be made more varied? The public wants something new in these programmes. The present tendency is to run certain features until they are hackneyed and to cling too long to certain artists—some dramatists, for example. The plain man and woman fight for variety and say (very properly) that surely there are some new stars on the radio horizon.

I recall that a change along these lines was promised by some stations some months ago; but so far, nothing has come of that promise. I agree, of course, that the transition will take time and that deliberation in this matter is wiser than speed. But the public seeks some sign of assurance that steps are being taken to have that promise kept. This matter of making programmes more varied, for one thing, and more Australian in mood and temper, for another, is of first-class importance in our cultural development. It will encourage Australian writers and dramatists to express (and so to quicken) our growing sense of nationhood. More, it will provide a training field for numerous young actresses and singers who are meantime denied at home the opportunities which they vision abroad but cannot reach. There is much budding talent among our young actresses, and it is imperative that our radio stations develop it.

Mrs. J. Robinson, 16a Campbell St., Sydney.

FATHERCRAFT FOR BOYS

IN increasing numbers in girls' schools pupils are now given training which will be useful in their probable future domestic life. Why are not boys also given a little training of a similar nature so that they are equipped to assist in the successful and economical running of a home and the meeting of the little domestic emergencies?

How many husbands are capable of putting a new washer on a tap, or mending a broken window cord or dressing a boy's cut knee (apart from cooking a meal or darning a sock when their wives are ill)?

Miss Q. C. Barton, 23 Barton Street, P-wthorn, Vic.



Improve Your Health and Appearance

Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts is the natural reducing agent. No injurious diets or violent exercises are necessary—just a regular dose each day and you will be amazed at the improvement in your health and appearance. Schumann's Salts contain most of the important active ingredients of the famous Mineral Springs of Spaa of Europe, and while making you slim they also provide a health tonic to the whole system. For Better Digestion, Stronger Nerves, Better Breathing, More Energy and a Clear Complexion, insist on Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts.

FREE SLIMMING CHART

Send in the top of your Schumann's Salts carton to the address printed thereon and you will receive a modern Chart on Slimming entitled:

"Reduce each Day the Schumann Way"

The Schumann's Slimming Chart deals very thoroughly and scientifically with the art of slimming through eating heartily. Send in your carton top to-day.

At all Chemists and Stores.



Schumann's
MINERAL SPRING
Salts

"Purifies but does not Purge"

OUR WOMEN Motorists Can TAKE a BOW!

"You're Not Dreadful,"
Say Our Traffic Experts

Are women drivers dreadful?

Yes, according to London opinion, expressed during the "Safer Roads" campaign, which Sir Philip Game, former New South Wales Governor, has now joined as the new London Metropolitan Police Commissioner.

No, according to Australian traffic authorities. Women drivers are no worse—and are often better—than men. Women motorists please bow and applaud.

THE average woman driver has the tube train psychology," contends a member of the London Ministry for Transport. "She expects men drivers to make way for her. This is particularly the case when making a right-hand turn.

"My criticism does not apply to all women drivers. When they are good, they are brilliant—but when they are bad they are dreadful."

He added that 30 per cent. of women drivers—one in every two—failed to pass the driving test before the examiners. Most of the failures are due to faulty signals or not making signals at all.

Best Time to Learn

BUT Australian opinion is different. That our women motor drivers are less competent than men is denied by men themselves.

The investigator of the C.I.D. in S.A. contends that the average woman driver is quite as good as the average man, but a bad woman driver is worse than any.

The inspector hailed two members of the traffic squad and asked them their opinions, which were unanimous. They said: "Women are perfectly capable when everything is going well, but in difficulties or in an awkward corner they will throw signals to the winds and even cut off the policeman trying to direct traffic."

They summed up the situation by saying that it was all a matter of temperament, and that some women—and some men, too—should not be on the roads at all, but they were the exception, and most drivers are not only safe, but quite expert.

Mr. G. Morris, secretary of the Sporting Car Club, has seen the work of girl motorists in reliability trials, and he says, "I cannot agree that women are worse drivers than men. Women who take part in our club trials are all excellent drivers."

As Good as Men

"GOOD driving is a question of the age at which one learns. From 18 to 30 is the best time. After that people do not seem to be able to pick up any road sense, which usually is developed by way of scooters and bicycles during childhood."

"I would hesitate to say that men drivers are better than women," said Superintendent Carter, of the Sydney Traffic Branch, when shown the London cable message.

"So far as Sydney is concerned," he said, "we find the women drivers the equal of the men. I know some women who are exceptionally good drivers, and I know of others who scarcely deserve a licence—but that also applies to men."

"It is impossible to differentiate. In the main women are ultra careful. In fact, our reports show that many more men than women are 'booked' for traffic breaches. We also find that most women drivers obey traffic signals and warnings without reservation. The same can-

not always be said of the men. There is a driver's temperament, and most competent women possess it."

In London the first order issued by Sir Philip Game, former N.S.W. Governor, who has succeeded Lord Trenchard as Metropolitan Police Commissioner, is that "the slaughter on the roads must stop!" Sir Philip will appoint sixteen additional chief inspectors, who will be solely concerned with the traffic and accident position in the areas allotted to them.

Severe Test

ALTHOUGH the Victorian Traffic Branch has no definite statistics, Senior Constable White says that the percentage of Victorian women drivers who fail in the tests is probably about 20. This low percentage is particularly good in view of the fact that the Victorian test is one of the severest in the world.

Constable White thinks that Australian women are better drivers because

they live more out-of-doors, and take more part in sport, which trains their eye and helps them to react more quickly to traffic signals or emergencies. Australia's more simplified traffic regulations and wider streets also help to make us efficient drivers.

Of the women who fail in driving tests some come back two or three times before they get their licence.

Constable White says, however, that men are often as hopeless as some women. A professor tried for two years before he was judged sufficiently capable at the wheel to be given a licence.

Young women make more competent drivers than older women, and a privately-tutored driver is more successful than the driver rushed through some driving school, or taught by her impatient, frustrated husband, father or brother.

A feature of the huge rush for driving licences just before Christmas was the number of young women applying for motor-cycle licences.



COUNTING ALL CARS. From boxes like this traffic census men stationed along the English highways count the number of vehicles passing a given point. The information so acquired is considered by the transport authorities in framing their regulations and policy. The famous Belisha beacon, named after England's young Transport Minister, is also shown.

Enlarges Your Face



AN INVENTION known as the Dermascope, which gives an enlarged view of any part of the face, is in use in a Mayfair beauty parlor. It enables skin blemishes to be detected. A client is here seen being examined with the aid of the Dermascope.

MEN LIKE TO GOSSIP, TOO



GREAT OF YOU, BILL, TO ROUND UP THE GANG LIKE THIS—BUT WHERE'S GOOD OLD EDDIE?

HE'S SORT OF DROPPED OUT OF THINGS LATELY—LEFT OUT IS TRUE I SUPPOSE, BUT AFTER ALL WITH HIS TROUBLE!

THAT'S WHY HE NEVER MADE ANY HEADWAY WITH ALICE, ISN'T IT?

I TRIED TO DROP A HINT AT THE TIME BUT IT DIDN'T SINK IN

AND THEN THEY SAY WOMEN ARE THE ONES WHO LIKE TO GOSSIP! POOR EDDIE—BUT I COULD HELP HIM

NEXT DAY—her chance!

WHY, EDDIE, YOU STRANGER! YES I'D LOVE A LIFT HOME. THESE GROCERIES ARE HEAVY. SALE ON LIFEBOUY SO I STOCKED UP. WE NEVER USE ANYTHING ELSE FOR FEAR OF 'B.O.'

LATER

AM I IMAGINING THINGS? THAT REMARK SEEMED POINTED, COULD I POSSIBLY OFFEND? COULD 'B.O.' BE WHY FRIENDS HAVE DROPPED AWAY?



GLAD I GAVE LIFEBOUY A TRIAL. BOY, IT'S GREAT! I'LL BE PLAYING SAFE WITH 'B.O.' FROM NOW ON!



'B.O.' GONE... it's a new world for Eddie!

NICE OF YOU TO ASK US OVER, THIS IS ALICE—MY FIANCEE SINCE FIVE O'CLOCK TONIGHT!

EDDIE, I'M DELIGHTED—ALTHOUGH FRANKLY NOT A BIT SURPRISED!



TIRED? GOSH, NO, I'VE JUST HAD A GRAND LIFEBOUY SHOWER

Have A Lifebuoy Refresher... In other words, when you're feeling tired and hot, hop into a Lifebuoy bath. Lifebuoy lather is so abundant, so refreshing, you'll soon feel fit again. It gives you that gloriously clean, fresh feeling! And its own hygienic scent vanishes completely as you rinse.

Healthier Skin with Lifebuoy

It's rich, deep-cleansing lather removes all impurities from the pores and ensures a perfectly healthy skin—combine this protection with the elimination of "B.O." (body odour) fear, and you'll see why millions agree with my skin. "of people say 'Lifebuoy for me—it's safer.'"



Millions say... "It agrees with my skin."

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on all the goods mentioned on this page. And we do everything humanly possible to get your order despatched with speed.

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Order early though, and state a second choice of colour and style just to be on the safe side. Values like these below, you know, are likely to vanish with proverbial lightning speed.

Remember — David Jones' for Service

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GROUND FLOOR.

"Peggy" a famous SILK HOSE 4'11

WW 17, 18: "Peggy" is a stocking habit with most people. We sell enormous quantities of this bright particular economy sheer. All the colours you like, and just the right combination of sheen and reinforcement.

WHITE for young things



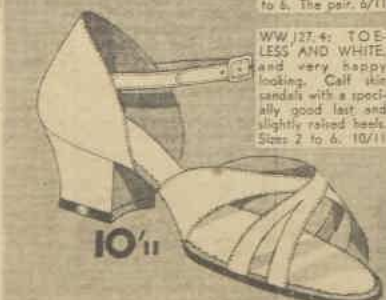
5'11

WW 36, 37: TOELESS MESH SANDALS. The mesh cloth is imported, and extra light and cool. The soles are flexible rubber. Sizes 4 to 11. Pair priced at 5'11



6'11

WW 36, 37: WHITE CALF SANDALS for small children. "Nature-Form" last. Leather soles. They're comfortable. Sizes 3 to 6. The pair, 6'11



10'11

WW 127, 4: TOELESS AND WHITE, and very happy looking. Calf skin sandals with a specially good last and slightly raised heels. Sizes 2 to 6. 10'11



23'6

WW 127, 5: MISSES' PUMPS in court, ghillie or derby styles. White. Calf skin, detailed with brown. Sizes, half sizes 2 to 6. 23'6

THIRD FLOOR.



WW 88, 8

Clean, crisp, never-to-be-tired of shirt styles. Wide or narrow stripes. And it's such sturdy stuff, this Bemberg silk. You'll find it will LAST.

Sensational offer of

STRIPED BEMBERG SILK

FROCKS

- Usually 12'11
- Guaranteed to wash
- SW & W Sizes

WW 88, 6: WW 88, 7: WW 88, 8: Probably you won't believe the evidence of your own eyes when you see that the frocks above are related to the price on the right. But they are—amazing though it may seem. Buy up in a big way for the house and the beach or the out-of-doors. Now at, each,

9/11

FROM THE WOMEN'S SPORTS FROCK SECTION — SECOND FLOOR



Individually trimmed BANKEENAS

WW 27, 28: They're shady, and it's a nice, fresh-looking natural straw. Individually trimmed in black, navy and brown. You'd hardly expect it at such a price! Each, only

4'11

MILLINERY—2nd FLOOR

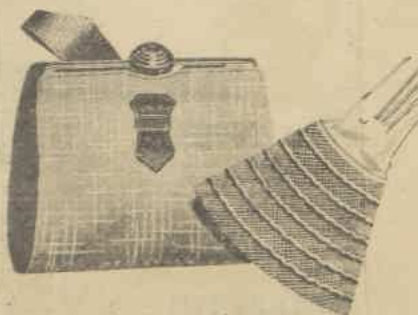


Generously Air-conditioned Sports Oxford

WW 35, 10: WHITE NUBUCK, punched nearly all over for maximum comfort, walled soles. Sizes and half sizes, 2 to 7. The kind of shoe a walker dreams about. And a price you'd never expect in real life. Pair,

17'11

WOMEN'S SHOES—FIRST FLOOR



Linen Handbag

WW 21, 11: Natural linen, with handle and top of navy or brown morocco leather. Nickel frame, all lining. Centre purse and mirror. Ex.

6'11

Art. Silk Gloves

WW 15, 12: Fine Crinoline Guiselet cuffs and the latest about these. You'll like the way they stand out from the wrist. White. Sizes 3 1/2 to 7.

3'6

HANDBAGS AND GLOVES—GROUND FLOOR

NO NEED TO SHOUT ABOUT HOW WONDERFUL THESE VALUES ARE. — YOU CAN SEE THAT AT A GLANCE!



Your Child's EYES

THERE is nothing you can do to insure the happiness of your children more than to be certain that their eyes are cared for. We have organised a Medical Eye Service, at a moderate fee, by an Oculist late of Moorfields Eye Hospital, London. This means that you do not have to wait at the overcrowded public hospitals for attention, and it saves you the alternative of having to pay the usual specialists' fees now charged. We have spared no effort to give you, at a moderate fee, this Medical Eye Service, which is conducted at their rooms, 378 Pitt Street, right opposite Anthony Hordern's.

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And at NEWCASTLE

KEEPING MEAT SWEET: If you haven't an ice-chest or refrigerator, here's a way to keep meat sweet and fresh—Wipe the meat dish liberally over with vinegar. Place meat skewers cross-wise over the dish, and put the meat on top of the skewers.

WASHING FRAGILE CHINA: When washing fragile china and glassware you can never be too careful. Fold old cloths and place them at the bottom and round the sides of the washing-up dish. You will then never have any breakages while washing up.

STAR CASTS for RADIO PLAYS

Public Wants Big Names in Over the Air Entertainment

If variety be the spice of life, then it is certainly the spice of entertainment. Ask any showman!

It is undoubtedly this demand by the public for variety that is behind the new Broadcasting Service Association, of which listeners have heard many rumors in the past month. This association has been formed for the purpose of supplying 2GB and 2UE, together with allied stations, with a variety and standard of broadcast entertainment hitherto unattempted in Australia.

JUDGING from a statement issued by Mr. Bennett, who is joint managing director of the new organisation with Mr. C. V. Stevenson of 2UE, listeners are in for a royal time during 1936.

Mr. Bennett has promised listeners at least one great artist under the auspices of the Broadcasting Service Association during the year. Special programmes from England and America, and some



MR. A. E. BENNETT, joint managing director of B.S.A., who promises listeners outstanding radio developments this year.

Australian productions in which large star casts of experienced radio actors will be used.

"The time has passed," says Mr. Bennett, "when the mere use of two or three men playing many parts in the same production attracted listeners. To-day they are demanding a separate actor for every major part. Which brings us back to where we started: the public wants variety."

The Ideal Flat

DOROTHEA VAUTIER, popular 2GB announcer, who conducts The Australian Women's Weekly session from 2GB, has just found the ideal flat. It is all done out in cream-cream walls and cream furniture, to which she has added her own cream pottery, and her few well-chosen prints after the work of modern masters such as Cezanne, Van Gogh, and Edmund Dulac.

Here, with all the furniture fitting away into niches, and with four big windows looking up the harbor to the open Hecla, she can practise her favorite hobby, German dancing, with an ideal background, and with the sun streaming in.

Not His Stop

THERE are some musicians who profess to dislike the Wurlitzer organ, but Reg Morgan, of 2GB, is not one of them, although he confesses that the grand organ is still his favorite instrument. That, by the way, is a well-considered opinion, since Reg Morgan can play nearly every instrument in an orchestra or out of it.

On one occasion he was playing his own accompaniment to "Bird Songs at Eventide," and everything was going along famously, when, by mistake, he put his foot on the motor horn step instead of the bird trap.

"What was the bird featured tonight?" an indignant stage manager asked him afterwards.

"The kookaburra," he answered. Still the audience thoroughly enjoyed the mistake.

Shall We Meet Again?

AUNTY VAL, of 2GB, doesn't believe in omens, at least not since she first went up in an aeroplane. It was during a holiday trip to Rotorua, New Zealand. She decided to try the thrill of flying 4000 feet above the hot lakes of Rotorua district.

Having changed a £5 note to pay for the trip, she noticed with a superstitious shiver that one of the ten shilling notes had written on the edge, "Shall we ever meet again?"

Her companion begged her not to undertake the flight. Fate had meant those words as a warning. But something stubborn in Aunty Val's nature made her all the more determined. Nothing serious happened, although on her return to Australia she learnt that the type of aeroplane in which she had flown had been banned in Australia for some time.

Lumpy Humor

RECENTLY Harry Dearth had a lump on his forehead, but while he refused to divulge how he got it, he grew reminiscent about another lump or bump he once received while working in the tailors with George Wallace.

They were rehearsing some business in which they pulled the side of a grocer's shop down on themselves, and after they had done so five times, the property man decided to have a little joke on them.

In their absence he filled the hitherto empty jam tins and bags with wet sawdust, and when next time they pulled the wall over, it fell with considerably more weight than before.

George Wallace and Harry Dearth were "out to it" for ten minutes, and even when they recovered they were considerably marred by bumps and protruberances.

Out of kindness to my hands and my linen, I always wash with SIREN...

Women who are proud of their hands and their linen let Siren washing-days take care of both. Siren Soap is safe—such pure, fine oils couldn't harm the most sensitive skin, let alone damage clothes or linen. You can tell a Siren wash by the extra whiteness... and it takes a whole lot less work.



NEW SIREN SOAP OFFER *more* FREE GIFTS

BATH TOWEL

46" x 23"

New, gay designs
● Save 48 Blue Crosses (from 12 large bars of Siren Soap) or 36 Brown Crosses (from 36 twin-tablets).

GLASSCLOTH

32" x 23"

Pure Irish Linen
● Save 24 Blue Crosses (from 6 large bars of Siren Soap) or 18 Brown Crosses (from 18 twin-tablets).

SIREN SOAP

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

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How to get your Free Gift

Take your crosses to: LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT, 147 YORK STREET (opp. Town Hall), SYDNEY. If you cannot call or send someone for your gift, post your crosses to Box 4267Y, G.P.O., SYDNEY. Do not enclose a letter with your parcel. Simply include a slip of paper giving the following particulars only: (1) Your name and address in BLOCK LETTERS. (2) Number and colour of crosses enclosed. (3) Gift required.



★ SAVE THE 4 BLUE CROSSES FROM EACH LARGE SIREN WRAPPER
★ SAVE THE 1 BROWN CROSS FROM EACH SIREN twin-tablet wrapper

What Women Are Doing

American Homes

LIKE most people who travel to America, Mrs. S. W. Peterson, who has returned from a world tour, greatly admired the American homes. She considers that over there the ordinary working man's home is quite equal to that of a middle-class family in any other country. Not only are they convenient and well-furnished, but they are artistic in appearance as well.

Literature and Art Flourishing in Spain

A MEMBER of the Spanish aristocracy, La Duquesa de Dato, recently called in to Brisbane. She is much interested in literature and art. Spain, she considers, is now at the head of the nations in these matters, and she speaks enthusiastically of its modern writers and poets.

Just now she is eager to know all she can about Australian writers. She has in view the formation of an international literary club in Spain, where authors from other countries may make contact with those of their own land.

La Duquesa hopes to see the restoration of the monarchy in Spain, and she is anxious to return home before the elections in March. Women over there have only had the vote for five years.

Madame is petite with expressive eyes and shining black hair.

Interesting Experiments At Nursery School

THE third annual report presented recently by the guidance nursery attached to the Children's Hospital, Melbourne, was compiled by Dr. J. F. Williams, psychiatrist to the hospital, and Miss Ruth Drake, director of the guidance nursery.

It leaves no doubt of the success of the nursery, which was originally an experiment to see if such problems of behaviour as appeared in the younger children attending the psychiatric clinic at the hospital might not be remedied by the application of nursery school methods.

Organising Fete Planned By 23 Auxiliaries

ROYAL Melbourne Hospital's 23 auxiliaries are combining to work for a huge fete to be held in the grounds of Grong Grong. Mrs. Thomas, Smith's home in Toorak, on March 14.

All auxiliaries are working hard to stock and "man" the twenty stalls. The organising committee, with Lady Stawell as president, and Miss Jessie Bage as treasurer, has Mrs. Isabel Green as secretary.

Mrs. Green, who first joined the Melbourne Hospital staff as organizer of the Birthday League, has now been hard at work for four years, and is the very efficient organising secretary of auxiliaries. She has done her job so thoroughly that, though the Melbourne Hospital has fewer auxiliaries than any other public hospital in Melbourne, they raised more money than any other group of auxiliaries during the last financial year.

Unique Association that Operates in Tasmania

TASMANIA possesses what is probably a unique organisation among women—the Show Judges' Association. Its members reside in all parts of the State, and their services are available for all country shows as judges in the various branches of art, handicrafts, industrial, needlework, or other domestic sections.

They are also available to exhibitors on Show days for advice or demonstrations, and keep themselves advised on the latest developments in the particular sections in which they are interested.

Mrs. V. L. Harrison, who founded the association, and was its first president, has been associated with shows for a number of years, and it was her knowledge of the difficulty experienced in getting competent judges that prompted her scheme. Lady Clark is patroness, Mrs. J. A. Lyons, vice-patroness, and Mrs. F. T. Holmes president of the organisation to-day.

Women at the Plough

MRS. J. B. CHANDLER, of Brisbane, who returned recently from an extensive world tour, has changed her opinion slightly concerning the popular belief that women in Australia work very hard. They do not, in comparison with some of the things she saw.

In Czechoslovakia, it was common to see a woman and a cow yoked to a plough. Quite old women lifted great sacks of farm produce on to the waggons they drove.

It was the same in many countries, including Germany.

Mayoress of Launceston For the Second Time

MRS. E. E. von BILHA has entered on her second year as Mayoress of Launceston with the determination to do all she can to foster philanthropic work in the city, particularly infant and maternal welfare.

With all her charm and youthfulness Mrs. von Bilha has demonstrated that the younger woman of to-day, even if she does give a good deal of her time to sport and pleasure does not falter before the sterner duties and responsibilities of citizenship. Throughout 1935 she guided the activities of organisations successfully through a difficult year, and committees are looking forward to her presidency during 1936.

She did not, however, allow the many calls made upon her as Mayoress to interfere with her progress at sport, and the winning of the women's singles championship in the Easter tennis tournament was one of her outstanding victories.

Betty Archdale's Cheery New Year Greeting

BETTY ARCHDALE, who was captain of the English women's cricket team which visited Australia last year, has sent a cheery New Year greeting from overseas, and one that indicates a sure and certain welcome for our women players when they go next year. It reads:

"Here's far you and yours
No' forgettin' us an' oors.
When you an' yours can
Tae see us an' oors.
I hope us an' oors will be as
Gude tae you an' yours
As you an' yours has been
Tae us an' oors."

A bit of a tongue-twister, but very heartening.

Missionary from Ceylon Revisits Australia

KNOWN throughout Australia as Sister Ida, who was attached to the Methodist Central Mission for three years, and during that time conducted evangelistic services throughout several States, Mrs. Clarence Smith, of Melbourne, is visiting Victoria again before going on to see her people in England.

Mrs. Smith, whose husband is a missionary attached to the Methodist Church of Great Britain, and is principal of the boys' college in Batticaloa, has spent two very full years in Ceylon.

Though the pupils are Tamils and Moslems, the college is rather like an Australian public school, in spite of primitive equipment.

When they return to Ceylon Mr. and Mrs. Smith will probably make a home for English sailors who stay at the naval base while the warships are in port.

Sought Adventure On Windjammer

TWO girls have recently arrived in South Australia after an adventurous trip by the Parmir, a Swedish windjammer, which took nearly three months to sail from Dublin to Port Lincoln.

Miss Elizabeth Parsons is a radio-grapher, trained at Guy's Hospital, who has been practising for several years in London hospitals. Miss Daphne French is a typical outdoor Irish girl who loves riding and owns a yacht. It was after a cruise in her little Embra that they saw the Parmir in Dublin Harbor and instantly decided to go with her to Australia. They signed on as stewardesses, but were really passengers who "made themselves useful" with sewing-machine and mop occasionally.

Miss Parsons, after visiting friends in Victoria, will return by windjammer if possible—to her X-Ray work in three months—but her companion hopes to stay in Australia for a year, seeing what she can of station life, the Barrier Reef, and yachting along the coast, before going on to New Zealand.

Six Months of Every Year on the Continent

MRS. F. FRASER, who recently descended upon us on a flying visit to Australia to collect her school-girl daughter, Yvonne, and take her to school in Switzerland, has her home address in Assam, India, where her husband is an army doctor.

But Assam is only a part-time home for Mrs. Fraser. She spends six months of every year travelling on the Continent.

She considers that Vienna is the gayest city in the world. "Austria," she says, "is Europe's favorite playground at the moment. It offers winter sports, night life, and the smartest clothes the Continent can give."

Will Tell Us of Victoria League Abroad

FRIENDS of Miss I. C. S. Cochrane, honorary secretary of the Victoria League, Brisbane, will be seeing her any time after January 20. She is on the Ormonde.

Miss Cochrane has been away on an extended trip abroad, and members of the league have sadly missed her. They are impatient to welcome her home.

No doubt she'll tell them all the wonderful things the Victoria League does in London for overseas visitors.

Leading Worker for Many Good Causes

NEARLY 1000 books were received by the Queensland Bush Book Club at its annual book day held this year.

Mrs. Stanley Chapman, who was president of the club for twelve years, and is now honorary president, assisted in classifying and parcelling the reading matter which was well on its way to country homes before the close of the day.

Mrs. Chapman does not confine her efforts only to one organisation, as she is honorary treasurer of the ladies' committee of the Queensland Adult Deaf and Dumb Mission, and has been since its inception three years ago.

The Queensland Women's Electoral League has Mrs. Chapman as one of its original members, and she has worked hard as secretary of the North Brisbane branch.

When the Rotarians' wives were collecting £1000 to assist the crippled children, Mrs. Chapman acted as their treasurer, and she was instrumental in the building of St. Martin's Hospital, as she was convener of the Bardon district for the building fund.



Tradition of the Pied Piper Still Alive in Hamelin

OF all the places she visited on her twelve month trip abroad, Miss L. Beer, of Melbourne, considers that Hamelin is the quaintest.

The story of the Pied Piper is still kept alive by the clock on the highest tower of the town. This clock only strikes at six and twelve o'clock, which is just as well, as every time it strikes the market square is thronged with people, come to see the story of the Pied Piper enacted by figures that come out of the clock.

Although Hamelin is never worried with live rats, there are rat signs everywhere. The coat-of-arms of the town is a rat on a wheelbarrow, and almost everybody, down to the youngest child, wears a ring in this district. Even eatables, bread, sweets, and a great many other things are made in the form of rats.

There are probably more rats to be seen in Hamelin in this year of grace than ever menaced the town before the mythical Piper piper.

Interesting Woman Whose Home is in Geneva

LIFE is gay, and life is interesting in Geneva, according to Mrs. Duncan Hall, who has lived there for eight years.

Her husband is liaison officer between the League secretariat and the Dominions, and Mrs. Hall does a lot of entertaining in her pleasant old villa on the outskirts of the town.

Apart from those holding official positions, Mrs. Hall is the only woman who regularly attends assembly meetings. Her knowledge of political science and economics, which she studied at Oxford for five years before going to Geneva, has fitted her to appreciate the workings of this hub of world affairs.

Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Hall, who will be here until April, have brought their four children to make the acquaintance of friends and relations in Sydney.

Commonwealth Palaeontologist Is a Woman

MISS IRENE CRESPIN, of Melbourne, has begun the New Year with her appointment as Commonwealth Palaeontologist, following the retirement of Mr. F. Chapman, dated from January 1.

One of the very few women palaeontologists in Australia to fill an official position, Miss Crespin has been Mr. Chapman's assistant since the department was established in 1928.

Palaeontology, the science which deals with the life of past geological periods, plays an important part in the search for oil in Australia. Bore cores from every oil bore in this continent and from New Guinea find their way to the office of the Commonwealth Palaeontologist, at present housed in the National Museum, Melbourne, but soon to be moved to Canberra.

Miss Crespin, who now holds a unique position for a woman, began breaking fresh ground for women during her University career. While doing Arts and Science at Melbourne University, she was the first woman president of the Students' Representative Council.

This time last year she was busily engaged as hospitality secretary for the Science Congress, for which she also helped Mr. Chapman to prepare a paper.



Miss Irene Crespin.

IN and OUT of SOCIETY -- By WEP





Miss Daisy Osborne and her brother Bill.

Summer Sunshine is Australia's pride



Summer Sunshine
Friend or Foe?

Admittedly beneficial to general health, summer sunshine is often destructive to beauty.

Beauty therefore needs protection, the face and hands most of all, as they are most affected.

Two creams are necessary—a nourishing skin food to rebuild burnt and dried tissues, and a powder base to protect throughout the daytime from the worst effects of exposure to the sun's rays.

In the range of Hedley's Beauty Aids, Hedley's Skin Food and Hedley's Powder Base are outstandingly effective. Based on formulas that have only been arrived at after intense experimental research in the care of the skin, these two creams—though retailing at only 2/6 per jar—offer the utmost protection that modern science can provide.

Don't accept our word for this—test Hedley's Skin Food and Powder Base yourself. Ask your chemist or store to-day.



Hedley's two creams—Skin Food and Powder Base—are priced at 2/6 each.



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Hedley's Face Powder is also a protection against burnt or dry skin—it clings, it flatters, and in spite of perspiration, it stays even and perfect all day. A test sample of this powder will be posted free on request.

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FAMILY THAT *Has Always* Married BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Finger of Fate in the Romances of the Osbornes

Conforming to the tradition of his family, who for generations have married beautiful women, Lieutenant Anthony Hope Osborne, son of the late Hope Osborne, of Widgeon Gully, Cootamundra, and Mrs. R. Norton, has brought to Australia his bride, formerly Miss Primrose Salt, the toast of her debutante year in London.

No family has contributed more to the social life and interest of the pastoral families of New South Wales than the Osborne clan.

The best of sports and great horsemen, almost every branch has some romance tucked away in its history.

It seems that there is an unwritten law in the family that the men shall marry none but beautiful and accomplished wives, and in any gathering the Osborne women are outstanding for their beauty and soignée appearance.

Most lovely of all the brides in the Osborne family was Mrs. "Jimmie," formerly Maude Jeffries, famous and brilliant American actress who captured Sydney from the far side of the footlights in the "nineties." Among her many suitors, Jimmie Osborne was by far the most persistent. Leaving his station to his own devices, Jimmie haunted the stage doors and never rested until the management gave him a part as super in the productions.

This enabled him to travel with the company when on tour, and travel Jimmie did, even setting sail to America in the train of the beautiful Maude. His earnestness was eventually rewarded, and Mrs. Osborne was brought back in triumph to Australia. Her only son, Bedford, is handsome, and is now married to the smart and attractive Mollie Wolfcarl.

Mrs. Jimmie Osborne, by the way, is an intimate friend of Lady Gowrie, and



MRS. ARTHUR COBROFT, chateau of Herbert Park, Armidale, and formerly Marjorie Osborne, daughter of the late Mr. Seppie Osborne and Mrs. Osborne of Sydney.

frequently lunches and dines at Government House on her rare visits to Sydney.

The romantic elopement of D'Arcy Osborne and the pretty and vivacious Thes Mair, of Sydney, created a deal of excitement at the time. The bride was under age and D'Arcy's father was furious. But when questioned about the matter young Mrs. D'Arcy swung a smartly-clad foot and asked her father-in-law what he thought of her elopement. Reconciliations followed and everybody was happy.

Pat and Harry Osborne both married daughters of the late Sir James Madden, then Chief Justice of Victoria. The sisters were noted for their regal looks and bearing at all social functions, and it was only to be expected that they should attract the admiration of the two eligible Osborne bachelors.

Mrs. Rob Osborne, whose pretty daughter, Judith, stunned her relations by turning to trade and making a successful proprietor of an exclusive millinery salon, is considered one of the most charming of the Powell family, and her home, Foxlow, Bungendore (now owned by the Fathner family) was the centre for all the brightness and gaiety of the district.

Among the Sydney beauties chosen as brides by the Osborne men were Miss Lawrence (a relation of the Howard Smiths), who married Steinte Osborne;

Miss Muriel Milson, who became the wife of the late Seppie Osborne; and Miss Watson (daughter of Dr. Watson, of Darling Point), who married Stuart, one of the few members of the family to desert industrial pursuits for a profession. Their only daughter, now Mrs. Ellis Fielding Jones, is a decided beauty, and herself the youthful mother of three pretty little girls.

Mrs. Oliver Osborne, with her perfectly-dressed grey coiffure, bright blue eyes, and avert figure, is one of Sydney's most beautiful hostesses. Before her marriage she was Miss Valerie Willis.

Mrs. Frank Osborne was Miss Daisy Gollin, and added another handsome picture to the family portrait gallery.

Dr. John Osborne returned to the country after gaining his medical degree, and married the lovely Miss Atherton, of Melbourne.

Their daughter caused quite a sensation on her presentation at Court in recent years.

All Great Sports

MRS. HENRY CHARLES OSBORNE, whose husband is a crack polo player, was formerly Phyllis Macarthur, one of the lovely Macarthur twins whose beauty and amazing likeness to each other mystified Sydney ever since their debut.

Of the younger generation, George Osborne, only son of Bob of Bungendore, is married to Ena McNeil, of Bowral. Her unusual coloring of brown eyes, fair complexion and fair hair made her an outstanding "lovely."

Paddy, another polo-playing Osborne, married one of Sir Granville and Lady Ryrie's attractive twin daughters, making the second member of the family to marry one of twins.

Riding is almost a fetish with the newest bride in the family, and her equestrian lessons began at the age of two. She has hunted with famous English packs, and has also ridden in races both in England and India. This hobby should endear her to a family of riders who seldom if ever paused in their cross-country gallops to open a gate and managed dashing four-in-hands (when four-in-hands were the vogue) with enviable skill—V.M.



MRS. LENNOX BODE was formerly Miss Joan Osborne Wilkinson and one of the smartest of young Sydney hostesses.



A well-known country hostess, MRS. BILL GORDON, of Manar Station, formerly Miss Olma Osborne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Osborne.

EARS as *Pointers* to CHARACTER

Business Man's Amazing Declaration

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Correspondent in London.

"Ears register more character than almost any other feature. I simply will not employ people whose ears I dislike."

These remarks were made to me by a famous business man. "I've learnt to really know people from their ears," he continued. "Lobes that curve back mean honesty, and the ear that lies close to the head at the top denotes sound and wise judgment."

LARGE ears show application and a certain amount of curiosity," he continued, "and small ears are only possessed by very sensitive people—people inclined to be touchy, in fact."

Quick-tempered individuals, and quick-witted ones, too, have rather pointed ears, and those who have lobes that grow straight into the head can flatter themselves that they have unusual brain power and tremendous personality. I make even the most subordinate typist uncover her ears when she comes to be interviewed. I know by looking at them whether she will be suitable.

"I don't agree with your business man

at all," the matron of a Day Nursery told me. "Children's ears are moulded by their parents more than any other feature. If a child has ugly ears I always blame the mother. If, in the first year of life, a mother looks after her baby's ears and corrects any tendency to stick out by letting the infant wear an ear cap, all will be well... but if ears are allowed to grow as they like, the result may be most disfiguring, especially nowadays when hair and hats are worn off the ears."

"Of course, women have the best of it in this—they can cover up an ugly ear with a wisp of hair; but men can do nothing about it at all, and after the age of one year it is almost impossible to alter an unsightly ear."

New Year Weddings

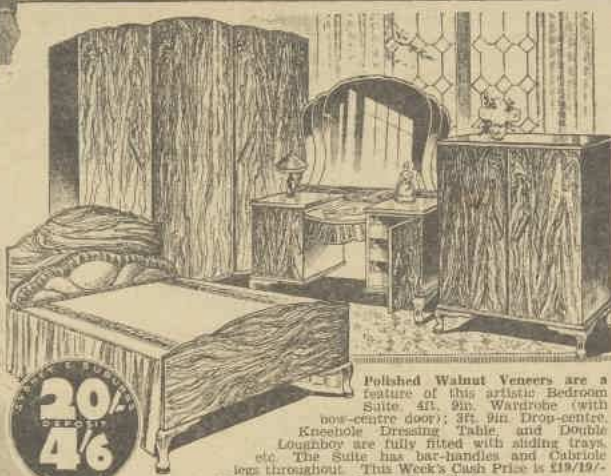
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£100 for 80% deposit 20% weekly. £150 for 120% deposit 30% weekly.



20%
46

Polished Walnut Veneers are a feature of this artistic Bedroom Suite. 4ft. 9in. Wardrobe (with bow-front door); 3ft. 9in. Drop-centre, Kneehole Dressing Table, and Double Lounghoy are fully fitted with sliding trays, etc. The Suite has bar-handles and Cabriole legs throughout. This Week's Cash Price is £19/19/- (Bedstead Extra). Or on Easy Terms.



This attractive Transvaal Chest is selected from a very large range of designs displayed in our new Showrooms. Call and see them—you will be delighted. This week's Cash Price of 20% is 77/6

Every Home needs a bookcase, and this popular size will accommodate a large range of books. It is in two-tone finish, with attractive leadlight door and movable shelves. Special Cash Price is 45/6



This new 4ft. 6in. Breakfast Room Cabinet is fully fitted with drawers, cupboards, etc., and has artistic leadlight doors. It is faithfully constructed and no home should be without one. The Reduced Cash Price This Week is 79/6

This fully-fitted Lounghoy is an ideal gift for a gentleman. It has sliding trays, trousers-rails, adjustable mirror, and blind hanging compartment. Don't miss this bargain. Special Cash Price This Week is 59/6

Or on Easy Terms. Many other designs and qualities are in stock.

We stock a large range of Lounghoys at prices to suit all purses.

Super-Quality DUAL WAVE RADIO

With ALL METAL VALVES this superb Dual Wave Radio is the latest development of science. London, Paris, New York, etc., and perfect local and Interstate Reception guaranteed. It has glorious tone and is quite different to cheap Dual Waves Sets. Hear it at the Warehouse and save £5 by securing at the Introductory Cash Price. £16/19/6 or on Metropolitan Easy Terms.



15/- and 4/6 DEPOSIT WEEKLY

OPEN on FRIDAY NIGHT



Luxurious comfort is built into this sumptuous Lounge Suite, with its five fully-summing loose cushions and in a magnificent Genoa Velvet upholstery. The design and finish are examples of the finest craftsmanship and in all respects this lovely Lounge Suite will please the most fastidious. For this week only the Cash Price is £19/19/- (or on Easy Terms).

20%
5/-



Here is a handsome Dining Room Set at a remarkable price. It comprises 4ft. 6in. sideboard, with polished figured and quartered Maple veneers; 5ft. Rectangular Table, and four Upholstered Chairs (two only in illustration). This Week's Cash Price, £13/13/-, or on Easy Terms.

13/6
3/6

The "FIBERIA" ICE CHEST

This is our Standard Quality Ice Chest, well-known for 36 years for reliability and economy in ice consumption. Splendidly finished Cork Packed Case. Priced from £5/-.

A size for every home. Carries our special Pull Container. All our Ice Chests have both doors "Front Opening". NOT the old style "Lift-lid". Metropolitan Easy Terms from 5/- and 2/6 DEPOSIT WEEKLY



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PALM BOXES and COFFEE TABLES

For this year's wonderful display featuring choicest selected and matched Veneers of Oak and Walnut at attractive prices. The Palm Box shown is 24in. high in two-tone finish—only 11/6



Comfort, appearance and sturdy construction are features of this new cane chair. Built of moulded rattan, with colored bindings, every home in Sydney should secure one or more at the Introductory Cash Price. We stock a great range of cane and wicker furniture—all at Warehouse Prices.

LISTEN IN TO 2GB 7.15 p.m. Thursdays. 7.30 p.m. Saturdays. EVERY NIGHT at 6.45. Also Sundays at 8.5 a.m.



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Wilton. 22in. 8/11 Now 6/9. 27in. 9/11 Now 7/9. 36in. 13/6 Now 10/6.

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PRIVATE VIEWS

By STEWART HOWARD

THE LAST OUTPOST

Claude Rains, Cary Grant, Gertrude Michael. (Paramount.)

THIS is a combination of good acting, good story, and above-average production. So far as the acting is concerned, all three principals share the laurels. Rains, although he has never won the large following that many actors can boast of, is always to be depended upon; in this picture, both Grant and Miss Michael do not suffer by comparison with him.

The story concerns the English activities in the Near East and the Sudan during the Great War. Rains is cast as an intelligence officer, with Grant as a captain of Hussars, whom he rescues from captivity and death. The scene moves to Cairo and thence to an outpost in the Sudan, the drama being supplied by the circumstance of Captain Andrews (Grant) having fallen in love with the wife of his rescuer. As the woman torn between love and duty, Gertrude Michael is excellent.

Before the situation is resolved, there are some very excellent jungle shots and a tense denouement. Some of the incidental photography is not of the best, but this does not interfere greatly with the enjoyment of a film that most people will class—as I do—as good entertainment.—Prince Edward; showing.



GERTRUDE MICHAEL.

HERE COMES COOKE

Gracie Allen, George Burns. (Paramount.)

ANYBODY who doesn't get a series of good, hearty laughs (or chuckles—according to temperament) out of this priceless piece of lunacy must have had his, or her, funny-bone removed at birth. Gracie Allen seems too good to be true; if anybody had told me that any film star, male or female, could act the supreme nit-wit for something over an hour and stir up as much mirth at the end of that time as at the moment of her first entrance, I'd have—well, I'd have ordered another round and kept my thoughts to myself.

Paramount have got there with this film. First-class dialogue and thoroughly mad situations go to help Burns and his offside—or should it be Gracie and her offside?—make a show that is as good entertainment in its class as you could wish to sit down in front of.

In other words, everybody to whom a good guffaw is as highly prized as the price of a theatre ticket should see this picture. You won't want your money back.—Prince Edward; showing.

FRECKLES

Tom Brown, Carol Stone. (R.K.O.)

ONCE upon a time there was a lady whose name was Gene Stratton Porter. Her books were just lovely, full to the covers with nice thoughts, lovely characters, and beautiful moral reflections. She was so good, in fact, that she was boring.

Film producers discovered some time ago how good this dear departed soul was; they are only just realising what audiences are already wide awake to—the deadly boredom of her. In an effort to counteract this somniferous influence in "Freckles," R.K.O. have introduced a modern touch by grafting on to the story a bunch of fugitive gangsters. Any port in a storm.

The most attractive feature of this picture is the work done by a juvenile, Virginia Weidler, as Glory Lou. This youngster is a splendid little actress. Without relying on prettiness, taking little mannerisms, or song and dance acts, she grabs the honors for this production by straight histrionic ability. She's good. Brown and Carol Stone play second fiddle quite competently.

"Freckles" is a splendid illustration of the manner in which scenario writers and/or directors can lose themselves. At the beginning of the picture emphasis is laid on the activities of certain tough-looking timber thieves. Mr. Brown, as the hero, even empties his revolver at these desperadoes. One is led to anticipate nothing short of a pitched battle at a later date.

But the timber thieves simply fade out. Mysteriously, they fail to continue their criminal activities. Perhaps they fell under Gene Stratton Porter's influence

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—
excellent.
★★ Two stars—
good films.
★ One star—
average films.
No stars . . . no good.

and reformed, dropping axes and rifles to become evangelists. Who knows?—Plaza; coming January 10.

AFTER THE DANCE

Nancy Carroll, George Murphy. (Columbia.)

PRIME still pays—the motion picture producer. In this offering it is introduced even into a musical film to provide some of the story backbone that these films usually lack.

In point of quantity, there is not much criminality in the picture; just enough to provide some elevating shots of prison life and to load up Murphy, as Jerry Davis, with a past that makes life a decidedly difficult business for him.

The story, in fact, is not as far-fetched as are the greater number of scenarios. This is something to be thankful for, as neither Anne Taylor nor Murphy are top-liners either as singers or lap-dancers. Any musical brings out talent which would equal theirs in either department, while a really first-class show of this nature has singing or dancing stars who would make 'em look amateurish.

Audiences who like a picture to end in happiness for the lovers and the open discomfiture of the forces of evil, will be disappointed. George goes back to finish his spell behind the bars, while the lady blackmailer who is responsible both for his wrongful sentence and his recapture, doesn't even lose her job in the chorus. It's too bad.

Still, there's this consolation: Murphy's voice, while not likely to enthrall audiences of free men and women, would no doubt gain him a place in the prison choir.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.



NANCY CARROLL.

THE BLACK ROOM

Boris Karloff, Marian Marsh. (Columbia.)

AN unsatisfactory and slovenly ending to this picture robs it of the extra star that Karloff's acting certainly does everything possible to win for it. Playing the double role of Gregor and Anton, twin brothers, this actor is responsible for a really fine performance, but the story cannot keep up to the level of his excellence.

Briefly, "The Black Room" is simply a new version of Bluebeard. Gregor, the elder of the de Berghmann twins, is a baron with virtually unlimited powers over the peasants of his domain. His charming habit is to rob the villagers of their wives, daughters, or sweethearts, conveniently disposing of these rustic charmers once they cease to appeal to him, on the principle, apparently, of getting rid of anybody who might be likely to give evidence against him.

He murders Anton, assuming the latter's charming personality, and then, after another piece of fancy knife-work, which he foists on to Lieut. Lussan (Robert Allen), arranges to marry Thea (Marian Marsh), who is in love with Lussan. This is where clumsiness enters the picture. For a girl desperately in love, Thea too easily believes her lover to be the murderer Gregor makes him out to be, and much too quickly consents to don the wedding veil for the villain's benefit. Then, on Lussan's escaping and coming to the church, she executes another volte-face and falls weeping on his chest, imploring him to fly. It does not occur to her to accompany him.

There are one or two similar faults, but this will serve to indicate the nature of the picture's weakness. Apart from this, it is O.K.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

STARDOM WON Despite Riches!

By BARBARA BOURCHIER Our Special Hollywood Correspondent

According to the best authorities, the path to screen stardom is a thorny one. The most famous actors and actresses, if they are to be believed, did everything except time before the reward of courage, perseverance, and talent—success, in other words—came their way. Aspirants to film distinction are to assume, from the experiences of the said stars, that a girl who goes to Hollywood must be prepared to face extreme poverty, to be a waitress, a laundress, a mortuary assistant, washer-up in a hot-dog joint—anything, in fact, while awaiting the coveted small part that is to lead to eventual fame.

WELL, maybe, but Margaret Sullavan, star of "The Good Fairy," gives tradition the lie. Her obstacle was not poverty, but riches; she did not fight for small parts, but stepped straight into a star role!

Moreover, while ninety-nine and a half



MARGARET SULLAVAN, rich girl, stage personality, and reluctant screen star.



HERBERT MARSHALL in his natural state and disguised. He is seen both ways in "The Good Fairy," with Margaret Sullavan, but loses the "transformation" early in the piece.

out of every hundred girls of Uncle Sam's many States would give their front teeth (provided they could get a natural set of false ones) to star in a picture, Margaret was quite holy-frothy about it when an offer was made to her. The stage, she said, was her love, and to the stage she'd stick. This must have made the Hollywood magnates froth at the mouth and flourish cheque-books with abandon.

But to the story. Margaret Sullavan is the child of an aristocratic Virginian family. The Sullavans, pere and mere, are the social leaders of the town of Norfolk—a community as full of Southern gentility and tradition as an egg is of meat. In these circumstances, with a very comfortable financial background, Margaret was reared, attending the smart Sulliva College, and being carefully groomed for her role in life: fashionable debutante, leader of the younger set, and—final apotheosis—marriage to some highly-eligible young man. A career that most girls would find not unattractive.

Blue Blood

UNFORTUNATELY, this blue-blooded daughter of an old family had other plans. To the horror of her parents and their conservative friends she announced her intention of going on the stage—the stage, which, even in these enlightened days, is not considered respectable! The reactionary South! Heresy was abroad!

However, by dint of wandering, the young Miss Sullavan wormed from her reluctant parents permission to join a band of amateur players. This was the thin end of the wedge; she found her feet, looked about for a professional engagement, secured it, and, despite the frenetic remonstrances of her elders,

leapt the barrier, not of poverty, but of riches, and galloped off on the track she had marked out for herself.

Philosophers could ponder over the irony of her success. While talented and poverty-stricken actresses wait long years for their big chance, Margaret Sullavan, with a rich family and a social career to return to at any time she chose, won, in next to no time, a prominent place on the legitimate stage.

Family Scandal

THINGS went well, so well that even Mr. and Mrs. Sullavan began to be reconciled to the family scandal. That is until they attended a performance at New York of "Strictly Dishonorable," in which Margaret appeared with Tullio Carminati. In one scene Miss Sullavan had to partially disrobe. It was the end.

Although the papers were reticent about the incident, merely saying that Mr. Sullavan "had to be restrained" from leaving his seat and rushing to drag his daughter off the stage, gossip has it that he uttered the rebel yell, uprooted two stall seats, assaulted the stage manager, and challenged the producer to a duel. But you must discount gossip.

It was while working in "Dinner at Eight" that Margaret was first seen by a screen "scout" and offered a test by Universal. Reluctantly she agreed, although not promising to work for Hollywood even should the test be successful.

The film test revealed her as being perfectly suited to film work; her beauty and her charming personality registered perfectly, but she would not hear of being given a contract. She did, however, agree to make one picture if a suitable story could be found—one that she

herself must approve of completely. It was six months before "Only Yesterday" was found and the picture made. An immediate success, it definitely established Sullavan as one of the most important stars in Hollywood.

Now can you beat that? While thousands in Hollywood would have been prepared to tear the eyes out of their best friends, even for a screening, here was this Sullavan newcomer calmly refusing a contract! It isn't compulsory to believe this, but it's so.

There's more to it, too. Even after the success of "Only Yesterday," the new screen star refused to remain on the West Coast; the call of the theatre was too strong, and she returned to New York to star in another five or six plays.

Kingdom for Art

HOLLYWOOD producers, however, were now hot on her trail. They kept at her until they managed to lure her back. But only on her own terms and for her own reasons. The most important of the latter is the fact that she has married into the picture industry—her domestic male lead being William Wyler, director.

So there you have the true tale of a princess, a purely local one, true enough, but still a princess who gave up her kingdom for art, and found it not so hard to woo as is so often told. The Cinderella of the profession, those who are still grubbing in the ashes waiting for the Director-Prince to come and fit them with the glass slippers of stardom, may sneer and say things about "influence" and "money," but picture fans who see her in "The Good Fairy" will agree that two things have given her success: a charming personality and talent above the ordinary.

Intimate Jottings

Did You Know That—

Ian McMaster, complete with black shirt to match new black Alvis car, spent few days at Palm Beach with John Ramsay? Came back to drive Margaret Vyner to family stronghold at Dalkeith for few days much-needed rest.

Seaside Snapshots

TWO picturesque Borzoi herald approach on Terrigal Beach of Cyril Ruwald and house-party. Admiring through quickly hover round to pet the pets. Old Paddy, sun-bleached retriever, long resident at seaside, most offended at fuss made of exotic breed. Bee Stokes Hughes surrounded by children on beach. As well as own family, young David and Charles Lloyd Jones have been guests. Charles most sporting in bright blue surf kit adorned with white yachts.

Mr. and Mrs. Rice, of Colombo, are on furlough in Sydney with schoolboy son. Visitors will spend some time at Beral, and wander further south before returning to tropics.

Yearly Trek

DURING week-ends it's hard to put a pin between holidaymakers at Manly. More by good luck than management noticed contingent from Moree enjoying shoots on rubber surfboards. Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Manchee and Mr. and Mrs. Cameron among visitors from out west staying at Pacific Hotel. Sir Allen and Lady Taylor keeping to habit of many years' standing by spending summer at Pacific. Other guests are Mr. and Mrs. A. Huybers and family from Brisbane.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Ewart all smiles at return to Sydney after long stay in N.Z. Wilson, youthful baritone of charm and talent, most successful with stage and broadcasting engagements.

No Spring-cleaning

"DAISY MAY" is unusual combination of names chosen for infant daughter of Roly Litchfield couple. Mrs. Litchfield, formerly Decima Bennett, and babe being made much of at Wootton Hospital. Country home just within cooee of Litchfield stronghold at Cooma very latest sample of modern architecture. Practically all furniture fitted into walls. Wireless set only discernible by selective dial. Only fly in ointment is lack of scope for spring-cleaning on grand scale.

Globe-trotters

SCARCELY has Mrs. Isabelle Hay arrived home at Bowral after year's travel than she is already getting her passport renewed for further wandering. En route for England will stay with daughter, Mrs. Boyd, whose home is in Virginia. Mrs. J. H. Kitchen is another inveterate globe-trotter. Has made fifteen trips to England, with innumerable short ones to Honolulu and Far East for good measure. Returned few months ago and already has ideas of another sea voyage.

Elaine Brookes' Wedding

ELAINE BROOKES and Reggie Bessemer Clark to be married this Tuesday at St. Paul's Cathedral, Melbourne. Elaine creating record in voluminous bridal attire. Creamy chiffon gown has seventy yards in skirt. All-cream wedding to tone with magnolias carried by bride and maids. Mr. and Mrs. Norman Brookes having dance at Frankston home after ceremony. Archway of trees to form only roof over open-air dancing-floor.

Breakfast at Dawn

WALTER FRIEND couple made merry at Collaroy bungalow during week. Six Friend brothers all present with respective wives. Bort Fahy brought from town to play inimitable dance tunes. Gun went off for party at nine-thirty, and guests brought surf kit to finish off night's festivities in breakers. Bacon and eggs served at 5.30 a.m. Men wore slacks, and hostess and girls wore cotton frocks in lieu of slacks. Noel Eedy couple, from Yass, Mr. and Mrs. Keith Younger, Mr. and Mrs. Ted Chapman, and Mrs. Hol Wright all there.

Tap-dancing styles for this year gone all English, according to Eddie Lucson, tap-dancing enthusiast from New York visiting Sydney. No vulgarity, effortless, economy in movement, are outstanding features.

Three Young Brides

LESLIE STEPHEN will take youthful bride, Sheila Sullivan, to England for honeymoon. Sheila will be one of trio of very young brides, all "old" Ascham girls, who will marry early this year. Merry Greta Sandes will wed Jim Vivers this month and tour Northern Rivers by car after ceremony. Will then settle at new station home, Nombi, Gunedah. Peggy Royle completes trio, and marriage to Lieut. Robin Fleming, of the Royal Tank Corps, takes place in February while still legally an "infant."



MRS. CHARLES MOSES, attractive wife of the General Manager of the Australian Broadcasting Commission, and her two children, Kathleen and Tom, in their home at Salisbury Road, Rose Bay.



London Calling

CABLED offer of London job to Bonnie Appleton is causing much excitement in Pfeiffer household. Cable arrived with other good things Christmas Day. Bonnie awfully keen on living in England, so in hoping that hectic plans for travel will eventuate. Arrangements all being made by cable, and Bonnie expects to leave almost immediately "if not sooner."

Roads and Rails Busy

MUCH visiting of friends and relations in country by city dwellers keeping roads and rails busy. Mr. and Mrs. Alan Harnett, with son John, made for Cooma at week-end. Bill Eyres and Mrs. Bill settle at Austinmer for surf and suntan. Household will be chock-a-block with school-children most of the time. Mrs. Irving Keys entertains several generations of family, including Mrs. Brian Keyes and fair-haired Beverly, at seaside bungalow.

Mr. and Mrs. Eric Poyser hoping for good weather. With small son Douglas, will surf at Austinmer for short holiday.

Carefree Caravanners

AFTER touring North Coast in amazingly smart and capacious caravan, Stapley Edwardes arrived within cooee of Sydney for holidays. Home on wheels quaintest of shapes, and resembles torpedo gone wrong. Tim Young, recently returned from N.Z. trawling investigations, accompanied Stapley. Caravanners excellent hosts and housekeepers. All mod. cons. kept in apple order, and fresh muslin curtains flutter from windows.



Frangipanni First Favorite

FRANGIPANNI all vogue at Romano's this week. Fragrant "temple flowers" decorated almost every table and many gowns. Goldie Gray faithful to orchids which trailed on long train attached to daisy-blue satin frock. Orchids were contrasting shade of apricot. Tom Vincent couple and Mr. and Mrs. Doug Levy in same party. Harold Flett escorted bride wearing pale gold taffeta frock with low back and Medici collar.

Holiday spirit not all it might be with Kenny Kerr. Frisky pony cause of nasty fall, resulting in jarred shoulder.

Actress Goes Fishing

LILLIAN PERTKA all excitement over first experience of camp life in Australia. Joined Zane Grey fishing-party at Bermagui during week-end. Was glad to see mosquito-nets being purchased, and hoped snappy bathing-suit would pass local authorities on beach wear. Petite theatrical star all agog to catch just one big fish. Returns to town to commence rehearsals for "Anything Goes," new J.C.W. show.

Fascination of Fireworks

STATION home, Murrumbidgee, Singleton, sold by Arthur Blaxland. Mrs. Blaxland, formerly Beryl Moses, setting up house for family up North Coast. Peter and Daryl, two Blaxland hopefuls, celebrated occasion by inviting small friends to fireworks party. High wind made pastime somewhat dangerous for next-door neighbors. Slightly older generation arrived for cocktails and savories with parents at later hour.

Mr. and Mrs. Forbes Robertson, from Solomon Islands, on furlough in Sydney. Belvedere, Darlinghurst, is headquarters. Couple related to family of histrionic fame.

Airing Trousseau?

MAYBE Edith Brown is wearing trousseau frocks. Navy-and-white ensemble very smart worn by bride-to-be at Romano's on Saturday afternoon. Party given by Mary Williamson who will be bridesmaid when Edith weds Eric Hayes this month at St. Anne's Church, Strathfield. Bridegroom owns station at Bemboka and bride looking forward to life of rural interests.

Costumes Varied

MUCH coming and going gave dash to five-to-seven party given by Mr. and Mrs. Bert Cook at Vaucluse during week-end. Hostess availed herself of opportunity of wearing lovely flowing black chiffon gown. Numbers of guests arrived somewhat self-consciously in fancy dress in readiness for party to follow. Mr. and Mrs. "Bunny" France, Bill Taylor, Joan Broadway, Mr. and Mrs. John Charley, and Mr. and Mrs. Love among guests.

Have You Noticed—

Surprisingly regal air of flag flown at Macarthur-Onslow home at Terrigal? Red lion rampant poses on yellow field with red borderings.

Jane Lane

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WHEN MRS. P. E. WAKELIN, of Victoria, British Columbia, was told a joke
by her husband, a taxi-driver, she laughed. Then she started yawning,
and didn't stop for 30 days. It was a continuous yawn, which inflamed her
throat, made the right side of her face sore, and caused her jaw to slip out
of joint. She could not eat, and yawned even in her sleep. Her case was
broadcast, and immediately a flood of remedies poured in. They ranged from
a spanking by her husband (not acted upon), hypnosis, drinking every-
thing from kerosene to poppy water, snuff, smoking, knitting, and gum-chew-
ing to Bible-reading. Eventually she recovered through complete isolation
and quiet.

WHAT the Stars HOLD for CAPRICORNAINS

Slow, Sure, Certain and Solid Types

By JUNE MARSDEN, President of the Astrological Research
Society of Australia.

If you were born between December 22 and January 20
any year, you belong to the zodiacal sign, Capricorn—the
Goat, and like the goat you are extremely ambitious to reach
the highest possible peaks in your own particular sphere of
life.

If a man, you may be a "Canny
Mr. Capricorn," for your
patient, economical and cautious
methods and your liking for
slow, solid or old-fashioned
matters help you to succeed
where other "quick-fire" types
would fail. Moreover, when your
success is assured you are gener-
ally resting on such a solid
foundation that you stay there
for life.

You can shine as an administrator,
adviser and manager; in fields of archi-
tecture, building, farming, accountancy,
"big-business," and the clergy, civil
service or politics. Any field where you
can manage and advise others. You love
a bargain, and can compute values with
accuracy.

You must dominate, whether at home
or in business, and are somewhat dog-
matic and intolerant, especially in reli-
gious beliefs. You write under positions
lacking authority and dignity. You are
extremely honest, truthful and trust-
worthy.

Canny and Economical

If a woman, you may earn the name
"Clever Mrs. Capricorn." You are
canny and economical, but with an
additional charm and cheerfulness; not
effusive, but deeply affectionate toward
children and idealized love. Fancy as
to whom you marry, though not averse
to worldly wealth among the attri-
butes of the loved one. You are a natu-
ral actress, posing continuously though
perhaps unconsciously. You are self-
sacrificing and faithful, and demand
similar qualities in others. Hard work
does not worry you; nor shouldering the
burden of others; you thrive on them.
You love your home and your garden,
and occasional periods of solitude.

When feeling depressed or moody,
however, you should dodge these solitary
inclinations, seeking instead as much
refined and genial entertainment as you
can find.

Most Capricornians will find that suc-
cess comes to them late in life rather
than early, so that during the waiting
years you should plan well ahead.

Your Prospects for 1936

YOUR prospects for the coming year
are rather good; certain ambitions
should be realized. In fact, if born a
little before sunrise or noon you may
have very definite good fortune, even
if the individual horoscope shows some
upsets. Married life should prove happy
and prosperous.

Saturn causes conflict in regard to
the affairs of some of your family or
friends with possible financial difficul-
ties. Politicians and members of the
clergy, who are Capricornians, can look
forward to the 2nd and 3rd quarters of

In the Looking-glass

PISCES PEOPLE (Feb 19 to
Mar 21), are usually rather round-
faced, with small features and
eyes which seem to turn up to
heaven, showing the whites un-
derneath. Just as though these
people were showing the inherent
spiritual tendencies and "nie-
nesses" which are theirs.

The modest manner these Pis-
cean people show to the world
bespeaks their lack of self-con-
fidence and "push," but often belies
the great fund of inner knowledge
which they possess. They lose
much through imposition.

Pisceans usually possess small
and attractive feet, of which they
are very proud, and which they
like to keep well shod.

1936, especially if birth occurred about
January 15.

Those born late in December may gain
in 1936 through troubles befalling other
people. Business transactions should
prosper, especially if begun in February
or August. In short, 1936 can bring
many opportunities, so be ready to make
the most of them.

The Daily Diary

ARIES PEOPLE (March 21 to April
21): Careful this week, especially 8th
and 9th, though 10th and 11th slightly
better.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Get
busy. Make the most of the 13th (after
4 p.m.), 13th and 14th.

GEMINI (May 21 to June 21): 13th
and 14th January poor. Better next
week.

CANCER (June 21 to July 21): Live
quietly on the 8th and 9th. Things may
"go again" you.

LEO (July 21 to August 24): Fair on
January 10 and 11.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23):
Make hay while the sun shines, espe-
cially on the 12th (after noon), 13th and
14th.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24):
Nothing special, 8th and 9th poor.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November
23): Mixed influences; 8th and 9th very
fair; 10th, 11th and early 12th poor.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to De-
cember 23): 10th, 11th and 12th of
12th fair.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to Janu-
ary 20): Get busy on January 12 (after
midday), 13th and 14th.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February
19): Better next week; 10th and 11th
poor.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21):
8th and 9th quite fair, but live quietly
between the 12th and the 14th.



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WHAT EASY Divorce Means in RUSSIA

Life is Lived More Outside the Home ;
Women's Independence

By G. W. WARNECKE, Editor-in-Chief of The Australian Women's Weekly.
Written in Moscow.

Before my visit to Russia I heard a lot of curiosity expressed about marriage and divorce laws and married life under the Soviet.

I would find, I was told, that easy divorce and the absence of religion had led to wholesale immorality and the breakdown of family life.

MY own observations are that the Russians are mostly rather a decorous people.

As for religion, it is quite definite that the Christian Churches have disappeared. But the doctrine of Communism have produced a nation of zealots who are as earnest in their activities as any religious folk I have ever met.

In the matter of education and industrial development, Russia is passing through the stage that most of Europe underwent a hundred years ago. Just as Victorian England surged with the enthusiasm of new railways, new factories, new educational schemes, adult franchise, and democratic ideals, so is Russia surging to-day.

The big difference, however, is that in Victorian England, the Christian religion was in strong evidence, whereas the Russians have developed even more strongly a kind of religious cult they call Communism.

A great part of Communism, like many other human institutions, consists of plain, homely wisdom that is as old as the Pyramids. On the other hand, some of its ideas are highly modern and advanced. Into the last category falls the treatment of women and children.

Russian women have been abominably treated in the past. It was the regular thing for them to be flogged by their husbands and their fathers.

Russia was not only medieval in development, but also half Oriental. When the old system was broken up, it was

of children. It is now the policy of the State to encourage people to have children, and there is an inclination to modify the idea that children are best reared on mass production in creches, nurseries, kindergartens, schools, and camps.

Owing to the housing shortage, however, and general poverty, the fact is that the children are looked after better in these public institutions than they are in their homes. In the same way, adults prefer to spend most of their lives in the clubs and amusement parks rather than in their cramped quarters in the apartment-houses.

I met a young married worker, and with the aid of acquaintances I was able to discuss with him his actual living conditions.

He and his wife lived in an apartment house in one of the newer districts. He worked in an engineering shop, and his wife worked in a clothing factory. They were both on day shifts then, though formerly they had been working different shifts, sometimes at night. They had been married several years, and had one child.

Poorly Dressed

THEIR home consisted of one room on the fourth floor of a big new block. There was no lift. Each had the principal meals at the factory, and, consequently, no cooking was done at home. They went together to the parks, to the museums, and art galleries, or to the theatre. Their child was left at the kindergarten when the mother went to work, or when they went to places of amusement.

As a result of recent improvement in conditions they now find they have a little money in their pockets to spend. Formerly practically all essential foods and other living requirements were provided on a rationing and coupon system. Though the workers nominally received wages, nothing was left over for free spending.

Now there are shops in which they can buy simple necessities, and even a few things that in Russia were definitely luxuries.

I myself visited to-day a big shop in which there was one counter devoted to perfumes, and another to lilies and sweets, and there was even a small cafe where it was possible to get light refreshments, including wines.

Fashions were displayed in this shop, but they were naturally very provincial and made only of cheap materials. I took special notice, and observed that the Russian women appeared to be quite indifferent to these fashion displays.

Almost without exception the women are poorly dressed, though many of them make an effective use of red to provide a striking note on the predominating scheme of coarse, white cotton.

A feature of the streets of Moscow is the number of stalls and kiosks selling books and magazines. There are also numerous book-shops.

Fifty Theatres

EDUCATION has been promoted so much that most of the younger generation can read and write. Most of the reading matter is either Communist classics or technical works. However, fiction is extremely popular.

Another great feature of Russian social life is the various clubs and committees which are run in conjunction with factories, or local residential districts, and the artistic and educational groups. Men, women and children all put in a lot of time at these clubs and meeting places. I was told that the majority of adults regularly attend night school.

But the great feature of the social life in Moscow is the theatres. As a matter of fact, for to-night I could have the choice of 50 theatres, including two operas and a Shakespearean performance.

I attended a theatre last night. It was a performance of Offenbach's operetta, "Madame Favart."

This particular theatre was in the Hermitage, formerly a palatial Czarist mansion. Every seat was occupied and I should say there were over 2000 present, all workers dressed in homely attire. The performance started at 8 o'clock and did not conclude until after 1 a.m.

The performance was extremely good, though, to my mind, it was far too long drawn out, and the opera would have been better for shortening. A good deal of local Soviet humor and buffoonery had been introduced, including a skit on the local traffic cops, and the audience roared with laughter at the humorous bits.

There are only two other cities in the world that have more theatres than Moscow, and these are London and New York.

The performances at many of the Moscow theatres are of such a high standard that leading theatrical producers from all over the world visit them specially to see the performances.

The prices of admission are fairly high

for foreign visitors. For the Russians themselves the price varies according to the category of the workers, thus enabling practically all workers to attend fairly frequently the particular class of theatre in which they are most interested.



GREAT READERS are the Russians. As a result of the increase in education, kiosks selling books and papers are found everywhere.

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HIDDEN POCKET: A handy place for a pocket is along the back of one of those big lounge chairs. Make it of some harmonious, sturdy material to tone, fit it across the back or side where it is hidden, and you have an excellent place to store papers, etc.

THE CERTAINTY OF A PERFECT CAKE

Mothers and daughters—after you have laid out money for good butter, eggs, milk, flour and other ingredients, does not common sense suggest that you use the best baking powder?

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Use Aunt Mary's, the pure cream of tartar Baking Powder, and ensure the certainty of a perfect cake.

Try this Angel Cake Recipe

Ingredients:
Whites of 8 eggs 1 teaspoon salt
1 cup fine granulated sugar 1 teaspoon cream of tartar
1 cup of flour 1 teaspoon Aunt Mary's Vanilla Essence
1 teaspoon Aunt Mary's Baking Powder

Method:
Whip egg whites to stiff froth; fold sugar in lightly. Fold in flour sifted three times with baking powder, salt and cream of tartar. Add flavouring. Bake in moderate oven for about 50 minutes. Makes a 10-inch cake.
When cool cut in two, add any filling desired, cover top and sides with soft icing. Press halves of walnuts into icing on top of cake.

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CREAM OF TARTAR
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PERMANENT WAVE salons are the latest luxuries that have made their appearance in Moscow.

not the sanctity of the marriage ties, but the brutality of the knot, that disappeared.

Special decrees were issued by the Soviet authorities forbidding the practice of wife-beating. In Moscow to-day, in the Central House of the Mother and Child, I saw a fearsome-looking exhibit of an old-style mouflon slaying his wife with a knout.

Women were quick to take advantage of their emancipation. They were effective workers and organisers in the early days of the revolution, in helping to restore order. They took their places on every committee and local soviet.

When easy divorce and marriage laws were framed, these were not in the interest of masculine morality, but in the interest of female independence. No woman could be the slave of a man to be beaten and ill-used if she had the power to walk out on him. Divorce could be had by signing a register and sending a post-card to the other party.

Of course, it cut both ways. A man could walk out on a woman just as easily.

Even when the post-card divorce system had full sway there was a surprising stability of marriage. To-day I am told that the official policy is in favor of tightening up the law, and post-card divorce has been abolished. Enforcement of alimony payments by husbands and the compulsory support of children have reduced the number of divorces.

The State recognizes that while woman is the political equal of man she has a special duty to society as the bearer

TOO FEW HONORS for Women!

Inadequate Recognition

A striking feature of the New Year Honors list is that only one Victorian is included among the ten women recipients. West Australia and New South Wales figured in the lists with three each, South Australia received two, and Tasmania one.

To the Tasmanian recipient, Mrs. Mary Adams, of Burnie, it seems like a dream. The honor was most unexpected so long after the war and the work she did in those years, she said.

INDIGNATION has been expressed by many Victorian women at the small number of women who have been included in the New Year's honor list.

Probably as a result of protests about last year's New Year Honors list, when only one Victorian woman was honored, a much larger number of women were



MRS. I. H. MOSS, President of the National Council of Women and an outstanding Empire figure who, women declare, should have received a higher honor than the C.B.E. last year in recognition of the Best Work she has done.

included in the Birthday Honors, but this year again the list is regarded as disappointing.

Consistent overlooking of the magnificent work done by women in all realms of service has caused disillusionment in women's organizations for a long time. Women feel not only that the numbers of women honored are too few, but that when honors are bestowed they are inadequate.

While women were delighted when Mrs. I. H. Moss, president of the National Council of Women and an outstanding woman not only in Australia but in the British Empire, was awarded a C.B.E. last year, many feel that she deserved a higher honor, and there are other instances where women have been inadequately recognized.

England has set an example to Australia by including in its honors list a large number of women—among them Miss Christobel Pankhurst, pioneer

Women in the Honors List

O.B.E.
Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Adams (Burnie, Tasmania).
Mrs. Esther Z. Michaels (Melbourne).

M.B.E.
Miss Emily Agnes Abel (Perth).
Mrs. Catherine Elliott (Kalgoorlie).
Mrs. Beadie Louise Hubbard (W.A.).
Mrs. Charlotte Wills (Sydney).
Mrs. Ellen Kinchington (Sydney).
Mrs. Charlotte M. C. Leal (Adelaide).
Mrs. Millie Thomas (Adelaide).
Mrs. Ella Wharton Kirke (Sydney).

social and political worker Miss Myra Hess, a noted pianist, Miss Olga Nethercole, former actress and organizer of the People's League of Health, and Miss Ethel Green, superintendent of Queen Alexandra's Military Nursing Service in India.

As most Australian women deserving of recognition are identified with welfare, social, or other self-sacrificing work, they are women of high ideals and have no thought for reward or publicity. It is up to the women who are benefiting from their unselfish endeavors to see that the various governments include more women in their recommendations for honors.

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24"	18/11	15/3	9/11	9/6
27"	19/11	16/11	10/6	9/11
30"	21/6	18/6	11/6	10/6
33"	22/6	19/11	12/11	10/11
36"	24/11	20/6	14/6	11/6
39"	26/11	22/11	15/6	11/11
42"	27/11	24/11	17/11	12/11
45"	29/11	25/6	18/11	13/6

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27"	3/11	5/3	4/3
30"	3/11	5/9	4/6
33"	3/11	5/11	4/9
36"	3/11	6/9	5/3
39"	3/11	6/11	5/6
42"	3/11	7/3	5/9

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27"	19/11	14/11	11/11	5/9	7/11
30"	21/11	15/11	12/11	6/3	8/6
33"	22/11	16/11	13/11	6/9	8/11
36"	24/11	18/11	14/11	7/3	9/6
39"	26/11	20/11	15/11	7/9	9/11
42"	28/11	22/11	16/11	8/3	11/6
44"	29/11	23/11	17/11	8/9	11/11
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NOVEMBER passed, and he made a great Thanksgiving spread. He gave thanks, too, out in his yard under the blue-white stars. December came in and held the world in a grasp of ice, of snow and silence and bitter, piercing cold. He filled his cabin with Christmas greens and the pretty red berries of the toyon, and celebrated the Twenty-Fifth with many burning candles and more good things from his tin, with the reading of old choice tales and the playing over and over on his gramophone of "Holy Night, Silent Night."

A strange Christmas, in all truth, but he was neither lonely nor sad. January came, and with it the last of the deer in the "yard," who had eaten the bark and the very roots of the trees that grew in their prison, died of starvation before its enemies could kill it.

Those enemies had another fight over its bone-thin carcass, and nearly did for each other before they fell apart to nurse their wounds and take turns at the food.

And it was in the first week of February, when famine stalked them both, that the end of the long food came in sight.

The man, stronger than he had been for three years, was out on his snowshoes. These were new ones which he had made, lighter, narrower, and he could handle them in a fairly expert fashion, so that he was proud as he swung along over the farther edge of High Plateau.

He had looked at the spring, still bubbling through its rimming ice, and thought how like the human soul it was, forever straining upward, never sinking to despair, and had circled the southern edge of the high meadow, when he came upon something which stopped him in his tracks. This was a wide place in the latest snow where some terrific deadly battle had taken place. It was thrashed and trampled, thick with dried blood. A week old, those signs, he decided, bending to examine them. And then he straightened and his eyes widened as he looked about. There was wolf-sign there, and panther-sign. Wide, round, peddled footprints with digging claws at every toe, narrower, dog-like prints. Grey hair in bunches, literally clawed out with the skin it grew in scattered here and there. Not much away, snow hair, but pools and pools of that dark stain which covered all too well the Bush Tail's slashing jaws had taken tribute. It had been a vast fight, and the man looked about for the bodies of the combatants but did not find them. There was nothing but the white stillness, the silence of the hushed hills. Slowly and carefully, the skin prickling on his body, he went on around the plateau.

AND a little farther north he found what, somehow, he had known he would find. A tall, grey form standing in a little open place, its legs braced out, its unspeakable head held up on its long, thin throat as if it searched for something in the thin, cold air. Brush Tail, standing still. Just standing.

The man went carefully forward, stepping softly in the soft snow, but softly as he moved a little sound went with him and the wolf moved on his spread feet, jerked his head weakly a bit higher, his tattered ears lifting painfully. Strange, thought the man, that he did not turn, did not look at him. There was something terribly strained in his whole tense attitude, a waiting, a listening, something pathetic.

And then the man saw—saw with a shock of horror. As he moved forward he had come round a bit to the fore and Brush Tail's strained and waiting face was in his line of vision—a pinched, starved face, held up to the sky it could not see, for the giant old wolf was blind!

At last the balance of power swung a bit, and Slip Along had done for him with a final rake of that pawful of claws.

"Heavens!" said the man aloud and the wolf jumped. "Steady!" the man whispered gently. "Steady, old man!" At the sound Brush Tail leaped to fly in his old swift manner, and fell

VALIANT FEUD

Continued from Page 16

The broth gave place to solid food from the precious tins, and the wolf began to fill out in his pinched belly, between the rack of ribs.

HE took on returning strength, but though the man knew he could have walked in his narrow pen, he did not. Just stood. Waiting. Always waiting.

And slowly, so slowly, he came to move towards him, careful step by careful step. The man was exultant, jubilant. He was accomplishing something. It was in the second week that Brush Tail found the man's thigh and suddenly leaned against it, holding still, bracing.

Wondering, the man took a step, and Brush Tail stepped, carefully, feeling with his foreleg. And on that instant something was torn between them, a tie was made. Two, three, four steps they went together across the little pen.

"Hoop la!" said the man, "that's it, is it? We go together, do we?"

And that was it. If Brush Tail walked, he walked with his left shoulder leaning against the man's thigh from thence on. And walk they did, out of the pen, a little way across the tiny yard.

In the middle of the third week the man walked the wolf into the cabin—and his dog lay on the floor that night beside his bed, just as his hairy ancestors' wild wolf dogs had come in to their fires to lie beside their beds of skins.

Please turn to Page 32

A HASTILY-CONSTRUCTED fence across its open side was all sufficient to form a prison for the wolf, and the man wondered at himself that night beside his roaring stove. But he had a new interest, a keen, sharp one, and it made the days more civil. Wonderful days they were, anyway, he thought, with the new strength that was building in him, the new beauty of his thought towards the world, towards those two in Singapore. Brush Tail was standing again when he went to him in the morning, but too weak to resist anything he did, weaving so that the man must hold him as he struggled to run and could not. Again there was the steady voice with its gentle caresses. Again there was the pleasant drink that heartened. The day passed and the wolf stood for hours of it in the same place. The man made a bed for him of some empty sacks and pushed him over on it, feeding him once more. That waiting on his braced feet for the light to break that would never break was too much for him. So the hours passed and lengthened into days—one of them, two, three, four. By the fifth Brush Tail no longer weaved. The food was telling. But he did something which delighted his benefactor—he turned his blank face towards the sound of his steps thrust out his muzzle towards the savory pan.

"Good boy!" the man said chuckling. "We'll make it yet."

And just then, from far across the deep, white gulches there came the hunting cry of a panther, a savage, high wail, desperate and wild—Slip Along famished in the dead wilderness.

The hair on Brush Tail's back rose in a ridge and his lips blackened, twitched back from his fangs. There was in him a seething of such helpless rage that the man fancied he understood.

"Steady," he said. "It's too late now, old man. The balance of power was against you. Must buck up."

He would not have touched the wolf then for a mint of money, for the animal was tensed to spring in every muscle.

But there was no further sound from across the gulch, and quiet reigned presently in Brush Tail's despairing spirit.

And more days came and went.

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LOTIAR: His giant Nubian slave. Here they meet.

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She drags the black to a cellar, leaving him to suffocate, and then returns to the Auction Room. Here, to the amazement of all, she offers for sale magnificent jewels. They are Narda's. Mandrake straightway accuses her of being Sakl, in disguise, and calls on the thieves (so often cheated by Sakl) to seize the arch-criminal. Read on:



To be Continued

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VALIANT FEUD

Continued from Page 30

BARNEY, the squirrel, made much ado about the matter, and moved his own bed from the trunk on to the highest shelf beside the coffee-can.

The man laughed and tickled his fat stomach.

"You may be right at that," he said. "I suppose he's eaten many a juicy member of your tribe."

But if Brush Tail in his eternal night had fallen on good times, his ancient enemy, Slip Along, had not. Hunger stalked him daily.

Hunt as he might he could not keep enough food in him to live fully. His yellow eyes were clear and fiery, terrible in their ferocity. He would have tackled anything that confronted him, so desperate was he for food. He even took to creeping to the plateau's edge and watching the light in the cabin window, drawn by the smell of strange foods on the air.

February was colder than any month preceding it. The lay hand of the cold seemed to press down and squeeze the life from flesh and bone. But to the man it was life itself, health in its sharpest form. He longed to be out in it. He had stayed close to the cabin because of Brush Tail who hung against him in his helplessness, but now he must go. So he went, and Brush Tail went, too, blundering so terribly against the closed door that the man relented and took him along. A strange sight they were, had there been one to see, for the wolf interfered with his snowshoe-stride, and they went very slowly to look at the spring. It was still free of ice, moving on its sandy bottom. Something odd happened here, for Brush Tail, sniffing, seemed to recognise the spot, for he put down his head and lapped of the familiar waters. Wonderful, the man thought, that keen, unerring scent, and the hearing that caught such fine, far sounds.

That walk was the first of many, for they came to go daily as Brush Tail's strength came back. He had filled out, his wounds had healed. They went further afield as they became accustomed to their odd mode of travel.

AND it was in the third week of February that the last act of the drama at High Plateau was played out to an audience of silence, cold, and shadows.

The man and the wolf had been far that day. They had seen the patch—empty now—where the manzanita berries grew, had looked along the frozen stream for a possible hole where the trout might have survived, where the ice had not formed. A small accident had happened there, too, negligible in itself, but which had a tremendous bearing on what happened later. The man had bent to peer into one such deep hole, sudden but free of ice, where a big rock jutted over, and the rifle, laid on the rock, but on too sharp a slant, had slid end on into the pool, and the man had quite a time recovering it with the aid of a loop of string on a crooked stick.

He dried it thoroughly with his handkerchief, shook his head at the wet shells in the magazine. The blue shadows of twilight were coming thick among the pines when they turned towards home, the man's hand on Brush Tail's head. Strange, he thought, how darkness had tamed this savage creature, old in his ways of life, had brought him, helpless, to his knee. He stopped once or twice to admire the blue-white scene—and never knew that twenty yards behind him, to the left and down wind, a long and sinister shape was creeping, its belly close to the snow, its famished eyes glowing like fox-fire.

Slip Along had found a living thing at last!

He took no notice of his ancient foe, the wolf. It was as if he knew him to be helpless. Perhaps he did know it after that last battle. At any rate, it was not Brush Tail whom he followed, but the man with his warm, sweet smell of flesh. Up a long slope they went, dipped into a darkening hollow, came out—and suddenly something, a shift of air perhaps, stopped the blind wolf in his tracks, jerked up his head. The man looked at it, startled, and saw the hackles rising on his back, the lips curling from his fangs. Instantly, as if a word had been spoken, he knew. Even before his widening eyes flew round the shadowy world about, he knew that the danger he had heard—had felt—that long past night in the panther's first scream, was upon him.

And at the moment he dropped the rifle to position he saw it. Slip Along, not twenty feet away, was already preparing for his spring, his hindquarters raised above his foreparts, his long tail moving, his hind feet marking time.

A fury of horror grew in the man's throat, and he flung up the gun and fired. No report followed, no burst of flame, only an empty click, and the man remembered the pool beneath the

rock! He had scant time for remembering, however. He clubbed the gun and leaped back—and with a snarl the panther rose in the air, forearms spread to catch him, and sailed towards him. He struck and dodged, and the cat missed, sliding in the snow. But something else happened in that awful flash of time. Brush Tail, his own paws spread, his mouth open, his blind face ghastly in its straining, had leaped towards the smell that was his enemy. Now he stood again beside the man, still, straining, while Slip Along turned, crouched, calculated, treading the snow again.

"Go on, boy!" he said, whispering, crouching, his clubbed rifle raised. "Go on!" and it seemed to him that something quivered in Brush Tail at his voice, that the tense body with its raised tail tensed still more.

But there was no time to think. The panther yelled, terribly, furiously, and once again he saw its long form rise in the air, saw it come towards him horribly—and then he saw the dark form at his knee rise too, magnificent in its bulk, and leap towards that sound of approaching death. At the very peak of their double arc they met—and fell together in marling, rolling, spinning ball of unspinnable fury.

And so they rolled and fought in the still twilight, two awful engines of destruction. The wolf had missed his instinctive grip at the first snap of their impact, the windpipe of the cat, but he had caught the throat at that, to one side, under the ear. He dared not fight as he had used to.

Disillusionment

The starlight of a starless night,
The warm rays of the moon,
For these we seek,
And then we die
Beneath their unred shoon.
Great fools that follow a flickering light,
Great fools with blinded eyes are we,
For day must ever drown the night,
As in an azure sea.

We seek the things that are not now,
We find what ne'er can be
And when we hope to rest
an hour,
The end comes mercilessly.
—Patricia Higgins.

namely, leap, slash, leap away. He might never get a grip again. Therefore he clamped his great jaws down and held—for his life and the man's life. But he could kick back—Glory, how he could kick back! His hind legs were spread apart, his tail straight out and fluffed to twice its natural size, his back humped in a high arch to avoid the crawling, ripping, hind feet of the panther. Blood was flowing from his shoulders. His face was covered with it. But it was panther blood. It was Slip Along's jugular that his monstrous jaws held—and they were not still by any means.

Over and over this way and that, they went, clawing, tearing, the cat snarling with baffled rage, the wolf silent as death.

And as the man watched, fascinated, it seemed to him that he saw the balance of power slipping, slowly slipping, slowly. And that it slipped towards Brush Tail as he crouched and tore and took the awful raking on his shoulders. Then he knew it was for there was a momentary stillness, a renewal of fury, another period of stillness. Then a long stillness—with the panther's forelegs sliding slowly down the wolf's riddled sides—and it was done. For a long time after it was done, Brush Tail still stood, holding his dead enemy under him in the crinson snow. When at last he was satisfied that there was no life in him, he loosed his grip, stood waiting, straining down towards the heap of sodden bones and skin, and finally stepped away two paces, to stand in panting silence as he must have stood that day when the balance of power had dipped towards the panther and left him done for on the plateau's edge.

For a long time the man waited.

Then he said softly: "Good boy!" Carefully, for despite their weeks of intimacy, this was a wild wolf which had made a momentous kill, he approached, held out a tentative hand.

Brush Tail leaped against him, moved beside him.

And together they went, slowly and painfully, up towards the sanctuary of the cabin, to rest and food and healing once again.

(Copyright)



Apply Rexona Ointment now to that tortured skin. It's the simplest, most effective remedy for painful sunburn. Rexona's healing, cooling properties take out the heat and inflammation the instant you apply it—it soothes the skin and leaves it cool and comfortable. Apply the ointment immediately and there'll be no painful blistering, and no ugly peeling! After a few applications of Rexona, your skin will be back to normal.

If the sunburn has been neglected and the skin has already blistered, Rexona is even more necessary. The smallest break in the skin gives worms a chance to enter the blood circulation and that's how blood poisoning develops. Rexona's healing, medicated guard against this danger of infection, and they help to form a new, clear, healthy skin.

TREATMENT: Do not wet the sunburned part. Since Rexona Ointment lightly over the surface, and if the sunburn is on the body, protect it from further irritation by wearing a silk or cotton garment next to the skin. When the skin has blistered and is too sore to touch, smear Rexona thickly on a bandage (lint or clean, old linen) and apply gently.

Remember always! Prevention is easier than cure. It is wise to keep Rexona Ointment ready for use in case of a sudden skin flare-up. For your pocket or purse, and apply it immediately to soothe the skin—this will save much needless suffering.

When you are washing the tender skin (only wash sunburn when it is stung) do not rub it with ordinary body soaps. Use only mild REXONA MEDICATED SOAP and warm water. Rexona Soap contains the same soothing healing properties as the Ointment—it has been specially prepared to assist healing.

READ THIS LETTER FROM A GRATEFUL USER.

"Recently I suffered intensely from a very bad sunburn. My face and arms were swollen and sore for days, and after the swelling had gone down, my skin was naturally very dry and flaky. I tried everything with cold cream, vasoline and olive oil to no effect. Finally I heard about Rexona Ointment.

After using it only once, there was a big improvement and after three applications my skin was not only normal again, but looked exceptionally clear and healthy.

"Rexona Ointment is always kept at the house now for any emergency, and it has been of great assistance in many ways."

P.W. Coogan

Rexona

The Rapid Healer
OINTMENT and SOAP

A COMPLETE SKIN TREATMENT

Be sure to get Rexona—no other Ointment contains its unique healing power.

OINTMENT 1/6 PER TIN
SOAP - 9d. PER TABLET

(City and Suburbs)
REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED
D.104

Her Eyes

are pools of magic depth, her mouth a rose-bud mouth, her cheeks not pale, not yet heavily made, are warm, satiny trophies of the Goddess of Youth. She used Kathleen Court's Eye-lash Grower, which grew her long, dark, delicate, shimmering lashes of loveliness, she used Rexona Pearl Soap, which tends to clear, refresh, and beautify the beauty of the eyes. Her Kathleen Court Lipstick makes the word "invisible" mean something. Thus, her face provokes, her eyes startle, her mouth, long, deep, fragrant, her power of expression doubled by this clever combination, she is a beauty to behold.

are Glad Eyes!

JOHNSON'S
WAX POLISH

Also in larger
tins... 1/6

Not merely a shine—but a flint-hard finish for floors, lines, furniture, woodwork. Resists wear. Greaseless. Cheaper because it goes further and lasts longer.

S.C. Johnson & Son Ltd., Rosebery, N.S.W.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

January 11, 1936.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers.

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Here Are Some More BRIGHT IDEAS FOR LITTLE HOMES

Here on this page I have pictured several little ideas which I know will find favor with many of my readers. You may learn how to paint glass with distinction, decorate china, glass, or white-wood articles with scraps of colored paper; make novel book-ends and lend charm to your wardrobe. So when leisure moments come your way, try them!

ONE of the most delightful gifts I received this Christmas was a scintillating glass water set, "dotted" in black and cherry-colored lacquer. The donor of this gift tells me she was inspired by my recent article, "Rooms Now Break Out In Spots." You remember it?

I saw myself some most charming little articles in "spotted" china and glass during my Christmas shopping—powder bowls in softest blue dotted in white; candlesticks in clear glass dotted blue, red, black, and green; breakfast sets in primrose and black, blue and white; bowls, vases, and the like similarly decorated . . . but all so expensively priced in the eyes of those who have to do much with their hard-earned cash.

But ingenuity often goes further than hard cash, as witness my little friend who utilised leisure moments to bring enduring charm to inexpensively-priced glass. You may do the same, simply, swiftly, and cheaply. No previous painting experience is necessary.

How to Paint Glass

ON this page you will see sketches of glasses; some of them dotted, the others banded in colorful lacquer. All you have to do is to buy plain glass articles and enamel the new quick-drying paints or lacquers in colors to harmonise with your prevailing scheme; also a couple of fine, small brushes such as are used by artists.

Wash the articles and dry them thoroughly, and then, if you are not dexterous enough to place the dots or "band" the glasses freehand style, paste or glue on to the inside of the glass miniature circles of white paper (or strips of paper if you wish to paint bands), and then paint over the dots or bands, but on the outside of the glass.

The paper can be washed off in lukewarm water after the enamel or lacquer has thoroughly dried.

It all sounds simple, doesn't it? No one would suspect the cheapness of the articles, but all would be intrigued with their novelty and colorful charm.

The bases of goblets and wine-glasses could be wholly covered with enamel or lacquer if you desired. Among some charming gifts I saw a small glass with

a wide untarnished base decorated this way. The stem was left clear, and gay spots ran riot on the glass itself. It was destined to be a cigarette holder; the base to act as an ashtray. A small box of matches, gilded and then dotted with colorful lacquer, accompanied it.

Novel Book-ends

FLAT-IRON book-ends are a cute and quaint idea, particularly appealing to one who loves to fashion with her own hands beauty from ugliness. To make them will cost you very little, and the method here may suggest many other useful ways of beautifying old flat-irons—other than covering them for doo-stops.

First, clean the irons with sandpaper, so that they are smooth and rustless. Then give them several coats of lacquer so that they are gleaming, polished, and professional-looking.

Now let irons assume their "cooling" position, resting on their side, and where the irons are likely to scratch the furniture carefully cover with soft felt. Paste it on if you like.

Now, clever woman, try your hand at making berries or apples from silk—as illustrated in Petrov's sketch.

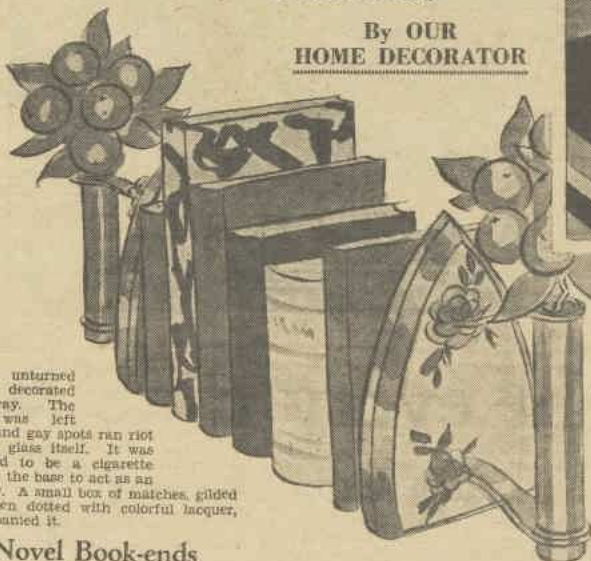
Into the hole in the iron-handle—which is now upright—wire and cover a "stem" for the fruit and affix apples made by covering cotton-wool with colored silk and stitching in the centre to shape the fruit in the manner indicated. Make contrast leaves, or buy them.

Now decorate, if you wish, with barbels work, or you have a pair of flat-irons continuing their usefulness in the guise of attractive, decorative book-ends.

And now I want you to note the illustration on your right. This is but another example of what can be done in the way of achieving color and

*Skilful Hands May Work
Magic with Little Scraps of
Paper, Little Daubs of Paint,
and other odds
and ends*

By OUR
HOME DECORATOR



SIMPLY, SWIFTLY, CHEAPLY, you may utilise spare time to bring color and novelty into your home. Above, you see how sparkling glass can be painted to look smart, colorful, and decidedly up-to-date.

AT LEFT: Cute book-ends made from a pair of old flat-irons. They are first cleaned with sandpaper, enamelled or lacquered in any desired color, and then decorated with barbels work or hand-made fruit or flowers.

BELOW: Little scraps of colored paper make an unusual decoration. China, white wood, glass can be treated. See article.



charm for the home at little or no cost. In this instance, bright-colored pieces of paper make an unusual decoration. The effect is Oriental and very easy to achieve. All you need is colored paper, paste (made from flour will do), black enamel, clear varnish, and brushes.

Gay Scraps of Paper

THE first thing to do is to collect all the gay-colored scraps of paper you can find. A very good selection can be obtained from fashion books and magazines. When the fascination of this work gets you, you will find that you have little enough for your needs.

Choose a medium thickness of paper. If it is too thin the print or type on the other side will show through, while a thick, coarse paper is difficult to paste down.

All kinds of articles can be decorated in this way. Plain, unadorned china, white wood, or glass. The article illus-

trated is a small soap-plate, which has been transformed into a delightful fruit-dish.

Cut the paper into odd sizes and shapes, paste the back well, and stick on to the plate, beginning at the centre and working towards the edge. Choose contrasting colors, fitting in all the pieces. Take care to fill in all spaces, so that the entire surface is covered, but do not overlap the paper. Only the top side of the plate is done. Trim round the edge of the paper neatly and see that all paper has adhered to the surface.

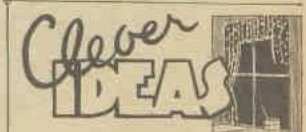
Leave for a day or two until it has thoroughly dried. Make certain that all the pieces have stuck properly, then give the entire surface a coat of clear varnish and allow to dry thoroughly. Then with black enamel and a fine brush outline very carefully over all the joins in the paper and paint all over the back of the plate.

The sketch at bottom left shows you

how attractive the interior of a wardrobe or linen closet may be made with glazed china or wallpaper and cretonne.

The door, drawers, and storage boxes may be papered in a color to match the furnishings; or again, cretonne or china may be cut to size and glued down in similar manner to the wallpaper.

A curtain of the same fabric not only keeps dust at bay, but suggests an atmosphere of orderliness plus beauty.



TO MEND CHINA: To mend broken china, dissolve a little linseed oil in five drops of acetic acid. Rub carefully along the broken edges, and then bind the article firmly together with adhesive tape. Elastic will do. Leave well alone for about 10 days, and the breakage will be quite firm again.

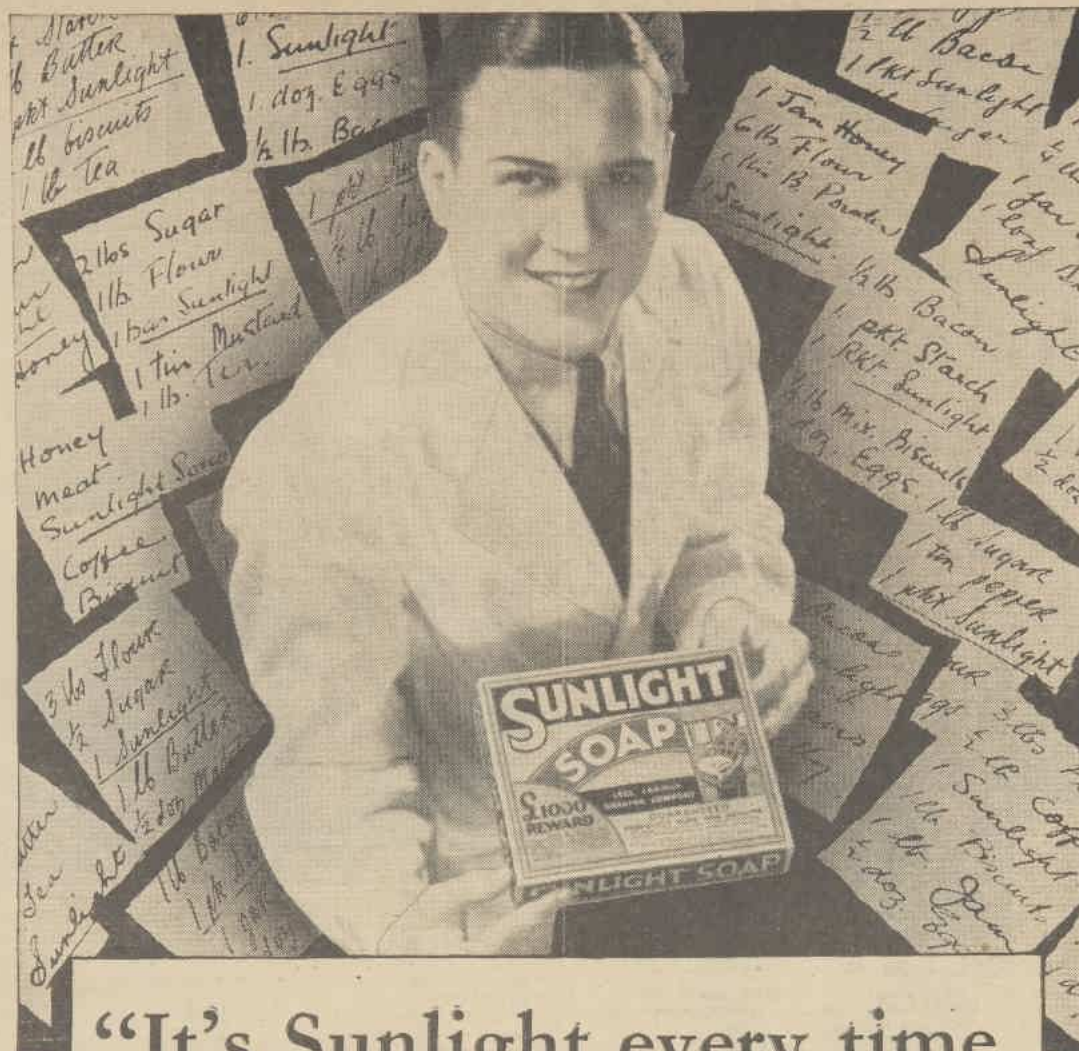
ON TUMBLERS: It is a foolish thing to do to put tumblers inside one another, for they easily stick together and break. But if you have done this, and find difficulty in separating them, pour a little warm water into the inside tumbler and stand the outside one in cold water. They will easily separate—without breakage.

DUSTING ORNAMENTS: Rub furniture cream or ornaments before dusting them, and then polish with a soft duster. They will then acquire a lovely gloss.

CREASED TIES: Here's an excellent tip to help your menfolk. When a tie is creased, get a piece of fairly thick cardboard and shape like a tie, a trifle smaller. Insert into the tie, and see that the lining is lying smooth. Press with hot iron over a damp cloth. This will ensure that the tie looks as good as new—without that ugly, ridgy seam down the centre.



THE INTERIOR of your wardrobe or linen closet will take on orderly charm if you cover drawers, boxes, and the inside of the door with chintz, cretonne, or wallpaper. A curtain may be affixed, as shown, to the cupboard wherein your clothes repose.



**"It's Sunlight every time
for my customers . . . they know the best"**



A LEVER
PRODUCT

The man behind the counter knows, too. He's asked for Sunlight more than six times as often as for any other soap . . . because there's no other soap that housewives can trust as they've trusted Sunlight for nearly fifty years. They know that it lathers freely without waste . . . cleans even "extra-grubby" clothes with ease . . . and goes twice as far because it is all pure soap.

Save Sunlight wrappers for FREE Gifts!

Two beautiful gifts, quite above the ordinary run . . . towels fit for a luxury bathroom, and really charming extra large pillowcases. Save Sunlight wrappers and get them easily!

HOW TO GET YOUR FREE GIFT

Save 36 wrappers for a Bath Towel or 27 for a Pillowcase. Cut off the required number of wrapper tops, the strips bearing the words "Sunlight Soap" (three in each carton). Take these to:—Litta Free Gift Depot, 147 York Street (opp. Town Hall), Sydney.

If you cannot call or send someone for your gift, post wrapper tops with your name and address written in BLOCK LETTERS, number of wrappers enclosed, and gift required, to:— "Sunlight Department," Lever Brothers Limited, Box 4310YY, G.P.O., Sydney. Do Not Enclose A Letter.



BATH TOWEL
Free for 36 wrappers
46 x 23 inches. Genuine
British Admiralty. So soft
and thick and snowy white.

PILLOWCASE
Free for 27 wrappers
31 x 21 inches with real
hemstitched finish and very
dainty embroidery.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

GOOD COOKING

*Means More
than Vitamins*

**Health and Divorce
Controlled from Kitchen**

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE,
Our Special Correspondent in London.

Good cooking and common sense are more important to the health of the nation than vitamins.

This statement is from no less an authority than Sir Frederick Gowland Hopkins, the discoverer of Vitamin B.

"THE average English housewife," Sir Frederick told the Royal Society the other day, "needs cookery lessons more than scientific knowledge."

He is very emphatic that people are paying far too much attention to vitamins and not enough to the well-balanced, beautifully-cooked, meals which are the ideal of the women in other countries. Such revolutionary statements from a well-known scientist induced me to go and see him.

"The public in Britain are learning too much, and not enough about their food," he told me. "They realise that faults in quality may be more disastrous to health than faults in quantity, but



MRS. ANTHONY EDEN, the beautiful wife of the most discussed man in Europe and Abyssinia—Mr. Anthony Eden, Great Britain's new Foreign Secretary.

they lose sight of the fact that the amount of food we take is almost as important as the kind of food.

"We cannot live on vitamins alone any more than we can live and be healthy without them. A lettuce leaf and a raw carrot a day would be just as foolish a diet as a bowl of boiled polished rice—the raw stuff being almost entirely vitamins, and the rice absolutely lacking in them.

"Unless for a specific reason, as in a disease like diabetes, no one should be commanded to eat certain things and restrained from eating others. An all-round mixed diet, studying the personal taste of each individual, is the ideal.

"In this country, more perhaps than in any other, good food is ruined and its nutritional value lowered by the dreadful treatment it receives in the home. If the State insisted on a cookery diploma before marriage, the divorce courts would lose half their cases, and the health of the nation would improve by 25 per cent.

"Knowing how to bake a cake is not enough. Every young woman should be taught about food values and how to make the best possible use of the material at her disposal."

Sir Frederick Gowland Hopkins has experimented since he was a young man on the "accessory factors" in food. He is the founder of the School of Biochemistry at Cambridge, and in 1929 he and his collaborator in the discovery of vitamins, Dr. Elkanan, of Holland, were jointly presented with the Nobel Prize for Chemistry.

Sir Frederick is full of energy and still carries on extensive research work at his home in Cambridge despite his 74 years. He has a doctor's charm of manner and a delightful smile, but he is very serious when he declares that every woman's first duty is to learn to cook.

BETTER WAYS with APRICOTS

Capture their piquant flavor, their golden goodness in a score of ways... here are recipes for tempting desserts, novel cakes, wholesome drinks and easily-made jam

MY advice to all housewives is this: Make the most of summer fruits while they last! Stew them; turn them into luscious pies, moulds, drinks; turn them into jam and chutney; and, last but not least, bottle them. To be able to place a bowl of luscious fruit (which has been ripened in the warm sunshine) on your table long after the season has fled will bring not only joy, but health, to the family.

APRICOTS are one of the last of the stone fruits to ripen, and are a great favorite both for eating and cooking as they do not require peeling, and the stones are easily removed. Perhaps you will be surprised to know that the apricot is a native of China, but, of course, it has been naturalized for centuries in other countries.

APRICOT MERINGUE TART OR FLAN

Apricots, 1 cup water, sugar to taste, yolks 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, shortcrust, whites 2 eggs, 4oz. sugar for meringue. Stew apricots with water and sugar till soft, rub through a sieve and return to saucepan. Add blended cornflour and butter. Stir till boiling and boil 2 minutes. When cool add yolks of eggs. Line a sandwich tin with pastry, prick centre to prevent it rising. Bake in moderate oven till brown. Pour the apricot puree into the pastry. Cover with meringue and place in slow oven to brown and set. Serve either hot or cold. Or line patty tin with pastry. Prick centre. Bake, then fill with puree. Place a half-apricot on top, rounded side up, and decorate with whipped cream.

APRICOT CAKE

Ten ounces butter, 10oz. sugar, 5 eggs, 1 tablespoon sherry, 4oz. crystallised apricots, 12oz. plain flour, small teaspoon baking powder, pink warm icing, white warm icing. Cream butter and sugar, add beaten

By
**RUTH
FURST**

Cookery
Expert
to The
Australian
Women's
Weekly.



ABOVE: you see apricot meringue tart, and at left apricot flummery served in individual glasses. See recipes on this page.

... All these recipes have been tested in our kitchens.

APRICOT CHARLOTTE

Stewed apricots, breadcrumbs, butter. Grease a piedish well with butter. Sprinkle with crumbs, add the apricots with very little juice. Sprinkle thickly with crumbs, dot with butter. Bake in

hot oven till the top is brown. Serve at once with custard or cream.

APRICOT CAKE

Five ounces butter, 5oz. sugar, 3 eggs, 8oz. self-raising flour, 3oz. crystallised apricots, vanilla or almond essence, warm icing. Cream butter and sugar till white. Add eggs one at a time, then the sifted flour alternately with the chopped fruit and essence. Pour into well-greased round cake tin. Bake in moderate oven 40 to 50 minutes. Turn carefully on to cake cooler. When cold, ice with warm icing and decorate with apricots.

APRICOT SNOWBALLS

One packet lemon jelly, whites 2 eggs, juice 1 lemon, 1 cup cream, 1 cup stewed apricots. Make the jelly with 1 pint boiling water. When beginning to set, beat till foamy. Add lemon juice, beaten whites, mashed apricots and whipped cream flavored with sugar and vanilla. Turn into wetted coffee cups. Leave on ice till set. Unmould on to flat dish. Decorate top with chopped apricots—and the base with whipped cream.

APRICOT FLUMMERY

Apricots, water, sugar, lemon juice, whites of 2 eggs, whipped cream. Make a syrup of the water and sugar. Add the stewed apricots, and cook till soft. Beat to a pulp with a spoon. Add lemon juice, then the well-whisked whites of eggs. Pour into small glasses. Leave on ice till cold. Just before serving decorate the top with rose of whipped cream, and garnish with piece of apricot.

APRICOT JAM

Allow 1lb. sugar to each lb. of stewed fruit and 1oz. almonds or apricot kernels. Put fruit into preserving pan, sprinkle with half sugar and allow to stand over-

night. Next day bring to the boil, add remainder of sugar and blanched almonds. Boil quickly, stirring occasionally, till a little sets when placed on a cold saucer. Bottle and tie down or seal while hot. Store in a cool place.

APRICOT DRINK

Fresh apricots stewed, 1lb. sugar, 1 gill sherry, juice 1 lemon, 1 pint water. Put apricots, water, sugar, and lemon juice into a saucepan and simmer for 10 minutes. Press through a very fine sieve, add sherry, and allow to stand till cold. Pour off gently from any sediment there is. Serve apricot drink in small tumblers, one-third syrup to two-thirds shaved ice and aerated water.

APRICOT CUP

Stewed apricots, 2 cups cider, 1 cup orange juice, juice of 1 lemon. Remove apricots from the juice and rub through a sieve. Add apricot juice, cider, orange and lemon juice. Mix well. Allow to stand on ice. Dilute to taste with cold water when serving.

APRICOT SHAPE

Stewed apricots, sponge cake crumbs, 1 packet jelly crystals, cream. Place half apricots in a glass dish, and on this put cake crumbs to a thickness of 1 inch. Cover with remainder of the apricots. Make jelly with water and crystals and, when quite cold—but not set—pour on to the apricots. Leave on ice till firm. Decorate with flavored whipped cream before serving.

APRICOT SPONGE

Stewed apricots, jelly crystals, whites 2 eggs. Stew the apricots in sugar and a fair amount of water. Rub through a sieve and measure to 2 cups. Bring to the boil and add the jelly crystals, stirring well till all is dissolved. When cool, stir in the well-whisked whites. Pour into glass dish and leave on ice till set and firm.

PRIZE-WINNERS in Our BEST RECIPE COMPETITION

Here's help for January lunches, dinners, and teas—from readers themselves who have won prizes in our weekly recipe competition. Each week we give £1, 10/-, and four 2/6 prizes.

WRITE out a good recipe and send it straight to us. But here's a tip in your own interests: Write your recipe clearly, and do not omit any ingredient. This, naturally, disqualifies an otherwise excellent recipe. This week's prize-winners:

PEACH PUFFS

(For Dessert)

One tin peaches or 6 large, ripe peaches, 1/2 pint cream, 1oz. ratafia, caster sugar, vanilla, eggshells, a little wine. These do not need any cooking—a great advantage to a busy person. If you don't care to use wine, sweetened lemon water may be substituted. Lift the halves of the peaches out of the tin, drain off the syrup, and arrange

them, hollow side uppermost, on a glass dish. For each half peach take a ratafia, soak it in the wine until a little soft, then put it in the mouth in the cavity made by the removal of the stone. Whip the cream until it begins to the whisk, sweeten and flavor it, and fill it a very delicate with ratafia. Heap or force the cream gently on to each of the halves of fruit, and on top of each sprinkle some powdered ratafia, made by rubbing a few on a wire sieve. Serve as cold as possible. A garnish of chopped jelly or a few delicate fern fronds is a great improvement on its appearance.

First Prize of £1 to Miss M. E. Litchfield, 11 Sea View Terrace, Brighton, S.A.

HUSY BEE CAKE

Four eggs, their weight in flour, sugar, and butter, 2 extra tablespoons flour, 1 level teaspoon vanilla essence, 1 rounded teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 tablespoon orange juice, 1 dessertspoon grated orange rind, 1/2 level teaspoon salt, 1/2 level teaspoon almond essence, 3oz. candied cherries (with sugar washed off them). Beat 2 or 10 of the curved tops of the cherries for decorating cake.

ALMOND ICING: Half pound ground almonds (almond meal), 1/2 lb. sugar, 1 egg, 1/2 level teaspoon lemon juice, 1 dessertspoon brandy, 12 drops orange flower water (may be omitted if not at hand). Mix all thoroughly together and knead till even and smooth.

SOFT ICING: Four well-sifted tablespoons rubbed icing sugar, 1 level spoon cold water blended together with sufficient water to the consistency of thick cream. Cream butter and sugar well. Add eggs one at a time, with the orange juice, beating well after each addition. Add almonds and cherries cut in four. Turn air in the flour sifted three times with the soda and cream of tartar and grated orange rind. Add essence, put into 2, rather shallow baking tin, lined with two layers of grease paper, and bake in a slow oven for about 2 hours. When cake is quite cold, brush over with egg white. Roll out and almond paste is then smaller than top of cake, lay it on, leaving the edge uncovered, then ice the top with soft icing, only allowing it to reach within 1/2 inch of the almond paste. Arrange the curved pieces of cherries on top of soft icing (they will reach to the level of a level). Place roll almond on each side of them to represent little white wings. If baked nicely, the edge of cake will show light brown, almond being pale, yellow, soft icing white, and the "lower" red body and white wings. This cake will taste quite as nice as it looks.

Second Prize of 10/- to Mrs. B. Dethlefsen, Gippo St., Kilmac, N.S.W.

MEAT MOULD

One cup each of chopped cooked chicken, duck, and turkey, 1 cup chopped cooked tongue or ham, and 1 cup fine bread-crumbs, 3 raw egg, 3 hard-boiled eggs, 1 dessertspoon grated onion, 1 teaspoon grated

lemon peel, 1 level spoon gravy, 1 level spoon made mustard, 2 tomatoes, 2 dessertspoons butter, and 1 lettuce.

Thickly butter a plain mould, slice the hard-boiled eggs into rings, and line mould with them, pressing them firmly into the butter. Mix together the chicken, etc., tongue or ham, breadcrumbs, onion, lemon rind, add the gravy and beaten raw egg, mustard, and seasoning of salt, pepper and nutmeg. Fill the mould with this mixture, but do not disarrange the egg lining. Cover with greaseproof paper, put on a lid and weight to keep in place. Steam for one hour, turn out carefully, and allow to get cold. Make a bed of lettuce leaves in an extreme dish, set mould in centre, border with sliced tomatoes, and serve with mayonnaise.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. E. Cuthbert, 31 Gladstone St., Mosman, Ponds, W.I.

SAVORY BAKED CARROTS

Boil 8 large carrots for 40 minutes, leaving first washed and scraped them. Into 3oz. brown breadcrumbs mix for grated cheese, 1 minced onion, 1 minced apple, 1 crushed nut, 1 teaspoonful each of lemon juice and chopped parsley, 1/2 chopped raisins, seasoning, 1 tablespoon mushroom ketchup. Mix all together, adding 2 tablespoons milk. Grease a baking tin, place the carrots in it, and pour over them the mixture. Scatter pieces of butter here and there. Sprinkle a little chopped parsley on top. Bake in hot oven for 1/2 hour until a golden-brown color.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. L. Hensley, Upper Melbourne St., Launceston, Tas.

GALANTINE OF LAMB

Remove all the bones from a breast of lamb, and any excess fat. Wash and clean three sheep's lungs, then cut into slices. Cut a thick ham rather into size, and finely chop 3 large onion and a dozen mint leaves. Rub the breast well with salt and pepper. Lay the slices of tongue in the meat. Arrange half of the chopped onion and mint on the tongue; lay the rest on the slices of ham rather and place the other half of chopped onion and mint on top. Roll up neatly and use that the slices of tongue are running from end to end of the roll. Tie with fine string and roll up in a cloth. Put all the bones from the lamb and tongue in a stew-pot with some herbs; put the roll on them and put cover with cold water. Bring slowly to the boil, and simmer for 3 hours. When done, drain, unroll the cloth, and re-roll tightly. Place on a dish with a second cloth over it, and leave until cold. Remove the cloth, trim into a neat shape, and cover with a little melted butter. Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss F. Farnes, Chateaufort, St. Gymph, Qld.

CRYSTALLISED CHERRIES

To every pound of stewed cherries allow 1/2 cup of sugar and 1 egg of water, making a syrup of the two by boiling for 10 minutes. Allow syrup to stand over-night; then drain and boil it slowly before pouring it over the fruit. Repeat this process for 3 days and on the fourth and fifth days pour the syrup for each pound of fruit. Boil, add the cherries, cooking for 10 minutes, then drain cherries on a sieve. When fairly dry place them on brown paper. Sprinkle with castor sugar and leave in air till dry and firm. Roll in castor sugar and store in airtight jars till required. Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss May Carr, Bimbi Rd., Grenfell, N.S.W.

Rosella MIRA PLUM

is a wonderful dark plum Jam prepared from special sun-ripened Plums, and exclusive to Rosella. You will also enjoy Solus Apricot and Orange Marmalade.



They are so
Delicious.

DEEP WAVES..CRISP LITTLE CURLS... Set them at home



3 minutes to do; at the cost of a few pence for 6 settings! Amami Wave-Set—the finishing touch to your Shampoo.

To get the loveliest results you should use Amami Shampoo No. 1 for Brunettes, No. 5 for Blondes, No. 7 in a Champagne Application to keep hair fair, and the Special Henna Application to brighten and tint dull hair. For those who prefer a Soapless Shampoo, use No. 12, 9d. per sachet.

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Friday night is Amami night!

How to Clear the Skin



To every woman who suffers from distressing pimples, enlarged pores, blackheads, muddy complexion, coarse rough patches and blemishes, Cuticura presents the most simple way to clear the skin.

Place the care of your skin in Cuticura Soap used with Cuticura Ointment. In just a few days you will see a great improvement.

The treatment is simple. Wash the skin with Cuticura Soap

twice a day. Its luxuriant lather cleanses and purifies the pores, sweetens and softens the skin. To clear away and heal pimples, skin outbreaks, rashes and irritations apply Cuticura Ointment to the affected part before washing with the soap.

Simple and economical yet amazingly effective, Cuticura is endorsed and recommended by Specialists throughout the world.

Cuticura

For Clear Healthy Skin

At all Chemists and Stores. Ask for Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment. And for powder use Cuticura Talcum—exceptionally fine and pure, exquisitely perfumed.

TO MOTHERS. To keep your baby happy and contented use Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Talcum regularly. Safest for baby's tender skin—prevents chafing, soreness, rashes and irritations.

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Scientific research has proved that the special Vacuum packing process preserves the valuable food constituents in ALLY SALMON. It is rich in vitamins and iodine, and also contains Protein, Calcium and Phosphorus—the body and bone building foods. With ALLY SALMON you can be sure not only of a delicious meal, but one containing the nutrients essential to health.

RED LABEL

The well-established favorite. A good quality salmon at a low price.

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A high quality red salmon—slightly higher in price and the best value obtainable.

ALLY SALMON



CHARLES FARRELL, who has been engaged to play the title role in the forthcoming Australian film production, "The Flying Doctor," photographed with Janet Gaynor, another screen star well known to Australians.

FOR Young WIVES and MOTHERS

Always Prevent Jealousy in Children

By MARY TRUBY KING

Jealousy is one of the most soul-destroying things in life. In some persons it is only inspired on rare occasions, others feel its pinpricks on the least provocation.

Admitting that some dispositions are more prone to jealousy than others, there is no doubt that its entire elimination should be aimed at in the training of young children.

JEALOUSY has many aspects. I do not propose to go too deeply into the subject, but confine myself to one of its manifestations—the jealousy of an older child for a younger brother or sister.

It is only natural that Baby Number One should feel some regrets about Baby Number Two once the thrill of seeing the new arrival has worn off. Having been the sole joy of the house up to date, it is inevitable that she will miss the undivided attention she has hitherto enjoyed to the full.

A reader whose letter is dealt with this week is facing just such a problem. She writes:

"I have two little girls, one two and a half years and the other fifteen months. The elder one is displaying a lot of jealousy over the younger, even though I show no favoritism and give her plenty of mothering. These are just a couple of the things she does. To-day the baby bumped her head and, as I was consoling her, C. deliberately bumped hers so that I would do the same thing to her. Also baby has a habit of taking off her shoe and then bringing it in to be put on again. C. then does the same. These are just two of the hundreds of things that happen like this daily."

"I feel sure you have written something on this subject before, but at the time I didn't need it, and therefore didn't trouble to cut it out. What would you suggest?"

Softening the Blow

WHILE I have said that it is inevitable that the child will miss the undivided attention she had of yore, it does not follow that that child will inevitably be jealous of the baby. Some children seem to take matters much more philosophically than others. In many families there is not the suspicion of jealousy as each baby comes along—the children delight in helping mother with the latest arrival, and all happy in an atmosphere of "sharing the baby."

It is always wise to prepare the first child for the coming of the second. Try to make the child feel that the baby will belong to her just as much as to daddy and mummy. The child will then look forward with intense enjoyment to the coming of baby sister.

When Baby Number One is first shown Baby Number Two it is wise for the new arrival to be in the arms of someone other than its mother. This softens the blow! Perhaps nurse would show baby to the little child for just a moment or two explaining that as baby is so new she has to sleep most of the time till she grows bigger.

On this occasion, perhaps the first

time the child has seen its mother for a few days, the mother should take particular trouble to make up to the child for her enforced absence.

When mother and baby come home the ex-baby should be allowed to "help" in the preparations for the new baby's daily routine. She could, for instance, hand mother baby's clean clothes one by one at bath time, if they have been previously laid out ready in the correct order. She could hold the soap (forming her hands into a little soap basin) while baby is being washed and in countless ways assist in the necessities of baby's life.

One cannot stress too much the misery which comes when parents show a definite preference for one child over the others. If, secretly, you have "a Benjamin of the flock," try not to let the children know.

But Don't Spoil!

IN the case mentioned above there does not seem to be any such preference; but it seems that each child seeks a little more attention and perhaps affection, than is usually given it. I should put a stop to the younger child's distressing habit of taking off her shoes simply that they might be put on her again. Even a child of fifteen months can be taught that such and such a thing is wrong and must not be done. Instead of immediately putting on the shoe again, I should simply say that as she had taken it off it would have to remain off. Treated thus, this particular game of hers will soon begin to pall.

With the older child one should take this attitude: "Baby is too little yet to realise what a lot of trouble she makes by doing so-and-so, but you are a big girl, and are of so much more help to Mummy. Mummy is very pleased that you are big enough not to behave as if you were a baby."

Nine times out of ten this treatment gives the child a sense of importance and pride over her superior achievements.

Regarding little C. who deliberately bumps her head in order to be made a fuss of, I cannot help feeling that such conduct points to a certain degree of craving for affection, which should be supplied without the necessity for the child to resort to such tactics.

It is possible that this particular child feels the need for more love and affection than the average child, and such should be given her, without erring in the opposite direction and spoiling her.

It seems to be just too much for her that baby sister should come in for a few extra kisses merely because she has had the misfortune to bump her head!

don't read

unless you suffer from

CONSTIPATION

If you are troubled by any of these symptoms, be on your guard against Constipation.

Dizziness
Lassitude
Headaches
Biliousness
Irritability
Nervousness
Thinness or Obesity
Lack of Concentration
Blotchy or Pimply Skin

Take Nyal FIGSEN, the natural, pleasant laxative which relieves Constipation without purging, griping, or forming a habit. Nyal FIGSEN is sold by all chemists. 1/3 for 24 Tablets.

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BARFUS are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear, so the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies, Free if 2d. sent for postage to Depart. "A" Mrs. Clifford 43 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne. Established 24 years.

Plan for a Lavish Display of Iceland Poppies!

Now is the time to plant these colorful, prolific bloomers

—Says the Old Gardener!

Poppies, poets' inspiration, slender, warm, and vivid with color, will now have to be planted for next season's display, says the Old Gardener—wisely. These industriously prolific plants make every garden glow with color—and with such abundance of flowers that house and garden together share their beauty.

As each bed of our summer flowering annuals fades and dies, we must have in the nursery other plants to take their place, so that our gardens will always be gay. We

For the raising of the plants select a nice, cool, semi-shaded position, facing the north-east, where it will catch the morning sun, but where it will be sufficiently sheltered during the hottest part of the day. Turn over the soil

Keeping Cut Flowers

ALL manner of cut flowers—even the recognised short-lived variety—will last twice as long if a small piece of charcoal is put in the bowl or vase in which they are arranged. The charcoal also keeps the water sweet and fresh.

of board can be used for dividing purposes.

Give these beds a thorough soaking, then, about half an hour after, press the surface firm with a piece of flat board. Sprinkle the seed across the surface; then cover lightly with well-decayed manure rubbed through a fine sieve. This manure, being of a light, fine nature, will give the young plants power easily to push their way through to the surface. Sowing in this manner will give successful results and every seed will germinate.

Poppies in their young stage are very slow to grow, so get them in immediately. When they have their third leaf, prick them out into boxes, as I have previously recommended for stocks. Plant them in an inch-square box, then, when the time comes to transplant, all you have to do is to cut around the plant with a knife. Lift it out with the soil attached, and no check is felt in the transplanting.

Morning Sun Essential

THE permanent beds for the poppies should be so selected that they receive plenty of morning sun. Long, narrow beds are ideal, so that weeding and general attention can be given from either side without having to walk on the beds.

Long borders are also most attractive when in flower, also these small, sunny corners where space can be found for from six to a dozen plants.

Do not allow the plants to flower too soon, all buds should be nipped off until the plant has grown to a size which will allow it to stand the full strength of blooming. By giving the plant every chance to grow to maturity, better blooms and a longer flowering period will be the result. Poppy plants, when transplanted to their permanent positions, should then be grown quickly, and this can be done with constant attention, good cultivation, methodical watering, and weekly application of liquid manure.

Almost all classes of soil suit the poppy, from sandy to clay or loam.

The best strains to grow are Improved Sunbeam, Coonara Pink, and Excelsior.

Plant Now!

JANUARY spells a busy time in the garden, and here is a list of flowers and vegetables which may be planted this month:

Flowers: Anemone, balm, stocks, celosia, cockscomb, cosmos, dianthus, globe amaranth, godetia, pansies, phlox, petunia, portulaca, salpiglossis, wallflower, African and French marigolds, and an early sowing of sweet peas.

Vegetables: Beetroot, French beans, butter beans, carrots, parsnips, silver beet, swede turnip, white turnip, brussels sprouts, cabbage, cauliflower, kohlrabi, leek, lettuce, onions, and radish.



"... My Nerves and head were terrible"

Nerves that are frayed by illness, anxiety or overwork need the soothing and strengthening effect of Clements Tonic. This well known remedy has been famous for over 40 years, and has brought vigorous health to thousands of people. As a food for nerves and blood, it brings sparkling, vigorous health and renewed vitality after one or two bottles.



CLEMENTS TONIC

"Gives you Nerves of Steel"

"About four years ago I had a very big internal operation, which left me with occasional bad turns, such as a bad head, and nerves. Quite recently I had an extra bad turn and broke out in big hives all over me, which nearly drove me mad, and my nerves and head were terrible. I tried several patent medicines . . . but they were of no use to me. I said to my husband that I would fall back on my old favourite (Clements Tonic) and after the first small bottle all the hives had disappeared. I am now on my second bottle and I feel real well, better than I have felt for months. I swear by Clements Tonic, it is the only thing that does me any good."

(Mrs.) A.G.H., Lidcombe, N.S.W.

(Original letter on file for inspection)

Prices in all Capital Cities in the Commonwealth, 3/- and 5/- a bottle at all Chemists and Stores.



HERE YOU GLIMPSE a beautiful, shady garden in Brighton, a seaside town in South Australia, with one of the members of the recently-formed "Garden Club" in the background. The club was founded on the suggestion of the Old Gardener with the object of preparing for the South Australian Centenary.

most think and plan well ahead, and to fill our gardens with reasonable flowers we must commence now for the next season.

Last week we had a talk on the planting of and general attention to stocks. This week I want to tell you how to grow Iceland poppies.

Of late years, no flower has attracted much marked attention and enthusiasm as has the Iceland poppy. From garden beds, window boxes, tubs, tins, etc., and in florist shops, these flowers are everywhere. There is nothing better for decorative purposes, and massed in the garden they are the gayest and most joyful of flowers.

Each year is bringing new and more varieties—longer stems, larger flowers.

And being prolific flowerers, the more you pick the more you have. What more useful, decorative, delightful flower to grow than the poppy?

If careful selection of positions is made, one can grow them eleven months of the year.

NOVELTY SWEET PEAS

We can recommend the following varieties—beautifuller frilled with long stems and vigorous growth: **BRIDE-MAID**—Large, deep, brilliant shade of deep silvery pink, excellent under artificial light. **EARLY BOON**—Cheerful deep salmon-pink, on a light, cream ground. **EARLY CHIME**—Fascinating shade of light salmon-pink, on a cream and white shade ground. **EARLY TRIUMPH**—The latest lovely shade of soft lilac-lavender. **MYRTLE MACHINES**—Soft, rosy of coral, and golden rose, beautifully frilled. **EXQUISITE**—Rich gold color, with a fringe of rosy, striped, broad pale rose level, bringing out to better advantage the exquisite beauty of each flower. **SHIRLEY TEMPLE**—An exceptionally lovely variety, rose-pink of a soft and beautiful tone carried on long stems. PRICE, 1/6 per packet, or 1/25 set of 5 packets for 8/-, post free.

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£25 Cash Must Be Won

"Search for Film Stars" Competition No. 17

£25 CASH WILL BE AWARDED TO THE COMPETITOR WITH THE GREATEST NUMBER OF NAMES CORRECT. IN THE EVENT OF TIES PRIZE MONEY WILL BE DIVIDED EQUALLY.

This list below, 16 names, is made up of 16 names of featured film players, the first letter only of the Christian name being given. The surname is jumbled with the addition of one unnecessary letter. See example No. 1, GRACE MOORE, the extra unnecessary letter being "R." Include this name in your solution as Number 1. You are required to give the names of the remaining 15 film players. NOTE: (1) Additional letters must be written out separately. (2) Alterations cannot be accepted. (3) MISPELLED NAMES COUNT AS ERRORS.

IMPORTANT: Use the diagram for working out your solution, and when you have solved the names, write your list in order on a sheet of plain paper (one side only). Enclose a Postal Note for 1/- as entry fee—additional entries will be charged 6d. each—(stamps will not be accepted), and mail your solution, together with your name and residential address, NOT LATER THAN FRIDAY, JANUARY 17, 1936. "FILM STARS" COMPETITION, G.P.O. Box 38347, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

No. 1. GRACE	ROOMER	MOORE	No. 9. M	NTGREE
2. E	NEERBERG		10. N	EARSHEAR
3. A	RAKDOR		11. W	TAWBXR
4. A	ACAPE		12. S	ALIVESUMMERL
5. R	MANCOLD		13. L	GUNYOU
6. B	RESDAY		14. S	RACYBT
7. C	IENTSV		15. G	ONCARB
8. T	KIXM		16. R	FIXD

Prize Money and Sealed Solution are deposited with The Australian Women's Weekly, Sydney. Decision of the adjudicator must be accepted as final.

RESULTS WILL BE PUBLISHED IN THIS PAPER ON ISSUE DATED FEBRUARY 1st

RESULTS OF COMPETITION No. 15 WILL APPEAR AS ADVERTISED IN ISSUE JANUARY 18th

Younger Every Morning



Try this recipe to-night

Thanks to this marvellous discovery lines can be made to disappear and the skin regain its youthful beauty.

Science has long known that it is the loss of certain vital elements from the skin which causes wrinkles. These precious substances can now be restored in the form of "Bioel" the amazing product of Prof. Dr. Stjeskal of the University of Vienna. "Bioel" is now contained in Crème (Greasy) Tokalon. By its use an ageing skin can quickly be rejuvenated—a faded complexion made fresh, clear and youthful.

Try Crème Tokalon containing "Bioel" to-night. Even by to-morrow morning you will see an amazing difference. In the daytime use Crème Tokalon (Vanishing). After one month's use in this way you will look at least ten years younger. Successful results guaranteed or money refunded.

Crème Tokalon



SLEEP WELL TONIGHT!

BEFORE you go to bed to-night, take two Nyal ESTERIN tablets with a glass of warm milk. You'll sleep like a top! Sleeplessness is usually the outcome of nervousness, pain or mental disturbance—troubles which can be traced back to a disturbed condition of the nerve centres. Esterin brings restful sleep quickly because it contains a new sedative—Esterin Compound—which acts directly on these nerve centres, calming the nerves and soothing away pain, bringing rest to mind and body. Esterin contains ingredients that are regularly prescribed by doctors for the prompt relief of pain. It is absolutely safe and does not form a habit. Esterin is sold in a handy tin, by all chemists. 1/3

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THE "QUINS" pose for the photographer—Annette, Cecile, Emilie, Yvonne, and Marie.

MRS. DIONNE Tells of Her HONEYMOON

The Tomboy who also Loved her Dolls

A rosy, French-Canadian farm girl, spirited enough to play baseball with her brothers, yet passionately devoted to a great family of dolls—that is the prophetic picture drawn in this, the fifth instalment of the life story told by the mother of the Dionne quintuplets.

Her wedding trip to Ottawa, at 16, was Elzire Dionne's first visit to one of the world capitals where in time her name was to become famous. More strikingly than Mrs. Dionne's simple words can tell, Fate can be seen taking command of her life.

By Elzire Dionne

(As told to Lillian Barker)

OTTAWA, our honeymoon destination, seemed terribly far away. As remote almost as Paris. But I, farm girl that I was, had never been anywhere, really, except to places right near home; to villages such as Callander and Bonfield Parish; to one picnic and one horse race at Sturgeon Falls, and to the town of North Bay, which is only a few minutes' train ride from Corbett.

It was in North Bay that Alina, Oliva's sister, and I bought my going-away ensemble: a terra-cotta silk dress, felt hat the same shade, taupe-colored woolen coat with flaring beaver collar.

Fancy clothes had held no lure for me, though Mamma, as long as she lived, took great pride in the Sunday dresses she made for her one and only daughter. These were of silk, white or pale blue; never any other color. I'll tell you why. Being the long-hoped-for girl at birth my parents conspired me to the Blessed Virgin whose colors, as all Catholics know, are white and light blue.

Loved Overalls

SO, until after my confirmation and first communion at eleven, I was allowed to wear only the Virgin's colors. To school, to church, to places away from home, I mean. But at home, of course, no such restriction was put upon me, and I remember how I adored dressing in dark blue overalls and playing baseball with my brothers and neighbor boys.

The terra-cotta and taupe going-away ensemble, however, was quite new to me, and in it I felt very dressed up indeed, also very happy.

Happy, mostly because Oliva admired the outfit. Three times en route to Ottawa he spoke of the "chic" and "becomingness" of my finery. I still have the coat and he still admires it.

The Homecoming

I HAD relatives galore in and around Ottawa, some of whom I'd never met, and visiting them... they wouldn't hear of our stopping at an hotel... was just about all the visiting we could manage during our week's honeymoon in the Canadian capital.

When we returned to Callander it was with a car full of presents, home-made rugs, carpets, house dresses for me, and other wedding gifts equally useful.

The day of our homecoming another wedding gift, one from Papa, reached us. This was Reine, the red-and-white

spotted cow, which Hector, my brother, brought over.

Before my marriage Papa had asked me to name the present I most desired. Immediately I named Reine. Not because the Dionne farm, which Oliva had bought from his father, wasn't well stocked with cattle. It was. But I, who'd taught myself to milk at nine years of age, figured that Reine in the cattle line-up would add that much more milk and that much more butter to our daily supply. And the more milk and the more butter we had the more we could sell. You see, I hadn't been brought up on a farm for nothing.

Papa had thought I was too young and too childish to assume the responsibilities of a wife. But I would just show him... Oliva... everybody... how grown-up and wisely I could be.

Such was my intention. But one day, while Oliva was out in the bush working, and while I was all alone in the kitchen ironing one of his shirts, I got to thinking about all the dolls I'd left in my room at home.

Always Five

"MY doll family," I called them. And it was a huge family. Starting with five... I never remember having less than five... that has given me cause for meditation, too, since the birth of Yvonne, Annette, Cecile, Emilie, and Marie... and long before I married the number had jumped to five times five.

But how to get them into the Dionne farmhouse without Oliva's catching me, for if he were to see my enormous doll-family being moved in, what would he think and say? And do?

Some had been New Year's presents. Several of the dolls Papa and Mamma, who encouraged my doll playing as much as they discouraged my first baseball efforts, had given me on different occasions.

And many, many dolls, all the rag ones, had been premiums I'd secured with coupons cut from soap wrappers.

Husband's Joy

BUT the arguments, the verbal scraps I had with my brothers over those wrappers! They wanted them, you see, for boy premiums—baseball bats, catcher's masks, spiked shoes, skates, things of that sort. Nothing could have been more natural of course. Papa and Mamma, however, saw to it that I got the wrappers for dolls.

I've often wondered if rich children enjoy and love their expensive dolls more than I enjoyed and loved my inexpensive ones, even my soap-wrapper babies. That's what I called all my dolls, "my babies."

All this comes back to me now, vividly, as I recall the plan I, a bride of three weeks, finally evolved to get the immense doll family transferred from Corbett to my new abode.

That I did, too. Without a hitch and in a state of great excitement. But, lo and behold, the dolls had been in their new abode, the Dionne closet, only a day

when my husband, searching in the closet for something, found them!

Instead of being cross or critical, though, Oliva was only surprised and amused. "Why didn't you tell me you wanted to move your dolls over here?" he asked after I'd made a clean breast of everything. "I would have brought them over for you. Gladly."

During dinner Oliva asked: "But where on earth did you get so many dolls?"

In my accounting I explained that most of the prettiest dolls I'd received as New Year's presents.

New Year's the big event of the year for French people! Our family certainly made the most of it, too.

We all used to go up the road to the big farmhouse of Grandpapa Demers,

At these get-togethers the men also sat around, smoked, and talked about crops, local politics, trapping, everything of interest to farmers. And, inevitably, they talked of forest fires which, from time to time, have been such a terrible menace in Northern Ontario.

One such reminiscence occurs to me. It was Papa's graphic recounting, at one of Grandpapa Demers' New Year's celebrations, of the 1909 fire, the worst he'd ever seen or heard of. As if the conflagration wasn't terrifying, jeopardising enough, after he'd moved his family and his furniture into our home, my grandfather suddenly remembered a box he'd left in his attic.

In her sixth and concluding chapter Elzire Dionne will tell the result of the attempted rescue of the money-box.

Liberty DAILY AT 10.45 AM, 2.15 PM, 8 PM (NOT CONTINUOUS)

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BERTHA MAXWELL'S POPPY DESIGN Still Available

Traced lines in Bertha Maxwell's delightful and exclusive poppy design are still available. You may have them in two lines, a pure white of good quality, and a heavier cream linen.

3 x 10 sandwich d'oree, 1/-; 5 x 8 plate d'oree, 1/-; 12 x 18 tea covr, 2/6; 14 x 20 oval centre, 2/6; 12 x 12 serviette, 1/-; 30 x 36 supper cloth, 6/-; 45 x 45 supper cloth, 8/6; 24 x 34 supper cloth, 12/6.

To obtain these items, send to The Australian Women's Weekly office (address enclosed), enclosing postal note or stamps for the amount.



SKETCH of 36 x 36 supper cloth. Price 6/- post-free

OTHER SIZES for this cloth: 45 x 45, 8/6; 54 x 34, 12/6.

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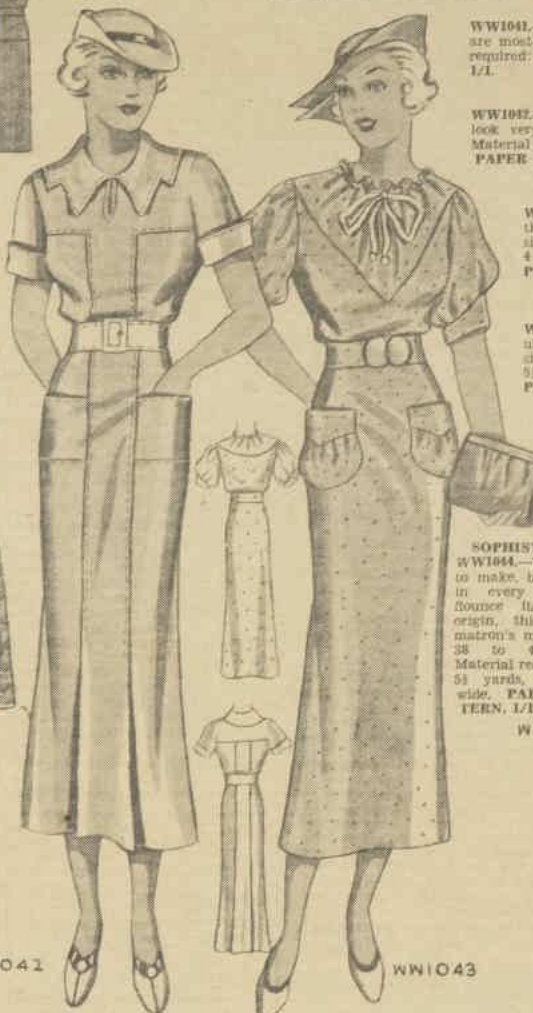
WW1041



WW1047



WW1048



WW1043

WW1042

TAILORED TWO-PIECE SUIT

WW1041.—This two-piece suit features striking lapels that are most becoming. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required: 4 1/2 to 4 3/4 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

FOR SPORTING FUNCTIONS

WW1042.—Tailored in novelty crepes or linens, this frock will look very trim and smart. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

YOUTHFUL STYLE

WW1043.—Suitable for young girls. Note the pretty V of the front yoke. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required: 4 to 4 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

LOVELY, OLD-WORLD MODE

WW1045.—Delightful evening gown with ultra-smart waistline treatment. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required: 5 1/2 to 6 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



WW1045

SOPHISTICATED

WW1044.—Very simple to make, but showing in every line and flounce its Parisian origin, this youthful matron's model. Sizes, 36 to 46 inches. Material required: 5 to 5 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

WW1044

TROUSSEAU NIGHTDRESS

WW1048.—A nightdress that, for all its dainty beauty, is sensible. Lace, V-neck, full sleeves, and gathered waistline add to its feminine charm. Sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide; 1 yard lace trimming, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

OUR FREE PATTERN

THIS week's three-in-one free pattern provides for a smart overall with button-up front, a chic wrap-around apron, a simple but most attractive morning house frock. Young newweds and girls who help at home will find it both useful and smart.

Pattern is cut to fit a 34-inch bust. Material required: No. 1: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. No. 2: 2 yards, 36 inches wide. No. 3: 3 yards, 36 inches wide.

PLEASE NOTE!

To ensure prompt dispatch of patterns ordered by post you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child.



SEMI-DOLMAN SLEEVES

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WW1046

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IF EVERY WOMAN KNEW THIS

I WISH YOU WOULDN'T GET YOUNG BILL'S SOCKS MIXED WITH MINE



THEY'RE YOUR OWN SOCKS. BUT WASHING HAS SHRUNK THEM



AND THERE GOES MY CHANCE OF A NEW HAT! IF ONLY MEN'S SOCKS DIDN'T SHRINK SO



YOU SHOULD WASH SOCKS AND ALL WOOLLENS IN PERSIL. LET'S GET SOME NOW FOR THESE I'VE JUST BOUGHT



NO MORE COMPLAINTS BY JOVE, I'VE LEARN'T THE WISDOM OF WASHING THEM IN PERSIL TOO



From heavy-knitted socks to lacey jumpers... all woolies are safe in PERSIL. Rubbing with lazy soap suds shrinks and hardens wool...but PERSIL's active suds gently coax dirt away. PERSIL is concentrated

DON'T RISK IMITATIONS

PERSIL (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LIMITED.

The SIMPLE WAY is the PERSIL WAY

JOAN IS SO CONSTIPATED AND NOTHING I HAVE TRIED SEEMS TO SUIT HER. NURSE, WHAT DO YOU RECOMMEND?



"I know, Mrs. Willis. Every mother has the same trouble with children sooner or later.

I've had a lot of experience and my advice is—give 'California Syrup of Figs'—'Calfig'. There's nothing like it for keeping the stomach and bowels in good order. It's so natural yet so sure. It acts on the bowels like fruit and does not create a habit.

So many Doctors recommend it and give it to their own children that I am sure it's the best, and you need to be

sure when it is a question of the children's medicine Mrs. Willis.

I do know mothers who experiment with cheap and drastic preparations. They don't realise that they're courting danger. Send for a bottle of 'California Syrup of Figs' from the chemist now and give Joan a dose at bedtime. She'll be as bright as a lark in the morning. Give it to her regularly once a week and she'll have no more trouble with constipation."

'California Syrup of Figs' is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6 or 2/11 times the quantity for 2/10. Be sure to say 'California' and look for 'Calfig' on the package.

"California Syrup of Figs"
"NATURE'S OWN" LAXATIVE

JUST BORED!

THAT'S funny! It's

One letter more than my hubby's—his name is Bo!

"Bo...?"

"Ah! Short for Boswell, you know!" "I see," he had laughed. "A case of the Bo and the goose, eh?"

She had told him to call her "Josie" somehow she wouldn't let him use the name her husband used—which had she known it was a bad sign.

At home things had not been going well. Bo was still working overtime every night, and the strain was making him cross and irritable—nor did the long, boring days improve Josie's temper. But for Bo, she decided that life would have been quite unbearable, and so, really, Bo had a lot to be thankful to Bo—for apocryphal, and essentially feminine, reasoning.

The crisis came when the summer was nearing its end, and the evenings were commencing to draw in. Bo and Jo were tooling gently along a country road, with the mingled perfume of hay and roses in their nostrils, and the pale crescent moon, shining amid a million scintillating stars overhead.

"Josie!" with almost startling suddenness, and a not too steady voice.

"Yes, Bob?" Her heart had jumped violently, for she had a good idea of what was coming.

"You know, don't you?" She was an honest girl, and didn't pretend to misunderstand.

"I suppose I've guessed—a little!" she answered. There was a dull ache in her heart, for this was the end of everything, and she had grown to like Bob very much.

"Would you—would you come away with me? For good?" he asked in a low, tense voice.

She shook her head. "Oh, no!" she said, decidedly. "I couldn't leave Bo! You see—I love him!"

But presently he spoke again: "I understand," he responded, and was silent for a while.

"You do like me, Josie, don't you? Just a little bit?"

"Of course I do—lots and lots!" "Then—couldn't you spare me just a little bit of yourself? You might—since it's all I'm likely to get!"

She looked at him, startled. "You mean—?"

"Just a week-end—or a mid-week—in Paris, or somewhere. You've got some relations you could be visiting. I suppose? I'll promise you a real good time, to make up for the—sacrifice!"

There was a bitterness in his tone which she knew was really caused by pain, and she was smitten by a sudden intense sorrow for him.

"O H, Bob, dear!" she cried, suddenly. "I'm so awfully, awfully sorry! I'm a little beast...!"

And then, somehow, she was in his arms, crying bitterly and with him gently kissing the tears away!

"I can't say yes or no just now, Bob!" she told him, when they parted a little later. "I—I can't make up my mind! But I'll meet you on Wednesday, and let you know then!"

"All right!" he had answered. "Good-night, and God bless you!"

On the Tuesday night she had a most beastly row with Bo. It started over a trifle, as such rows do—just because the potatoes were a trifle over-cooked. But it was the worst quarrel they had had yet, and Bo went to business the following morning without kissing, or even speaking to her.

She felt angry and bitter over it. He didn't realise the sort of life she led—he didn't realise how bored she was! Or, if he did, he just didn't care! Yes, that was it—he didn't care! Didn't, in fact, care for her at all any longer! Oh, well, if he didn't care, there was someone who did.

She met Bob the following evening, and promised to go over to Paris with him the following Wednesday. Until then they would not meet.

Jo was very excited about it. After all, it was an adventure—and a romance (with a capital R). And they were going to fly over, and she had always wanted to go up in a plane.

She made her arrangements. She said to Bo:

"Look here, I can't stand this loneliness any longer! I shall go mad in a minute if I don't have some sort of change! So I'm going to stay a couple of days with Molly, down at Clacton!"

She was quite ready for Bo to make a row, and try to prevent her going. But, instead, he said, quietly:

"Poor little girl! Yes, I should do that, it's a good idea!"

Continued from Page 6

science continued and increased its torture. She spent sleepless nights, and consequently irritable days—and she and Bo bickered all the time he was in the house. That made it a bit easier, but not much!

Then came Wednesday, and after he had kissed her good-bye—rather more tenderly than usual as she was to be away two days—she went up to her room—their room—and wept rather bitterly.

She almost decided that she wouldn't go, after all—and then realised that it was too late to draw back now. Besides, how could she let Bob know...?

She went to the High Street to get one or two things she needed. The newsboys were hoarsely shouting news of a railway accident, but she took no notice much. Then, as she got home, she found Mrs. Trent, her neighbor, standing at the gate with a very white face.

"Oh, Mrs. Anderson, have you heard about the accident?" was her hurried greeting.

"I heard the boys yelling, certainly," Jo answered. "But I didn't take much notice. What about it?"

"Oh, my dear—it was the 8.50—the train John and your husband go up by! And any number of people have been killed!"

"Oh—my God!" Jo's face blanched, and she clutched at the railings for support. Thoughts raced at mad speed through her head. Bo was dead—of course he was dead! This was her punishment!

She was going to do a wicked thing—he untrue to Bo—and now God had punished her by taking him away altogether—for ever! And it was him, and him only that she loved...

Bob was nice, certainly—but she had agreed mainly because she was sorry for him and cross with Bo—not because she loved Bob, not even a little bit. It was hard she should be punished like this.

As from a great distance, she heard Mrs. Trent's voice:

"Bear up, my dear! They may be all right, you know! Your telephone—we could ring up the railway company!"

"Why, of course—how silly of me!" Jo pulled herself together with terrific effort. "Come along—we'll find out!"

She nearly screamed several times while, with their usual slowness, the exchange got the required number. She got the engaged signal several times—naturally people were phoning up the railway company continually at the moment. Then at last the rather bored voice:

"The Waterloo accident? What names? Mr. Boswell Anderson, and Mr. John Trent? I see. Hold the line a moment please, and I will look up the casualty list."

Then another—and the most awful—period of waiting. The perspiration beaded her forehead, and she could hardly answer in the affirmative when the bored voice came again:

"Are you there, madam? Mr. Trent was very slightly injured—taken to hospital, but not detained. Mr.—er—Anderson—you did say Boswell Anderson, didn't you...?"

"Oh, yes—yes!" Jo almost screamed. "For heaven's sake tell me...!"

"Mr. Boswell Anderson's name does not appear in the list, so he cannot have been injured...! There is another Mr. Anderson—he was, unfortunately killed...!"

Jo hung up, and almost collapsed. Then after the relieved Mrs. Trent had left her, a terrible thought came to her. Supposing the "other Mr. Anderson" was actually Bo? Some mistake in the initial...

THE telephone shrilled, and she snatched up the receiver—and Bo's own voice came over the wire: "Just ring up to tell you I'm all right, old thing! Not even scratched! Thought you might be worrying."

Please turn to Page 42



Morning Noon Night

TEMPTING LIPS All Day Long

Those lips of yours! Are they fresh, ripe, inviting? Michel will keep them so all day long, for Michel lip-stick is truly indelible.

So flattering in shade, so soft, so appealing, it makes you feel and look ravishing. Be sure to get the genuine Michel lipstick with the word "MICHEL" engraved on the case.

Other famous Michel beauty aids include the most adherent compact rouge made and cosmetic for eyelashes, that is non-irritating and water-proof.

Michel

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES.

Baby Never ill Mother Gives Reason

Mrs. C. writes: "My little boy is now three years old and has never had a real illness, for, if he seemed a little peevish, I always gave him an Infants' Powder. He cut all his teeth without the slightest pain or irritability and I always recommended your wonderful Infants' Powders to my friends."

Ashton & Parsons' Infants' Powders ease pain and soothe the child. They check stomach disorders, correct the motions, relieve fever, restlessness, fretfulness and similar troubles incidental to the teething period and are useful in unduly delayed dentition. Always ask for

ASHTON & PARSONS' INFANTS' POWDERS

Box of 20 Powders 1/6 at chemists and stores. For free sample write to Phosphorine (Ashton & Parsons) Ltd., 131, Palmer Street, Sydney.

Beautiful Hands

—YOURS, with the use of HINDS!

Hinds will give them that ivory-like whiteness and delicate softness that so add to your charm... and will benefit your skin in summer and winter alike. Hinds' products, softens, beautifies. As good for the hands as for the face.

1/2 and 2/6 everywhere. Buy the 2/6 size and obtain 4 times the quantity.

Sole Agents: HILL, CASTLE LTD.

HINDS' HONEY & ALMOND CREAM

Accept only HINDS—Refuse Imitations

*We all want to
be attractive and
charming ...*

NO woman need be plain—uninterestingly plain—to-day. She need not lose heart, whether she be twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, or more. She can be exquisitely groomed, she can keep up a rigid standard of cleanliness, no matter her station in life; she can be courteous, charming; she can cultivate a lovely speaking voice and she can, in addition, find time—make time—to attend to those little beauty rites which, faithfully adhered to, repay over and over again and in a score of ways.

HERE is a portrait of a girl full of charm and grace — Myrna Loy, of M-G-M. Her voice, too, is melodious, low-pitched, beautiful.

Perfect grooming is another essential to beauty. Your body kept fresh, immaculate, with baths; your lingerie, your frocks, and your accessories kept in spotless condition; your hair shampooed regularly and brushed to gleaming beauty; your finger-

tips kept in perfect order. Any woman, no matter how small her purse, can be well-groomed, immaculate, always.

Have you ever listened to your own voice? What is it like? Is it soft and melodious—or

scratchy, high-pitched, harsh,
grating, shrill?

In my opinion, a lovely speaking voice transcends smart



By EVELYN

clothes, even, regular features, or a perfect figure. A strident voice irritates, annoys, banishes charm.

Perhaps we can, to a certain extent, blame modern conditions, for noise and bustle and constant rush are against attractive voices.

Nevertheless, those who possess or have acquired shrill, strident voices, can remedy matters. They can listen to those who speak softly, melodiously; they can learn to pitch the voice correctly; in short, with a little thought, a little practice, attain a really attractive voice.

I think that courtesy is another important essential to charm, to loveliness, to beauty. During the Christmas shopping rush I was appalled at the lack of courtesy shown one to another. Many women ploughed their way along streets, in shops, and seemed to take a grim delight in pushing, shoving, bumping. I made a study and discovered the worst offenders to be—you expect me to say the "young things," but no!—the middle-aged! They were the thoughtless ones. Again, you might retort and say: "Well, where would we be if we didn't? Shopping had to be done, and we were harried." The old saying goes that "Courtesy costs nothing." It doesn't. But lack of courtesy costs us charm, culture, goodwill. I think courtesy in a man desirable—highly desirable; in a woman, necessary—absolutely so!

EXERCISE FOR BEAUTY



KATHLEEN BURKE, Paramount player, has an exercise for the business woman with a decidedly way-back that will pull in the muscles of the abdomen and get rid of the unsightly bulge. Place heels together and stand with back and shoulders as straight as against wall. With the muscles of the abdomen and back, force the small of the back as close to the wall as possible, in line with the body. After practicing the exercise, attempt to keep the body in that position while walking or standing.

PATIENT: Rheumatism seems the most common complaint that old people suffer from. My mother has aching pains all over her body, which we think is rheumatism, and I would like to know the best treatment for it.

PERSONS past middle life often are affected by what they call "rheumatism." Sometimes these pains come on at long intervals. Sometimes they occur more or less continually.

The pain is in the joints and there is a degree of stiffness present. The attack may become so severe that the joints involved are red, swollen, and tender to pressure. Several painful joints are the rule. The rheumatic symptoms, however, may recur again and again in a shoulder, or hip or knee.

Rheumatic pains sometimes persist as a chronic and annoying aching sensation. There may also be occasional twinges which, although sharp, quickly disappear.

Although rheumatism of this persis-

Arms for Evening

If you want to make your arms look really nice for the evening, you should put on a little liquid foundation under your powder. You must be careful to see that the elbows are absolutely smooth before you do so. If the skin is at all rough, the liquid, when it dries, will merely make them look cracked. Powder on top with a soft, peachy powder, or if the skin is inclined to be red with a green powder to tone down the color.

tent variety should not be considered a dangerous disorder, years of it may produce incurable changes in the joints themselves — enlargement, permanent stiffness, and decreased movement.

Medical science does not yet know as much about rheumatism as it would like to know. Poisons in the blood and tissues, an acid condition, may be accusative factors. Undoubtedly exposure to damp and cold is a direct cause, but exactly what this does to the joints in inflammation them is not altogether clear.

Persons who are subject to rheumatic attacks should avoid exposure and, if possible, climates which are too severe and changeable.

Moving into a warm climate from a cold one often prevents the regular rheumatic attacks. Electrical treatment does little good as a rule. Baking and heat are often valuable. Great benefit may be had, too, from wrapping the

Various forms of what is known as counter-irritation may also help. Rubbing in a strong liniment and binding the part with flannel afterwards may reduce the pain. And then, of course, there is internal medication which only a physician should prescribe.

It is unwise to be disdainful of rheumatic pains, even if they occur only occasionally and are not severe. A thorough physical examination should be undergone in any case. Bad teeth may be responsible, or tonsils which are diseased. The diet may also be at fault.

It is best not to treat symptoms as they arise and be satisfied. Better to find out, if possible, what is at the bottom of the trouble.

Rheumatism should not be confused with rheumatic fever. This, which usually attacks children and young people, may occur in epidemics. It gives rise to high fever, marked involvement of the joints, and often leaves a weak heart in its wake. Rheumatic fever is believed to be due to an infection, the nature of which still remains a mystery.



Your Dog

He needs a Blood Purifier regularly every week — give him BARKO CONDITION POWDERS



Losing Condition

You can easily tell when your dog is beginning to lose condition. His coat shows it first of all. It becomes dull and loses its "bloom." This is because the "bloom" of a dog's coat is directly affected by the condition of his blood.

Don't neglect the warning signal so clearly given by a dull or ragged coat. You should act at once if you want to avoid dangerous blood ailments arising from them.

If your dog is listless and out of condition, you should act promptly, otherwise his lowered vitality makes it only too easy for him to catch diseases from any dog he happens to meet.

You can help him to regain his condition quickly by purifying

his blood with a course of Barke
Condition Powders.

His appetite and energy will show immediate improvement, and his coat will quickly regain that beautiful bloom which is the unfailing sign of a healthy dog.

Puppies and older dogs need Barko Condition Powders. They need them particularly after distemper, worming, colds and influenza. When a dog is recovering from a sickness, Barko Condition Powders are a splendid tonic. They are pure, safe, tasteless and easy to give. No dog owner who has any regard for his dog should be without them in the house. Whenever your dog's coat becomes dull, ragged or loose, or whenever he has appetite or is constantly scratching himself - whenever he is listless, miserable, sulky - whenever you find his nose is warm - you should give him Barko Condition Powders immediately. They purify the blood, tune up the system, and ensure a beautiful

BARKO

CONDITION POWDERS

Price — 1/6 per box of 20 powders
At all Chemists 4/12

"Regular" BUT

Never quite himself always troubled by headaches, poor appetite, indigestion and he wonders why. He's "regular" but bowels must be thorough as well as regular. He's constipated and doesn't know it! He needs Chamberlain's Tablets to tone and cleanse his stomach and liver—to make and keep him clean inside. Perhaps you do, too!

Modern life makes it necessary for everyone to help Nature now and then. What better way to do it than the way that tones and strengthens—not weakens—the bowels... the Chamberlain's way!

KEEP CLEAN INSIDE WITH

CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS

they tone and strengthen stomach and liver.



There are no two ways about it

If your child is to grow up contented and healthy, you must take the greatest care to see that he is not troubled with digestive disorders, particularly acidity or sour stomach. If these troubles, small at first, are allowed to develop they will quickly bring in their wake a host of others, and you will find that baby is fretful, irritable, and off his food, and that his development will be retarded.

Felton's "Milk of Magnesia" has been specially prepared to prevent just these troubles. It is a gentle aperient, which stimulates the digestive organs and neutralises acidity. Happily, it is exceedingly pleasant to take—the children love it.

Doctors and Clinic nurses all over the country recommend the regular use of Felton's Milk of Magnesia for growing children. But, remember to obtain the best and most lasting results it must be Felton's "Trident Brand." Ask for it by name.

Sold by all good Chemists and Grocers. Price - 1/3



FELTON'S "Trident Brand" MILK OF MAGNESIA

Made by FELTON, GRIMWADE & DUERDINS LTD. Melbourne.

JUST BORED!

Continued from Page 40

"Oh, worrying—yes, I suppose I was, a bit!" Jo laughed hysterically. Then, in a sudden flood of words: "Oh, Bo, darling—do come home early to-night—even if you get the sack for it, dear! I want to hold you in my arms—so know you really are safe, and mine still..." Bo's voice came back, rather concerned: "Why, Jo—I didn't know you felt like that about it! In fact, I rather thought..."

"Never mind what you thought!" she cried. "I love you—just as I always have done—and no one and nothing else! So come home early, or I shall go mad!"

"But—I thought you were going away—to Molly's..." "I'm not going—not after this! I'll never leave you again for a minute, not if I can help it! Oh, Bo, darling..." She couldn't say any more. She just let the receiver drop out of her hand, and fainted!

Later, after she had come to, she thought of a way of letting Bo know. She got a district messenger—an intelligent lad—and gave him a very minute description of Bo. She told him she did not know his surname, but put on the envelope containing her letter, "To Bo—from Jo!" "Show him that and he'll know all about it!" she told the boy.

He departed for Croydon aerodrome—and returned later to say that the gentleman had never appeared.

"There wasn't anyone on the passenger list with 'B' for his initial, either!" the boy told her. "But there were two seals booked that weren't taken up, so I guess your friend didn't go, after all!"

Jo sighed with relief, and then laughed, half-hysterically. Those seals had been booked for Bo and herself—and then, evidently, he had thought better of it, too!

"Well," she said to herself, "All's well that ends well!" But it was not ended just yet—and the sequel was a curious one.

Later in the evening, after Bo had come home and they had had a long talk, and decided not to be silly ever again, he said:

"I say, a funny thing happened at the office to-day! I had to go in and see the Old Man, and in taking something out of my pocket, I must have dropped your photo. About an hour later he sent for me again, and there he was, sitting at his desk, with your photo on the pad in front of him. He asked if it belonged to me, and I told him yes, it was a photo of my wife."

"H!" he said. "A pretty little woman—I must meet her, some day, Anderson. In the meantime, aren't you leaving her alone rather a lot, with all this overtime and stuff?"

"I said that I supposed I was, but that I needed the money, and then he said: 'Well, you must stop it, Anderson. How long have you been married?' And when I told him: 'That's the danger period, Anderson—after the first shine has worn off a bit, so to speak! If you leave the wife alone too much there will be trouble, sure as fate—and I wouldn't like that to happen! So I'm going to increase your salary by fifty per cent—you're a good worker, and worth it to meet. But, from now—no more overtime!' Jolly decent of the Old Man, wasn't it?"

"Lovely!" breathed Jo, from the bottom of her heart!

It was about three months later that Bo came home one night, with great news. "The Old Man" had practically asked himself to dinner the following evening!

"He said he'd promised himself the pleasure of meeting you ever since he saw your photo!" Bo said. "So we'll have to get busy, and devise a real nice meal. I think you'll like the old boy—awfully decent fellow, you know!"

So Jo set to work with a will, and

surpassed herself in the matter of menu and cooking. She was just completing a toilet which included a new frock specially bought for the occasion when she heard Bo and Mr. Mainwaring come in. She hastily put the finishing touches to herself, and then hurried down. But, at the foot of the stairs, she stopped dead, and had to clutch the newel post to steady herself.

For she heard, quite clearly and distinctly, Mr. Mainwaring saying something. He was speaking rather loudly, and she could not mistake that very distinctive voice.

It was the voice of "Bo," the man-with-the-car...

What could it mean? She remembered, suddenly, the incident of the photograph. So that was why he never turned up at the aerodrome! But—what had he come to the house for? Did he mean to give her away—out of revenge, or something? And yet—she had done nothing, really—it was just a ghastly coincidence! But if Bo ever learned the truth... She knew Bo, and knew it would mean the end of everything if he found out...

Well, it had to be faced—no getting out of it...

She drew a deep breath, braced herself with an effort, and very quietly entered the drawing-room. Bo was not looking—did not notice her entrance. But the other man had his eyes on the door, and looked straight into hers as she entered!

"Ah! This is Mrs. Anderson, isn't it? I should have known her anywhere from the photo! Well, it's a real pleasure to meet you, Mrs. Anderson, I..."

Poor Jo did not hear any more—she was almost fainting! She thanked heaven for the touch of make-up she had put on which hid her paleness, and she strove desperately and gallantly to appear normal. Possibly she succeeded—certainly Bo did not notice anything. But it was an evening of agony for Jo. How she got through dinner she did not know, but she managed somehow!

MAINWARING gave no slightest sign that they had ever met before, and she was tortured by wondering what he meant to do.

Did he mean to give her away? Or, what was more likely, was he proposing to push the affair on to its inevitable conclusion—using what had happened to blackmail her into doing what he wished...

Later in the evening, when they were chatting in the drawing-room, Bo happened to mention the word "boredom."

"Ah!" said Mainwaring. "Boredom is a very unpleasant thing! Sometimes it is even a dangerous thing..."

Jo's heart gave a leap. Mainwaring was not looking at her, but she felt that something was coming, now! She gripped the arms of her chair until the knuckles showed white, and waited for whatever was going to happen with grim courage.

"I have a brother who suffers from boredom!" Mainwaring went on. "Funny sort of chap—my twin, and exactly like me—so like that people can't tell us apart! Used to be always dashing about the country in his car—trying to get away from his boredom. But I don't think he succeeded—not for long, anyway! Poor chap, he's gone abroad now—and I don't suppose he'll ever come back. I fancy he met with some sort of disappointment—but, of course, I don't know what it was! And that, you see, is one of the things that comes through being bored!"

And then—and then only—did he look at Jo—and he smiled gently as he did so. As for her, she was almost fainting with relief!

And she always agrees, with the utmost enthusiasm, when Bo says what a good fellow his guv'nor is—a perfect gentleman!

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Wipe away UNWANTED HAIR



... as easily as washing your face

The latest discovery of science. A perfumed toilet cream which ends superfluous hair in three minutes.

Razors only make the hair grow faster. The old-fashioned depilatories are smelling and dangerous. This new beauty cream, called New Veet, makes the hair simply fall away. You just apply it from the tube and then wash off with water. Leaves the skin soft, smooth and white without a trace of hair. No ugly dark patch like the razor leaves because the hair is removed below the skin surface.

New Veet is just like a sweet-scented face cream, and as easy and pleasant to use.

DOROTHY'S DILEMMA

GOODNESS! JACK'S MOTHER IS COMING TO LUNCH WHAT SHALL I GIVE HER?



NO TROUBLE AT ALL MOTHER I'M GLAD TO HAVE YOU.



DOROTHY DEAR THAT WAS A DELICIOUS SALAD, HOW DID YOU MAKE IT?



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All Editorial letters, except social, to be addressed to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 1301E, G.P.O., Sydney.

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EVENING Elegance

Without Heavy Expense!

Bertha Maxwell gives the Second Enchanting Item in Her 1936 Needlecraft Presentation: A Sumptuous Design for a Regal Shawl with Fullest Directions!

When the sun goes down and the lights go up, look your best when you fare forth to the theatre, the ballroom, the house of your friend. Half the pleasure of an evening's entertainment lies in wearing the pretty things which are de rigueur at that hour.

Any girl can manage an evening frock or two with the right shoes and accessories, but the correct cloak or wrap is always a cause for thought when the purse is slender. Why not a shawl? Hardly any making is required to turn out a graceful, shimmering wrap lovely enough for any kind of party, and right in the fashion, too.

IF you have never worn a shawl, you have no idea how sustaining they are to one's dignity. Imagine a beautiful piece of material unspooled by selmons or seams, wrapped gracefully about the shoulders and falling in long slim lines to an irregularly-shaped, hemline most flattering to the figure. . . . a one-piece garment which never dates, never goes out of fashion, and ever imparts a feeling of gaiety to wearer and beholder because it is so exactly right for evening wear.

To get the best out of your shawl, you must decorate it in some way if at all possible. Perhaps you can do batik work, rather difficult, rather troublesome, but very lovely; perhaps you know how to pin the silk over blotting paper and tint patterns on it with paints of various kinds. But, best of all, you do know how to handle a needle, threaded with lustrous silk or cotton, and so you can produce the most beautiful decoration of all, rich shining needlework to catch the light and gleam like satin, the weight of the worked-in threads giving a sense of balance to the corner which needs just that particular touch.

Here is the design we have prepared for your needle, and it is just as good for batik waxes or painting tool. It is a large design, measuring about 18 inches each way from the corner. The transfer measures 20 x 30 inches, and in addition to the lovely cornerpiece shown here there are six extra roses measuring about 3½ inches wide for scattering about your shawl, or using for some other purpose. This is a really lovely transfer, and it costs only 1/6 from this office.

Make Your Choice!

SOMETIMES It is possible to buy a ready-made shawl without pattern or design; if the material is of good quality, it is worth your while to purchase one and then embroider it to suit your own ideas of colors. These ready-to-work shawls are usually made of thick crepe-de-chine types of silks or fine woollens such as cashmere or wool-de-chine, both ideal embroidery backgrounds.

If you decide to make the shawl yourself you will require a perfect square of silk or light woollen cloth in any color you choose to wear, and of a size not less than, say, 54 inches by 54 inches, larger, if possible, for tall figures.

If you cannot obtain a suitable material in sufficient width, a join will be necessary; but if neatly made and well pressed, there is no objection to a seam as it will hardly be noticed.

The shawl is folded diagonally for wearing, so that it is worn double with the worked corner hanging down from the centre of the back; a tiny seam will almost disappear in the folds.

A deep hem, with a tassel at the embroidered corner, makes a handsome finish to these shawls. The sewing may be machine hemstitching, simple flat-hemming by hand, or french knots on the right side. Another good method which gives sparkle to the edge is to tack the hem in place, and then fasten it by sewing a bead or a sequin on the right side every half an inch; measure with a pencil and ruler, and place a dot at the right spaces.

Prings are greatly liked, and may be bought by the yard, ready to put on, or knotted into the fabric from hanks of silk or mercerized cotton. Don't forget scalloping by hand; it is really lovely as a finish, and the time it takes is well spent.

The Stitching

IF you have little time for this work let the thread help you along quickly: use a large needle and thread it with full strength stranded cotton or flosselle silk, then take large stitches and make the work bold and simple. Finer stitches and less cotton may be used just as effectively with more time to spare.

Buttonholing over one or more threads, satin-stitching and outlining are the useful stitches on this type of design. Look over the pattern when you get it, and decide how to do it; then keep to your plan.

The leaves may have sketchier and lighter treatment than the flowers.

FOLLOW the shades of all roses for these semi-conventional rose forms: all reds, all pinks, and all shades of yellow to cream and white.

On light-colored materials rich rose shades are lovely, with gold centres and light green leaves; on a powder-blue silk you will be delighted with pale pink flowers.

Black, deep red and dark blue are very good and happy colors for evening wear in shawls, and these colors take all the rich reds, tango shades and pure white to great advantage.

And here is a little hint for shawl-wearers who live in the country: Wear your heavy topcoat in the car, and change into your shawl in the dressing-room—it folds into small space for carrying and is fresh and uncreased when you want it.



HERE IS Bertha Maxwell's glorious design for corner of shawl: semi-conventional roses, buds and leaves for embroidery, batik or painting. Transfer (20 x 30 inches), giving large design for corner, and also six extra roses for dotting over shawl or for working on other garments may be obtained immediately on application for 1/6.

Other Fascinating Designs May Be Yours

These patterns and transfers—exclusive creations by Bertha Maxwell, featured in earlier issues—are still available.

Hand-cut pattern for real Eastern kimono. Price 1/-. Bertha Maxwell's wonderful hibiscus transfer specially designed for the kimono costs 1/-.

Cross-stitched tunic and adorable blouse design. Old Balkan needlework redesigned for fashion to-day. Three strips of cross-stitching for 1/6. Two-way exclusive paper pattern for tunic and blouse costs only 1/-.

Lilies-of-the-valley trousseau transfer, measures 20 x 30 inches. This transfer contains sufficient for three V-necks, nearly two yards of running border, and about 24 inches of group border for cutting into groups or motifs. Price 1/6.



Awarded Gold Medal for purity and excellence at the following Exhibitions:

Sydney 1879
Melbourne 1881 & 1886
Calcutta 1884
Also at European and American Exhibitions

IN the sickroom, BOSISTO'S "Parrot" Brand Oil diffuses an agreeable, aromatic, camphoraceous odour that is healthful yet germ destroying.

For ailments of the Respiratory Tract the genuine BOSISTO'S gives quick relief and prevents the onset of more serious trouble.

Use BOSISTO'S OIL for SPRAINS, BRUISES, STIFFNESS, CUTS, WOUNDS, Etc. It is specially prepared for human service and is genuinely remedial.

The difference in price is the difference in efficacy.

Per 1/3 bottle.

BOSISTO'S EUCALYPTUS OIL "PARROT BRAND"

Prepared and Packaged by
J. BOSISTO & CO. PTY. LTD., RICHMOND, VICTORIA.

BRICK BRADFORD IN THE LAND OF THE LOST

THE STORY TO DATE

WITH three comrades, Brick Bradford has escaped from the underwater city of the Sea-Folk, only to be captured on an island governed by a mysterious Queen, Lamak Mayta. Here Brick falls foul of Prince Gorm, but before the latter can wreak any harm, Bradford is summoned to the Queen's palace. Here, in the Royal apartments, he is confronted by an horrific figure.



SO YOU SHALL REJOICE ME AS I REALLY AM—YOU WHOSE CURIOSITY BRINGS YOU SO CLOSE TO DEATH!



BEHOLD, YOUTH, THE TRUE LAMAK MAYTA—YOU SHOW SURPRISE—WHY? AM I THEN SO TRULY UGLY?



GOOD GRIEF—HOW GHAETLY! THAT CAN'T BE HIS FACE!



HOW DARE YOU ASCEND THE THRONE!

I'LL NOT REMOVE MY HELMET UNLESS YOU QUEEN OR NO QUEEN CEASE HINDING HIDEOUS MASK!



I KNEW IT—YOU MUST BE LOVELY—NO HAS HAS ARM SO FAIR AS THIS

YOU CAN DIE FOR THIS, YET, SOMEHOW I CANNOT BE ANGRY WITH YOU.



HUNGER! WANT HUNGER? WHEN ONE'S EYES AND EARS, PERHAPS—WHO KNOWS—ONE'S HEART HAVE FEASTED!



OUT WITH IT, YOLAN! IS THE STRANGER HIS COMPANIONS?

SURE, HE HAS NOT RETURNED FROM THE QUEEN'S PALACE!



"NOT RETURNED"—WELL, MY DUTY AS KNOWS—IN TO CUTSWIFT SUCH AN INTERVIEW!

MAD WITH JEALOUSY, GORM RACES TO THE PALACE



OPEN THAT DOOR, GIRL! I DESIRE AUDIENCE WITH THE QUEEN

LAMAK MAYTA HAS ORDERED ME NOT TO DISTURB!



STOP! IT IS SACRILEGE TO TOUCH ONE OF THE QUEEN'S GUARD!

YOU WOULD DEFY GORM? DROP THAT TO, GIRL!



ONE OUTCRY AND THIS AX FINDS SOFT DEPOSE IN TRY LOVELY THROAT!



SO BRADFORD HAS FOUND FAVOR IN THE LAMAK MAYTA'S EYES—THIS TIME I SHALL MAKE NO MISTAKE—HE DIES!



THERE THEY ARE! HE IS UNHAPPY! I MUST MOVE SOFTLY—ONE BLOW—THEN—



TELL ME AGAIN THAT YOU FIND ME NOT HARD TO LOOK UPON!



GORM! NOT SO FAST! PRINCE!

To be Continued. SENSING DANGER, BRICK WHIRLS—

Gonzie's Letter

MY DEAR PAUL—
With all these readers who sent me good wishes for Christmas and New Year kindly accept my very best thanks. I really did appreciate them.
A delightful letter came this week from BARBARA NOBLE, Bilsback, St. Paul, Minn., U.S.A. Here is a short extract from it:
"I was not born in Australia, but in Allahabad, in the United Province of Agra and Oudh, India. I was only seven when I left India, but I remember, clearly, many things. The existing conditions in India are very different from those in Australia. For instance, nearly everyone in India can afford servants (native labor was much cheaper when I was there). The servants' staff usually consists of: a cook, a bearer (one would call him a butler), an ayah (a native nurse for the children), a sweeper, and several coolies if the people are in the habit of travelling. Oh! and a washer or gardener in addition to the other servants."
Barbara's letter was extremely interesting and very neatly written, and thoroughly worthy of the 5/- prize.
Good-bye for now short week.
Cherish,
From Your Pal,
CONNIE.



GOING A-SHOPPING. Two Prize Cards to AUDREY EDWARDS, Parramatta, N.S.W.

Just Chatter

JUNE POWELL, of Andover (Tas.), writes good verse; ALBERT DILOSA, of Sydney (N.S.W.), is a new Pal; NOEL CLARK, of North Coburn, (N.S.W.), is fond of playing cricket, collecting stamps and gardening.
EDWARD ABBOTT, of Goonagah, Callide Valley (Qld.), writes a delightful letter; MARGARET WILKINSON, of Chesham (N.S.W.), is a keen stamp collector; LAURA STANFIELD, of Nimbin, has two fox terriers for her pets.
BRYLL FORTE, of Bathurst (N.S.W.), is fond of swimming in the hot weather; BRYLL SCOTT, of Cardiff (N.S.W.), likes cooking and reading; ENA PATTERSON, of Charters Towers (Qld.), left school about six months ago.
PHYLLIS DIXON, of Wollongong (N.S.W.), does nice paintings; DOREEN CURRICK, of Dicklands, Tawalla, is fond of reading, sewing, and knitting; JEAN MYERS, of Dumbinda, The Tweed (N.S.W.), always looks forward to our paper every week.
IAN GAN, of Ward's River, is fond of reading and sketching; JACK KIELY, of Lower Telford, is welcomed as a new Pal; EILEEN WITTON, of Mowamba, via Bargy, is fond of playing tennis, basketball and vigors.
LOTTIE ROGERS, of Weston (N.S.W.), favors swimming for the summer months; KEITH MURPHY, of Ararat, via Kallaroo (Qld.), is 100 years of age; JULIE FIELD, of Terry-Hill, writes a very interesting letter.
M. RAYMENT, of Lithgow (N.S.W.), enjoys Brick Bradford every week; GRACE BERNARD, of Mt. Clearland (Qld.), likes doing fancy work; MARJORIE OAKES, of Greta (Tas.), writes an interesting letter.
JOYCE WILSON, of Stockdale (N.S.W.), looks forward to our paper each week; CYNTHIA COLLINS, of Chesham (N.S.W.), says that fairs are extremely plentiful about her place; VERLIE GARRETT, of Laverock (N.S.W.), writes a delightful letter.
JOAN BARRY, of Balgownie (N.S.W.), has a black knicker pup and three fluffy kittens for her pets; PATRICIA NAUGHTON, of Bathurst (N.S.W.), is eleven years of age; REIT FRONZ, of Manangatang (Vic.), is fond of swimming.
MARY JOHNSON, of Brisbane (Qld.), is fourteen years of age; JOHN MASON, of Muldura (Vic.), got a new bicycle for Christmas.



INTRODUCING CATHERINE McLEAN, of Redfern Hill.

Beautiful Rain

BY JEAN WILLIAMS
THE drooping flowers lift their heads and weary heads.
The parrots, dry grass grows cool and green again.
The sun is damp, and rivers flowing fast,
For from the darkening heavens comes the rain.
The flowers drink with thirsty eagerness,
And all mankind is thankful once again.
For though the summer days bring happy times,
The thanks from man to God are for the rain.
Prize of 3/- to JEAN WILLIAMS, Townsville, Queensland, N.S.W.

Queer Advertisements

LOST—A dog by a man named Nigger.
LOST—A cat by a woman with a black nose.
Prize Card to NOEL COLLIER, C/o E. G. Miller, Brick Tarns, Dundas, N.S.W.

FOR FUN & FANCY

BOOK CANVASSES: Madam, have you Stenson, Dickens, or Scott in your house? Lady, Don't know 'em, but if they're pals of Bert's, they're probably mud at the "Red Lamb".
Prize Card to GEOFFREY FRASER, 181 John Street, Maryborough, Qld.
Old Lady: There, there, my poor man, there's a shilling.
Tramp: Thank you, kind lady, and could I use your phone a minute to ring up my bookmaker?
Prize Card to BETTY FROST, Manangatang, Vic.
Policeman: You're driving 60 miles an hour, Sir! Oh, but that splendid! I only learnt to drive yesterday!
Prize Card to LORNA WALSH, 161 Elizabeth Street, Ashfield, N.S.W.
As the Minister was about to leave the pier, an old lady was knitting on the dock. "Cast off there!" shouted an officer.
"Thank you," said the old lady tartly, "but I know more about my knitting than you do."
Prize Card to BETTY SWEATMAN (14), C/o F. Parrott, Yallah Road, Moree.
A Scotchman, Irishman and Englishman were afloat on a raft. They had given up all hope and the Irishman got down to pray very earnestly. As a mark of respect, the Englishman took off his hat, but the Scotchman dived underneath. He thought they were going to take up a collection.
Prize Card to BETTIE CAUST, Deering St., Cremorne, N.S.W.
Tom: I heard that you ate sixty cakes at the party.
Bill: You "in-laws" cakes.
Prize Card to KEN McALEER, 19 The Crescent, Queensland.
Street Manager: Why do you keep your pen in the ink so long?
Clark (who has just applied for rise in salary, and is waiting hard to justify it): To cool the nib, Sir.
Prize Card to PETER SMITH, 14 James Ave., Glenelg, S.A.
Inspector (to small boy): Now what are you doing in wet clothes?
Small boy (promptly): Underneath, Sir.
Prize Card to BETTY PHILLIPS, 161 James Street, Leichhardt, N.S.W.
"I've brought you plans along that ye said ye'd buy from me."
"You don't mean to say you pushed it through the streets?"
"Mum, they wouldn't let me put it on the tram."
Prize Card to KEN DE SILVA, 24 Walsh Street, Cobar, New South Wales.
Teacher: Take that sweet out of your mouth, and put your feet in.
Johnny: I can't put my feet in my mouth.
Prize Card to MAUD CHRISTIANSEN, Rockdale, Bathurst, N.S.W.
A Scotchman, Irishman and Englishman were afloat on a raft. They had given up all hope and the Irishman got down to pray very earnestly. As a mark of respect, the Englishman took off his hat, but the Scotchman dived underneath. He thought they were going to take up a collection.
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Prize Card to PETER SMITH, 14 James Ave., Glenelg, S.A.
OUT FOR A RUN. Prize of 3/- to JOYCE REARLE (13), 64 Academy St., Lithgow, N.S.W.



OUT FOR A RUN. Prize of 3/- to JOYCE REARLE (13), 64 Academy St., Lithgow, N.S.W.



"A baby's life isn't worth living without FLYWIRE"

... says Mrs. James
"There's little Keith Kennedy. He's about my Brian's age—twelve months—and developing a really unhappy disposition. This hot summer weather if he's not under a really mosquito net, mosquito or flies are annoying him. No wonder he's crotchety. Now, we've flywire screens everywhere—windows, doors, front verandah, sleep-out, even the chimney. The result is that Brian has been like a little angel all summer simply because there are no flies or mosquitos to worry him. If flywire were expensive there might be some excuse, but it costs surprisingly little."

Cyclone

"Cyclone" Flywire is made in three grades: GOLDEN BRONZE—most suitable for outside and the inside; ZINCALOID (Electric Galvanised)—standard weight, in widths from 18 in. to 48 in.; HEAVY GALVANISED—much heavier—much stronger.

Obtainable at all Hardware Stores.

BACKACHE LUMBAGO

Believe Backache and Lumbago's excruciating pain! For 16 years Genuine Vincent's A.P.C., prepared on the scientific, hospital formula, has given quick, safe relief from pain. Be sure to get Genuine Vincent's A.P.C., recommended by the Medical Profession, Physicians and Tablets, 12 for 2/6, 24 for 5/6. All Chemists and Stores or direct from Vincent Chemical Company Limited, 76-78 Liverpool St., Sydney.

GENUINE VINCENT'S APC
FOR SAFETY'S SAKE, SAY "VINCENT'S"

free

Send your name and address to White's Jelly Crystals, Box 21045, G.P.O. Melbourne for White's Free Recipe Book in which you can paste the recipes published regularly in this Journal.

TODAY'S RECIPE

PEARS ROYAL: 1 Packet White's Lime or Creme de Menthe Jelly as liked. 1 can preserved Pears. Strain liquid from the can of Pears, make up to one pint with water, heat and dissolve Jelly in this. When thickening arrange 4 or 5 half pears nicely in mould with Cherry in centre of each Pear, pour in Jelly and chill until firm. Serve with remainder of Pears as a garnish with White's Custard or Cream.

The Secret is the REAL FRUIT

All the goodness of delicious fruit, ripened by the sun, goes into White's Jelly Crystals. Serve it often—there are dozens of different ways in which the nourishing, full flavoured food can give variety to summer meals. Each packet makes 3 cups of jelly—ask for White's and be sure you get it.

Your choice of 20 flavours.

Apricot, Black Currant, Calves' Foot, Champagne, Cherry, Damson, Greenapple, Lemon, Lime-fruit, Madeira, Nectarine, Orange, Peach, Pineapple, Port Wine, Raspberry, Red Currant, Strawberry, Tangerine, Vanilla.



WHITE'S Pure Fruit JELLY CRYSTALS

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS CONDUCTED BY EVE GYE

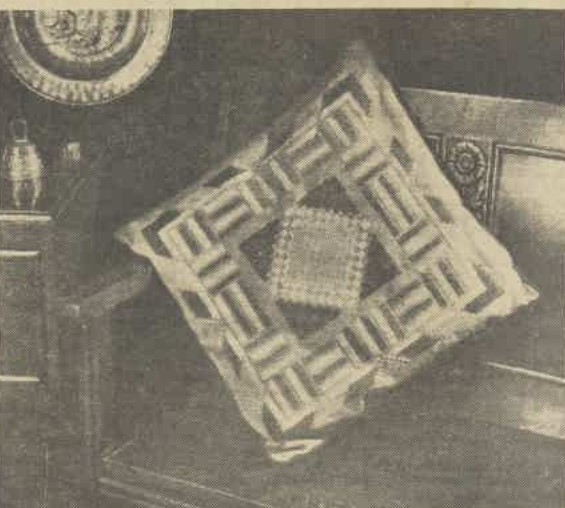
Work This Striking Cushion-Cover Now!

Suggested Color Scheme and Diagram will Guide You to Success

The real home-maker who loves to make things for her home, beautifying and increasing comfort, will rejoice in this striking cross-stitch cushion-cover, shown clearly on this page. With its modernistic design, it will not only perform its function as cover for comfortable cushions, but will adorn and harmonise with your home. Chart of design given below is clear, and easy to follow.

YOU will be able to make this cushion-cover without any trouble if you follow diagram given below, with colors suggested. You may, of course, substitute this color combination with any other—but let your choice of color harmonise with your room.

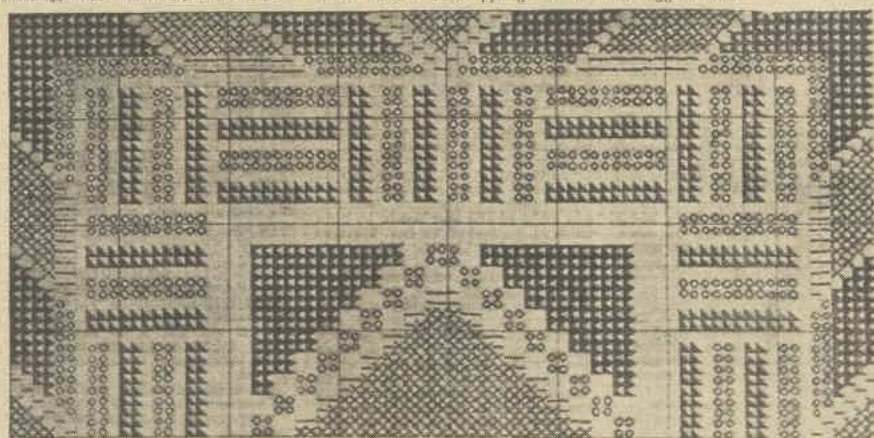
Materials required: 11 skeins "Anchor" stranded cotton, P.580 (ecru); 2 skeins "Anchor" stranded cotton, P.402 (apple-green); 4 skeins each "Anchor" soft embroidery, P.731 (emerald), P.2203 (olive-



ABOVE YOU SEE the cushion, with cross-stitch cover completed, against an antique couch back—transforming severity into inviting comfort. Note the striking modernistic design.

THE INTERESTING little diagram (shown right) is the key to let you into the secret of how to make the cushion above. Each square indicates the color to use. Below is a diagram of half the cushion showing where to work the chosen colors—ecru, apple-green, emerald, nigger-brown

■ = 580
■ = 731
■ = 462
■ = 2203
■ = 610



green); 11 skeins "Anchor" soft embroidery, P.580 (nigger-brown); 1 yard even mesh material (almond-green), 54 in. wide (18 threads to an inch).

This design is worked in two different threads, one dull and one shiny. It could be worked out quite successfully using only one kind of thread, e.g. all soft embroidery, all stranded cotton, etc. Another way would be to use soft embroidery, and, instead of stranded cotton, to substitute pearl cotton.

The cross-stitch design on this cushion is worked by counting the threads of the material and working out the design from the diagram. Commence work in centre of square of material.

The cushion measures 21 in. square when finished. Cut two pieces of material 23 in. square. The embroidery is carried out in cross-stitch with double-stranded cotton and soft embroidery. Each cross is over 4 threads, and each cross is represented on diagram as one square. Follow the diagram for placing of shades.

When design is finished, press well on wrong side and then stitch back and front together. A cord made of dark brown is slip-stitched round the four sides.

Only one-half of the cushion is given in this diagram, but that is quite sufficient for even the veriest amateur.

Knitted Mesh Curtains for Occasional Windows!

JUST the making of a straight strip in plain knitting in mercerised cotton thread, and you have a very quaint and altogether "different" curtain for occasional windows—windows under staircases, in pantries, in halls. The idea is original and exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly, and you have only to follow the very simple directions given below. When complete the curtains are beautifully light, washable, attractive, and unusual. So get your hand in for winter's work and knit a pretty curtain now!

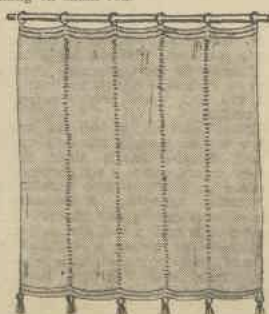
Materials required: Ecru mercerised cotton knitting or crochet thread; sufficient to make your own sized curtain; largest size wooden knitting needles.

To make curtain: Cast on a number of stitches to be divided by 12, and enough for the width required.

To ascertain size (width) of curtain try knitting a small piece first to get number of stitches to one inch.

Knit plain stitching to sufficient length. Before casting off, drop every 12th stitch, and let it ladder to the top

(or other end). Cast off. Sew small brass rings at intervals along top and hang on small rod.



SKETCH of the little knitted mesh curtain, suspended from its curtain rings. Note the attractive "stripes," cunningly achieved by dropping stitches at regular intervals.



PIANIST BE POPULAR

TEDDIE GARRATT tells how you may be the envy of your friends

Absolute Beginners Can Also Learn! YOUR SUCCESS POSITIVELY GUARANTEED

Send 2/6 (P.N. or stamps) for my handsome, new, illustrated 44-page booklet, "The Secrets of Synchopation," and a surprise enclosure, a really unique musical novelty!

TEDDIE GARRATT

Studio W. Box 3348T, G.P.O., Sydney

Tune-in to my "Keyboard Raps" Radio Presentations: 2UL Sunday, 5.30 p.m., and 2SM, Monday, 9.30 p.m.

Drink habit Remedy 40 Years' Success

Forty years to a long time—long enough to prove beyond all doubt the power of EUCRASY in securing the drink habit. Many unhappy homes have been transformed. May be given secretly or taken voluntarily. Harmless. Not costly. Call or write for FREE SAMPLE. Booklet Testimonials under plain cover.

Dept. B, The Eucrazy Co. 205 Elizabeth Street, Sydney

New Hope for Sufferers

The latest German Remedy (patented) for healing Venereal Ulcers and Gonorrea without interruption to your duties is available now. No need to lie up. Guaranteed: never to break out again. But does heal up in a few weeks' time.

Guaranteed never to fail. Write or call for Wonderful Booklet. Treatment to suit a speciality—distance, no subject. You will be delighted with my treatment—no pain, no cost.

C. WINTER 87 WELLINGTON ST. NEW, VICTORIA

Weak POOR Stomach HEALTH

Sick Stomach means acid fermentation, gas pressure on the heart, perhaps dangerous ulceration. Heart, chest and abdominal pain, burning sensation, sour taste, dislike of food, diarrhoea—these mean misery. Get ease and restoration! Through Prof. H. Maclean, of St. Thomas's Hospital, London, millions have found stomach peace this way. And, more, for Harrison-Maclean Stomach Powder adds to instant relief, recuperation of both stomach and bowels. Perpetual dining no longer necessary. To end both cause and effects of your disorder, get genuine Harrison-Maclean Stomach Powder. A sure shield to ease of indigestion, Gastritis, Dyspepsia, Heartburn, Flatulence, Ulceration, Sick Headache, Sourness, Bilelessness, etc. Why lose health and risk an operation through stomach derangement, when Harrison-Maclean Stomach Powder can so quickly, surely make you better? Eat like a youngster again—without fear! Results are astonishing. Chemists sell HARRISON-MACLEAN Stomach Powder at 2/6d. or package posted to order. (Add ad. post.) Analytical Laboratories, Carrington-st., Sydney.

To Get Better—Better Get Harrison-Maclean STOMACH POWDER

DON'T NEGLECT A CUT DALFO STICKING PLASTER FOR FIRST AID ALL CHEMISTS

Combat the menace of 'flu

Fortify the tired and debilitated body, give the blood and tissues the nourishment they must have, and your chances of getting 'flu (or other serious illness) will be greatly lessened. Wincarnis, the fine old tonic wine, enriches the blood . . . tones up the tissues . . . and therein constitutes an effective defence against dread 'flu. Over 20,000 recommendations from Medical men. Get a bottle to-day. Quarts 7/3. Pints 4/3.

WINCARNIS Puts Young Blood in your veins



Your Hair

Every woman should have lovely hair. YOU can have it by feeding the hair roots. Silkiness and gloss, luxuriant growth, beauty and attractiveness quickly follow the daily use of Barry's Tricophorous. It drives out dandruff, prevents greyness and falling hair. Use it also as a dressing. Fine for children's hair, splendid for men.

BARRY'S
Tri-coph-erous
For Luxuriant Hair Growth

Sold by all Chemists and Stores, 2/- per bottle.

The Perfect Way to Under-arm freshness

This new deodorant is the size and shape of a lipstick—applied as easily as a lipstick—no spreading or rubbing. A few touches to the armpits and you are protected against odour for the day. Its name? Perstik. And because it is the size and shape of a lipstick, it is easy to keep in your bag for use during the day or evening. If you have ever—even for a single moment—suspected the presence of under-arm odour when away from your boudoir, you will appreciate having a Perstik with you in your purse at all times. 2/3 at all Chemists and Stores.

Distributors: Fawcett & Johnson Ltd., Sydney.

Perstik
THE ORIGINAL "LIPSTICK" DEODORANT



When Somebody's growing old in your House

Time slows up the ability to digest ordinary food and brings for elderly folk the best of all special foods, Benger's, because it can be assimilated with ease and comfort. It is fully nourishing and very delicious. A cupful of Benger's Food between meals and last thing at night enables thousands to enjoy a vigorous and happy old age. Recipes for many dainty dishes will be found in Benger's Booklet, post free—Benger's Food, Ltd., 350, George Street, Sydney.

Prices in City & Suburbs:
No. 1 size — 3/-
No. 2 size — 5/6
Made at MANCHESTER, Eng.



Printed and published by Sydney Newspapers Ltd., Macquarie Street, 221 Pitt Street, Sydney.

MEN and ANGEL

Continued from Page 7

"MY dear girl, I've had no time for remembering anything," said Angela.

"If you had wanted to, which you didn't," said Angela.

"Which I didn't," he agreed quietly. He flung his burnt match out of the window. "London," he said, "is not half bad at this time of year."

Angela said: "Paul, I don't want to talk about London."

He sat back in his corner of the taxi, legs crossed, arms folded, hat-brim shadowing his eyes. From between his steady fingers the smoke of his cigarette ascended. Dark was falling. All Angela could see clearly was the controlled indifference of his mouth.

Street lamps went past the window. Flowering mistily in early twilight. She thought: "He did come. I am seeing him again. I could put out my hand and touch him." But he might as well have been a thousand miles away. She fought with herself as she might have fought for her life. "I've got to make him listen. I've got to make him see—now. To-morrow he'll be gone."

The word rang in her mind like a bell tolling. Gone—gone—gone—gone.

"They had been driving fast."

"There's St. James' Park," said Talmadge conversationally.

Angela leaned and looked. Trees and the gleam of darkening water. Pale reaches of flower-beds. Wind-tug paths. She said on a desperate impulse:

"Let's get out and walk—just for a little. It looks so lovely."

Talmadge hesitated.

"Surely," said Angela. "We could find another taxi—two—if necessary."

They left the taxi and entered the Park.

"Over here past the flowers," said Talmadge.

There was a bridge spanning the lake.

"Do—do stop for a moment," said Angela. One or two people stood there dropping bits of bread to the water-fowl. Gulls hung in the air, drifted and swirled.

Angela stood with her elbows on the rail, and Talmadge stood beside her. The sky above the lake was misty and cool, laced with the wings of starlings in great flocks whirling and swooping. There was a strange rose in the sky delicately saffron. Like no rose that ever lived. It hung above the Park. It hung above the town. In the distance the walls of White-hall showed aged and unreal against it.

ANGELA said, "It's strange to be here—with you."

Talmadge said, "In a moment I shall have to be going." She moved, stifling a protest, and his shoulder brushed hers.

"Sorry," he said perfunctorily.

Angela's dogged calm failed her. She said brokenly, "You needn't be cruel."

Talmadge faced her. His jaw was set.

"Must we go into all this again?" he said. "Will nothing else satisfy you?"

"Nothing," said Angela, white and shaking.

"Then we'll go over to my rooms," said Talmadge, "where I can at least finish with my bags and where," he added coldly, "we won't have half London for audience."

It had been unreal twilight in the Park. In the corridors of the mansions it was unlit gloom. Talmadge let himself into his room with a latch-key, turned a switch beside the door, and released a thin flood of overhead light.

He said, "Good deal of a mess—naturally."

He threw his hat down on a table in the centre of the room. The table was covered with a square of magenta plush and bore, beside a number of official-looking papers, an open portable typewriter.

There was a straight-backed chair beside the table.

"Sit down," said Talmadge briefly. Angela sat down. She laid her gloves and bag beside the typewriter. Proximity of inanimate things, his belongings and hers, gave her, somehow, reassurance.

While Talmadge walked to the french window opposite the door and opened it, she looked about her swiftly. In one corner a bed discreetly disguised as a couch—with cushions, a Victorian wardrobe. A sideboard with a water carafe and glasses. A dressing-table with a tall, dim mirror. In a very far corner a washstand jug and basin sprinkled with rosebuds. Soap dish. Stringy towels draped upon a towel rail. Next to the divan bed a little table with a reading lamp, an ash-tray, one or two books.

Angela thought, with a curious glow of comradeship, "He reads in bed." She wanted to look at the books, but thought it better instead to walk over

and stand beside him at the window. He was looking down at the lights of Victoria Street, at the welter of taxis. Noise rose like waves against a cliff. Four stories up. There was a church across the street. Silent in the midst of babel. Grass round it and trees. From a flagpole at the top of its square stem a flag barely fluttering lay pale against the deepening sky.

"I LIKE this place," said Angela. She thought, "It just misses being shabby, but it's home." Places to Angela were home—or they weren't.

"Do you mind if I get on with what I've still to do?" said Talmadge. He turned away from the window—and from her.

There was a knock at the door. Talmadge said, "Come in!"

Almost before the words were out of his mouth the door opened. A small, dark, clean-shaven man wearing dark clothes and a black tie came in with a suit of tweeds over his arm. His manner was unobtrusive yet assured.

"This is the last, sir," he said in a subdued, precise voice.

"Put them on the bed, Russell," said Talmadge.

"And the bill, sir," said Russell. Having deposited the clothes, he laid a small, black notebook on the sideboard. "Breakfast to-morrow morning included. You shan't be wanting luncheon, I think you said?"

Talmadge said, "I'll be out of here by eleven."

"And gone," thought Angela, the bell in her ears again. Gone—gone—gone—gone.

"Will you have your bath at the usual time, sir?" said Russell.

"Half an hour early," said Talmadge.

"Very good, sir. And now can I help you with your packing?"

Talmadge did not at once answer. Angela found herself holding her breath. He said at length, "Thanks, I think not." Russell went away, having glanced once at Angela when he first came in, but having thereafter been to all intents and purposes unconscious of her presence.

"Your valise?" said Angela.

"On my pay?" said Talmadge. "He's the porter. Darned good service, too."

He closed the typewriter, looked it and set it on the floor beside an open trunk at the foot of the bed. The tray was on a chair. In the bottom part of the trunk a pair of riding boots gleamed smartly, full-dress uniform neatly folded, an army cap with a gold badge shining brightly above its leather peak. Looking at the cap Angela felt tears burn her eyelids. All at once he became remote. Here was a whole side of his life of which she knew nothing. At that moment Talmadge, now putting papers from the table into a brief case, looked up.

"What the hell?" he said, but more gently than he had yet spoken to her.

Angela said: "I've never seen you in uniform."

"Borry I can't oblige," said Talmadge. "Hand me those books from the table beside the bed, will you?"

When she gave him the books he looked into her face. "How did you leave Pendleton?" He put the books into the brief case.

"I LEFT them both in

Paris," said Angela.

"Both?"

"Horse came over a week or so ago."

"After you?"

"So he said."

Talmadge went over to the wardrobe. He came back with his hands full of freshly laundered shirts which he put into the tray of the steamer trunk.

"Won't you let me help you?" said Angela.

He said: "Used to doing it myself, thanks."

There was a photograph of a pretty girl in a wedding-gown and veil, standing on the dressing-table. Angela picked it up and carried it to him. She said: "Oughtn't this to go in the tray, too—so as not to bend it?"

Talmadge took the photo and slipped it between two shirts.

"Is that the sister you told me about—at St. Malo?" asked Angela.

"Was it you I was with at St. Malo?" asked Talmadge. He stood looking at her.

Angela said: "Remember the night the light went out—on the stairs?" She put her hand to her throat, because it hurt to talk to him, while he stood there watching her like a merciless stranger. She said: "I had a feeling then; I knew this was going to happen to me."

"Yes? What has happened to you?" said Talmadge.

Angela said: "I love you. And it's no use."

"Say that again," said Talmadge. His clean, bronzed skin began to burn.



By air mail from Paris comes this beautiful picture of a model evening gown of printed chiffon. The full cowl back is a particularly smart note.

"I love you," said Angela. Blindly she put out both hands to him.

He let those seeking fingers go and caught her into his arms—roughly. She clung to him, kissing the shoulder of his coat over and over again. "Say you love me—say it—say it! Why must you put me through such hell?"

He kissed her mouth then as he had not kissed it before. His arms were hard and tender. When presently he kissed her for the second time he said: "Yes, I love you—worse luck—what are we going to do about it?"

"Take me with you," said Angela. She felt their two hearts beating as if in one body. She could hardly breathe for happiness.

"What—again?" he inquired. He held her off and looked at her somewhat grimly. "Very well," he said at last. "I tried to keep out of this but—"

Angela said: "If you leave me there's nothing—anywhere—"

"I'm not going to leave you," said Talmadge. "I may be the biggest fool God ever made, but I'll take you with me. No formalities, eh?"

THROUGH the mist of ecstasy which enwrapped her, Angela realised what he was saying. She leaned away from him, holding him off with her palms against his breast, staring up into his face.

"No assistance of Church or State," he said.

She wrenched herself free. "Paul, are you laughing at me?"

"Why should I laugh at you?" said Talmadge.

"Why, indeed?" said Angela. She trembled, telling him why. "It was you who told me that night at St. Malo that I wasn't made like that: it was you who told me I didn't really want to run out of bounds—that I'd be a fool ever to begin it."

"Did I tell you that?" said Talmadge. They stood without touching each other, looking squarely into each other's eyes. His did not waver, but neither did hers.

"That was how I found out about myself," said Angela. "If you think I'm going to throw all that overboard now—"

"Well, what you want to do?" said Talmadge.

"If you love me—," said Angela.

"If?" he said. "You're no fool, Dorce—if I love you—"

Angela was silent.

"Go on," said Talmadge.

Angela said: "If you don't care to marry me I'll go away, and you'll never be troubled with me again as long as we both shall live."

"Getting all mixed up with the ceremony aren't you?" said Talmadge. His eyes were shining deeply.

"Do you think I want to ruin your career?" said Angela. Suddenly angry tears ran down her cheeks. "Do you think all I want is a week-end with you, or even a month or two? I want us to be together—always. I want to be some good to you."

"That's enough," said Talmadge huskily. She was back in his arms, closing her eyes before his face, transfixed, bending over her.

"I had to know, too," he said.

"What I want is—a wife—not—"

"A damned little cheat?" said Angela. She held up her mouth to him.

"Heavens—I love you!" said Talmadge. His eyelids were wet when he kissed her.

Later, distinctly later, she helped him finish packing. "You'll have plenty of this to do before we're finished," he told her. He hindered the process considerably by stopping to make love to her. Any memory she might have had of

Neville paled into nothingness before Talmadge as a lover. He held her by the shoulders with one hand and rumpled her hair with the other. "I haven't been able to get that gold mop out of my mind from the first day I saw you."

He turned her hands over and over, looked at them long and tenderly. "They're so damned strong—for a woman."

He came back again and again to her lips. "That funny little smile—I'm sure you sleep with it!"

It was not until the trunk was closed and the last bag locked that he said casually: "I'm sailing from Southampton. If you sail, too, we could be married on the way. That suit you?"

Angela caught her breath. "What time?"

"Boat-train at twelve."

She said: "Do you think I could get a berth?"

"I think so. Not very crowded."

She considered again. "Betty could send my things after me—close up the flat."

"How much money have you got with you?"

"Only twelve pounds; but I can wire the bank in Paris for enough to cover me second-class, anyhow."

Talmadge said: "I'm travelling second-class myself. Paying my own expenses—having asked to be transferred. No more first-class for us, darling. Not until I get my promotion, anyhow."

"Oh," said Angela, "shall I have time to see the man who thinks he can sell my clay figure?"

"We can," said Talmadge. "You ought to keep up with that."

"And perhaps grandfather would buy the house back from me."

Talmadge said: "Let it wait. I'll get you to Tokyo if that's what's worrying you. Take things up with grandfather later."

"I'm not really worrying about anything," said Angela. "I'd follow you round the world on my knees if I had to—and you know it."

Talmadge took off his heavy gold clasp ring and slipped it on her finger. "Wear it till your wedding," he said. He lifted the hand and ring to his lips.

BETTY sat on the

couch in the little salon of the flat on the 16 and watched while a blue-smoked porter carried out the last of Angela's belongings, boxes and bags. She mopped her face with Jim's handkerchief, and sighed:

"Thank heaven that's over! I don't think we've forgotten anything."

"Have a cigarette and take your weight off your feet," said Jim, lounging against the mantelpiece. They smoked for a moment or so in companionable silence.

He walked over to the couch. Betty was reclining against heaped cushions. He sat down beside her and absently pinched her soft shoulder.

"Think as marriages go, that it's a good thing, do you? Think it'll last?"

"Angel will see to that," said Betty. "She'll make a success of it."

"I'd hate to see that child hurt," said Jim. "How do we know what sort of a fellow he really is?"

Betty began to laugh.

"Of course he's been after her all the time. If that's what you mean," said Jim.

Betty stopped chuckling.

"Wise fellow," she said. "Perhaps Angel herself didn't know it, but from the day that man left her in St. Malo he hadn't a chance."

THE END.

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HOW to PREPARE for BIG Tennis Tournaments

Skipping the Ideal Exercise ... Dieting Can be Overdone

By JOAN HARTIGAN

Tennis enthusiasts who regularly attend tournaments in the various States of Australia have little or no conception of the mental and physical strain on the players taking part. Particularly does this apply to the champion players and the aspirants for titles.

It is one thing to sit in the shade of a grandstand with the temperature round about 80 or 90 degrees, and another thing to engage in either a three or five set match fully exposed to the sun. These matches call for great physical endurance and unless a player, male or female, is properly fit and well, there is always the possibility of his or her health being undermined, with injurious effects later in life.

It is incumbent on players taking part in big tournaments, particularly championship events, as far as lies in their power, to fit themselves for the strain which they will have to undergo.

No hard and fast rule can be laid down for general guidance. Some players have a tendency to put on weight rapidly, and this type necessarily has to train considerably harder than those who are more of the lean kind.

In training, moreover, one has to consider the class of exercise that will help to produce suppleness for the various tennis shots as well as fleetness of foot. Exercises that have the effect of stiffening and building up muscles are detrimental to a tennis player. In this connection, I should say that swimming or rowing would be distinctly

disadvantageous from some points of view. On the other hand, breathing exercises, certain forms of physical culture, and continual practice on the tennis court itself, seem to me to be the best aids to bringing about perfect physical condition and fitness.

Physical culture helps to develop the body to withstand the strain which is placed upon it by a match which might last as long as two hours. Breathing exercises strengthen the lungs and fit these organs for the continued demand that is made on them, particularly in a hard-fought match. Another admirable form of training is skipping. This, while developing the muscles, aids the wind and also helps the breathing considerably.

Simple Diet

PERSONALLY, I feel that skipping is the best of all exercises and, if carried out regularly twice a day, does much to improve one's health and stamina, particularly if it is not overdone. A regular bout of easy skipping, followed by fast movements, helps one considerably. Moreover, skipping is an exercise that is within the reach of everybody because it can be carried out in a very small space in one's own household. Skipping can be made so varied in its application that it combines the dual effects of physical and breathing exercises; besides, as I have found, it has a tendency to aid one's fleetness of foot.

The question of diet is also one on which opinions vary. Personally, I think it is a mistake to be too fastidious in considering what is best to eat. I always eat what I think agrees with me. Again, the quantity of food is a matter for one's own taste. I really have never been able to see any good in the arguments advanced that any particular type of diet is of advantage. I think if one has a liking for certain classes of food they are all the more easily digested and, in consequence of this, most fulfil natural functions and be an aid to one's health.

Early Training

I CERTAINLY would advise young girls who are taking up tennis seriously to do at least some moderate training before indulgence in strenuous tennis. It is quite obvious that a moderate form of training will help build up the body to withstand the strain that is imposed from time to time in hard-fought matches. Certainly much less serious effects will accrue to any girl who takes part in strenuous games if she has fitted herself for these games, than to the girl who has so little regard for her health that she would allow considerable strain to be imposed on her system without taking any steps to assist her body to meet such strain.



HELEN WILLS-MOODY and Helen Jacobs are two world's champions who know the value of preparing for tournaments.

BE PREPARED! — Your Chance MAY COME! Big Year Ahead of Australian Sportswomen

By RUTH PREDDEY

With the advent of 1936, sportswomen made many resolutions which will, no doubt, be helpful while they are remembered; but, unfortunately, they will probably go the way of all good resolutions and gradually be forgotten.

"I'm going to train seriously this season," "I'm going to get up early and practise before breakfast," "I'm going to bed early the night before our matches."

These declarations have been made in all earnestness, for the majority of sportswomen will have to make many sacrifices of time and pleasure if they are to be considered for any of the Australian teams this year.

Those selected will be most fortunate, for every performer will have won her position on merit, and against very strong opposition.

Naturally the selection of competitors for the Olympic Games comes foremost as so many representatives of various sports comprise the team, but unfortunately women can find places only in the athletic and swimming sections.

Financial Aspect

IN all probability there will be several women's teams selected to play in England, but the only one that will tour America this year appears to be the Australian women's hockey team, which will leave Sydney on September 10. This much can be said, however—the

New Year resolutions, if adhered to, will not have been in vain. The way to progress in the sporting domain can only be achieved by sacrifice in some way or other, whether it be early to bed or early to rise, strict training, or finance.

Trips abroad cannot be accomplished without money, and there is not a women's organisation in Australia at the present time with enough cash to pay the expenses of even one member. And as anything up to sixteen players may be included in a team, the question of finance is one that calls for considerable personal sacrifice.

The women who will represent Australia on the cricket fields of England must each find \$75. That this will be found demonstrates the courage with which players overcome their difficulties.

Why not include a resolution for 1936 to start saving for the time when you will be called upon to represent Australia? Any sportswoman may get her chance some time, and yours may come when you least expect it. So be prepared.

OUR BOOK OFFER!

Here is Taken K10 in The Australian Women's Weekly "Treasury of Knowledge" Book offer.

TOKEN K10

CUT OUT NOW AND PASTE ON YOUR VOUCHER

TOKEN D15

Here is Taken D15 in The Australian Women's Weekly "World's Best Mystery Stories."

CUT OUT NOW AND PASTE ON YOUR VOUCHER

Here is Taken B28 in The Australian Women's Weekly "Children's Treasure Home" Book offer.

TOKEN B28

CUT OUT NOW AND PASTE IT AT ONCE ON YOUR VOUCHER.



STOMACH ACIDITY RESPONSIBLE FOR 90% OF ILLNESS

Quite apart from the pain and discomfort of indigestion, stomach acidity is the cause of almost all illness. Excess acid disturbs the alkaline balance of the system and reveals itself in such conditions as HEADACHE, INSOMNIA, CONSTIPATION and even RHEUMATISM. For perfect health and vitality it is essential to neutralize excess acid and stop food fermenting in the stomach. If you take, immediately after meals, a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia, the stomach remedy which doctors prescribe and hospitals use, you will quickly overcome indigestion and other painful conditions due to stomach acidity, your health will improve and you will feel better in yourself and with the world in general. Get a bottle of 'Bisurated' Magnesia, powder or tablets, from your chemist and start your recovery to-day.

'BISURATED' MAGNESIA
Banishes Stomach Ills
A concentrated preparation, very economical. The package bears the 'Bismag' Trade Mark. **BISMAG**

SHE PLAYS ORGAN AT 75 YEARS

Her Fingers Quite Supple

Writing to tell how she keeps her activity, this wonderful old woman states—

"My hands were becoming so crippled that I had to give up piano and organ playing—and almost entirely gave up knitting. I have been using Kruschen Salts for nearly two years, and am very pleased with the result. Last August I played two church services on the organ, and hope to do so again this August. My fingers are nearly straight, and quite supple, and I am 75. I have recommended Kruschen to many people."

—A. C. C.
Kruschen Salts brings quick relief from the cutting, stabbing pains of rheumatism because it actually rids your blood of every trace of poisonous uric acid. Two of the ingredients of Kruschen Salts dull the sharp edges of these uric acid crystals, then dissolve them away altogether. Other ingredients of these salts assist Nature to wash out these dissolved crystals through the natural channels. Nor is that all. Kruschen keeps your inside so regular, that uric acid never gets the chance to accumulate again.

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NO RESTING REQUIRED

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GET HOLD OF THAT COLD! Don't let it get hold of you, for it may lead to a more serious illness. GREATHEAD'S MIXTURE taken in accordance with the directions, will immediately relieve the worst of Colds and prevent further trouble.

Mixed with Honey, Children will take it Freely. OBTAINABLE AT ALL CHEMISTS AND LEADING STORES. Famous for over 60 years.

TOURING AMERICA

Itinerary of Women's Hockey Team

Depart Sydney Sept. 10.			
Thu. Oct. 1—Arrive Victoria, P.C.	Pri.	16—Arrive New York City.	
Fri. 2—In Victoria.	Sat.	17—In New York.	
Sat. 3—Match v. Victoria Club.	Sun.	18—In New York. Depart by train Philadelphia.	
Depart by steamer, midnight.		Afternoon (11 hours).	
Sun. 4—Arrive Vancouver 7 a.m.	Sun. Nov. 1—In Philadelphia, 6 matches I.F.W.H.A. tournament.		
Mon. 5—Match v. Vancouver Club. Depart by train evening.	Mon. 2—Depart Philadelphia, midnight.		
Tues. 6—En route through Canadian Rockies.	Tues. 3—Arrive Chicago 7.15 a.m. Depart 11.39 p.m.		
Wed. 7—En route through Canadian Rockies.	Wed. 4—En route.		
Thu. 8—Arrive Madison, Wisconsin, early afternoon.	Thu. 5—		
Pri. 9—Match v. Madison H.C.	Pri. 6—Arrive Grand Canyon Arizona, 7.45 a.m. Depart 8 p.m.		
Sat. 10—Motor to Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Match v. Milwaukee H.C.	Sat. 7—Arrive Los Angeles California, noon. Match.		
Sun. 11—In Milwaukee.	Sun. 8—In Los Angeles.		
Mon. 12—By train to Chicago, Illinois, during a.m. (11 hours).	Mon. 9—		
Tues. 13—In Chicago.	Tues. 10—		
Wed. 14—Match v. Chicago F.H.A. Depart by train evening.	Wed. 11—Match.		
Thu. 15—At Niagara Falls, New York.	Thu. 12—All day by train to San Francisco, California.		
	Fri. 13—In San Francisco.		
	Sat. 14—		
	Sun. 15—		
	Mon. 16—		
	Tues. 17—		
	Wed. 18—Sail for Australia.		

SKIN TROUBLES

Beware of Septic Poison

Neglect of a small sore or abrasion may cause not only pain and discomfort—it can start virulent septic infection. You should act at once; apply Germolene Skin Ointment. Let this wonderful remedy remove all impurities. Germolene penetrates to the furthest point of danger, instantly killing every poisonous germ, soothing, cleansing, and healing with remarkable speed. The treatment which is so successful over ulcers, eczema, burns and scalds and many severe forms of skin disease is perfect for slight troubles. Don't be without Germolene in your home. It isn't worth the risk.



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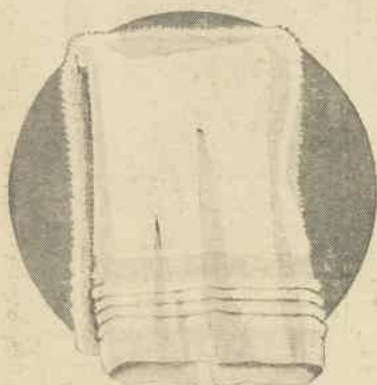
FARMER'S

startles Sydney with an amazing

Great White Sale

No. 1 OF A SERIES OF MIDSUMMER MONEY-SPINNERS

Mid-summer Money-Spinners! Never have Farmer's done such exciting things to price tickets—never have reductions been carried out on a wider or more thorough scale. This White Sale is the first of a thrilling series, and to those housewives, hotel-keepers, hospital matrons, who want to save pounds, Farmer's advice is "act now."



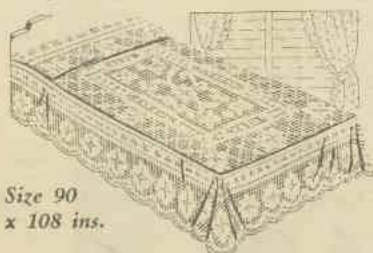
"Osman" Towels AT HALF!

The manufacturer branded them "seconds"—why, we haven't been able to discover. And the fact that these superb white towels are "OSMAN'S" speaks volumes for their wear and quality. Best plan is to Lay-by.

Specimen Lines from Purchase

7/6 Large whites, 33 x 58 ins. **Now 3/9**
8/6 Thick white towels, 33 x 58 ins. **4/3**

Towels are on First Floor



Size 90
x 108 ins.

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There's a fascinating choice of designs. Size 72 x 108 ins. Usually 49/6. **Sale 33/-**
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MARCELLA QUILTS OUT!

You, they've that luxurious white satin-finish that's always a feature of the best quality Marcellas. Size 90 x 108 ins. Us. 49/0. **Sale Price 39/6**
Size 80 x 100 ins. Us. 47/0. **Sale Price 35/-**

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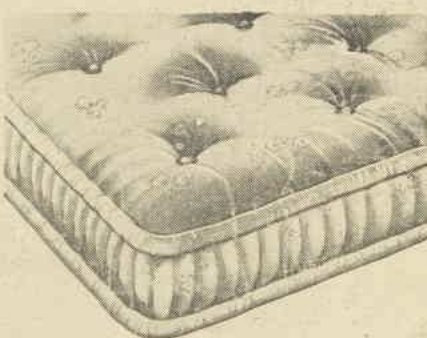
25/- White Bedspr'ds 12/6

That's half their usual price. Smart all-white embroidered 'spread, showing some pretty drawn-thread work. 77 x 95 ins. The Lay-by, remember!

500 PAIRS OF THE WORLD-FAMOUS FINLAY'S LINEN-FINISH SHEETS CLEAR from 9/11

The most amazing value of the whole White Sale! Use the easy, worryless Lay-By

54 x 90 ins. Usually, 13/6 pair. **Sale, 9/11.** 80 x 99 ins. Usually, 23/6 pair. **Sale, 17/11.**
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Mattresses—First Floor, Pitt Street

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5,000 "Tidy" Cases will be scooped up here by lucky purchasers. These cases do not require either tapes or buttons. 18 x 29 ins. Usual 11½d. **Sale 9½d. each, or 8/9 dozen.**

Keep the Lay-by well in mind

1/6 "Tidys" 1/3 1/11½ Hemst. 1/6½
Heavyweight "Tidy" Full size, hemstitched pillow cases, made from reliable pillow cotton. 1/6½. Us. 2/6. 1/11½. Size 19 x 39 in. **Lay-by.** Us. 3/11. **Now Sale 3/6**

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At half price! Hand-made Russian filet! Surely that's the most amazing table cloth offer for months and months. Tremendous buying alone makes it possible. Lovely, lacy designs, all hand-made! 42 x 42 ins. Us. 13/6. **Spec., 6/9.**
52 x 52 ins. Us. 22/6. **Spec., 10/6**

7/6 Linen Tea Set **3/9** 3/11 B'g'low Cloth **2/11**

Clever hands made these cross-stitch linen afternoon tea sets. Cloth 33x33, 4 serviettes match.

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THE PLAGUE SHIP

• This Supplement Must
Not Be Sold Separately

By F. Coleman

CHAPTER 1.



THE Chinese donkeyman, known to the ship's company as "Number Four," stood in the joint shadow of the mainmast and derricks, and slowly chipped at the bubbles of rust that encrusted a winch.

He was a repellent figure, stooped of shoulder and fat stomach. A deep scar which ran from forehead to chin exposed one bloodshot corner of his right eye, and contorted his mouth in its downward stroke. His blackened and broken teeth showed in a perpetual grin. In dungaree trousers that reached only to the top of his high woollen socks, blue and white cotton singlet and huge topie, he looked a living ogre. He rolled clumsily with the ship, and smoked thin wisps of cigarettes as he labored sleepily.

Overhead, blue water sparkled in the tropic sun, and a gentle monsoonal swell brought a tinkle of pots from the galley and a creak from the parallel derricks. But for the screw's thump and an occasional ring from "Number Four's" hammer, there was nothing to disturb the quiet which lay over the after part of the tramp. A watcher, looking down from the deck above, might imagine she were a deserted "Marie Celeste."

The heat radiated from the iron and the sun burned from above. The officer of the watch paced in the cool shadow of the bridge awning, and looked languidly down at the reddened gnomes below.

"Be that something there?"

The shaft of broad West Country dialect brought all heads up and, looking at the speaker who was leaning on his striker pointing ahead, "There for'ard," he added to their inquiring looks.

The mate walked to the rail, and his action was followed by the rest, who were all now gazing curiously in the direction to which the sailor pointed.

"Mr. Thompson," the mate turned from the rail, and, pointing at the object of their curiosity, called the officer on the bridge, "What do you make of it?"

"It looks like a fisherman through the glasses, sir. He is flying a distress signal of some sort, too, I fancy. I have asked the Captain up."

"Hell! Bosun, relay this painting and stand by. I'll run up to the fore'side head—you had better come too—some wine wanting a bag of rice, I suppose," he growled to the bosun as they swung up the iron ladder from the well deck.

THE ship slowed down and the crew now lined the rail fore and aft.

By this time the stranger was brought

on to the port bow, and stood a cable's length clear.

From the bridge, it appeared the ordinary type of deep-sea fishing boat to be met off the coast of Ceylon. Roomy and slow-moving, these craft ventured far in their questing, and were usually manned by keen and capable sailors. With its big mat sail hauled off the wind, it presented to the crew of the tramp a topic of conjecture.

"Mr. James," Captain Hall was now in charge, and with his megaphone called the mate.

"Sir!"

"Pass a line overside and make it fast aft. I will bring him alongside."

"Aye, sir." The mate whirled into action.

"Bosun, have that hawser made fast on the bitts for'ard here, and tie off in the after well-deck." Then, in an undertone, "Swing into it, boss. Don't want to waste much time on this fellow. I want those decks finished to-day."

Soon the hawser was run out and made fast, and it hung in a long loop about four feet clear of the water.

The fisherman drifted alongside and ready hands grasped the line and held straining against the big ship's way.

At this juncture "Number Four" created a diversion—he fell overboard. It might have been that a playful push on the part of a sailor was responsible for this historic incident—there is no proof. Sufficient be it, that a badly-frightened Chinese was hauled aboard the fisherman, and laboriously and hilariously helped back to his ship, there to seek the now deserted stokehold to dry out.

In the general excitement, several of the fisherman's crew scrambled up the side and reached the tramp's deck; and from the agitated signs of the remainder a general embarkation looked imminent. The mate grew choleric. With violent gesture and Hindustani oath, he strongly evidenced the fact that laying alongside was sufficient to discharge any obligation to which his ship might be committed. "For the present, at any rate," he snarled.

The boarders reluctantly withdrew, and some order was restored. Now, an old man with a wisp of white beard was trying to make Captain Hall understand that he had been fishing, and that a storm had blown him from his grounds and he was lost. Further, he was without food and water. Would the Sahib Captain succor him and give him sailing directions?

The Sahib Captain would. He ordered the steward to give the old man a bag of rice and fill up his beaker. Then, entering the chart-room, he marked a course on the dirty chart that had been passed up, and called the bosun.

"Give the old fellow that, bosun," he said, and, noting the dour expression on that individual's face, added, with a slight smile, "Perhaps he was blown away!"

"Aye, maybe, sir." The bosun was respectful, but to "Lamps" and "Chips" in

the messroom he remarked, "The old ——— watched 'e didn't get blown past the steamer lanes!"

In the quick realisation that it was losing sleep over a "lousy fisherman on the run," the watch below retired, and the after-deck assumed the same deserted appearance.

With the rice and water stowed, the old Indian signalled the crew to let go, and he quickly drifted astern amid shrill manifestations of thanks. Soon, those on the tramp saw his big sail run up and belly in the wind as he stood upon his course.

Captain Hall rang for steam, and the watch walked the heavy hawser on board and resumed painting.

A MONTH later, the tramp thumped her way: the China Sea, from Singapore to Hongkong, with a deck-load of time-expired Chinese coolies from the mines. Under awnings on the fore and after decks, in the empty coal-bunkers, and in the centre-castle, they had their home for five long and wretched days. They reached in the scuppers, and, when better, ate queer and smelly dishes. For relaxation they gambled, or slept in a lifeless, dragged sleep. They swarmed on the decks and filled the sailors' hearts with despair. Clean paintwork vanished and the ship smelt to heaven.

CHAPTER 2.

MAJOR RICHARDSON, Chief of the Hongkong police, threw aside his code book and read the startling message, which he had decoded from the mumbo-jumbo of words contained in the cable lying on his desk.

"All British police east warned valuable collection of gems stolen from Maldiva Islands Stop Greatest vigilance necessary Stop All foreign bureaux notified details following."

It bore the date of the nineteenth, and was from the Civil Investigation Department, India.

Richardson whistled softly as he read the message over.

"That," he murmured, "looks like a haul." He rang a bell and the summons was answered by a Sikh orderly.

"Ask Inspector Robbins to see me." He moved over the cable whilst waiting for his chief detective.

"Maldiva, eh. I didn't think the place big enough to sport a collection like that." He got up and went to the map which partly covered the wall of his office, and stood looking at the location of the islands chartered like so many dots south and to the west of Colombo.

"Ah, come in, Robbins—here, read this." He handed the deciphered cable to the detective.

Robbins read the untidy scrawl of his Chief.

"Reads big, sir. Something like the temple robbery at Haichuan."

"Yes, only of greater value. I should say reading between the lines of the cable."
"Malda, just where . . . ?"
"Here, I've been looking at the place; those dots there."

THE detective's gaze followed the Chief's outstretched finger.

"Hum," he looked thoughtfully at the map. "I should think they'd go for Ceylon, then London, Paris, or Amsterdam," he said after a minute's reflection, indicating with stubby digit the probable route the thieves would take. "Too risky trying to market stuff of that value in the East—except, maybe, Shanghai—but then stones like that would need cutting. What do you think, sir?"

"Same as you," agreed Richardson. "They'd need after the shape of a lot of them, and Europe is the only place for that. I'll acknowledge its receipt; that's all we can do at present. It's a far cry from Malda to Hongkong. Still," he shrugged, "you never can tell." He laid the disturbing paper on his desk and lit a cigarette. "Anyhow, we are warned, and if you should notice any of your wealthy Chinese friends wearing an outsize in diamonds . . ."

"I'll ask him if it is out of the Malda collection," smiled Robbins.

"Good," laughed the Chief. "Your staff work improves every day. But this thing is more or less a side issue for the present. The thing that's worrying me is how to check those drug-runners. The stuff is coming in so fast that the Customs people can't cope with it, and are howling at me for help."

"I can imagine the hullabaloo," agreed the detective. "But I'm straining every nerve; I've got all the joints watched, men inside and out. It's a pretty poor admission to make, but, frankly, I can't trace where the stuff comes from. I've even enlisted 'sniffers'—promised them immunity and enough 'cokes' to eat for the rest of their lives."

"Where do you think it comes from?"

"Europe."
"Rubb!" Richardson grunted and scratched his head. "Well, we've got to do something or get out."

"I'll put a man on that Customs launch. It may be effective; if not, it will at least show them we are trying and, perhaps, they'll cease to worry you for a while."

"Advertise our activities, as it were? But do what you like—only stop them barking."

Despite Richardson's assumption that they would hear no more about the Malda robbery, a further cable was received from the Indian office.

Decoded, it detailed minutely the character of the gems and their settings. Age-old jewels jealously guarded in a mosque had been looted, and so far had not been traced.

Richardson sent for Robbins: "Here," he tore the long message from his pad: "more about the Malda affair."

"Seems much more serious than I had thought from their first message, and I judge, too, from the tenor of it that the Indian office is worried," said Robbins.

"Yes, evidently," replied Richardson, "but I don't see there is any need for us to follow its example."

"The other nodded: "No, we have enough trouble nearer home."

"That's right. However, make known the text of that to your fellows, and keep a lookout. Oh, before you go, whom did you detail to the ships from the west?"

"Lee, he passes well being a case. I have placed him as a deck-hand on the Customs launch."

"Good, see if we can't scotch some of these drug fellows."

"They're clever, sir, and capable of showing the Customs people some fresh tricks. Still, we have exposed most of those in

their repertoire, and any new ones make it interesting."

"Yes, they're original, and damn provoking, too," grudgingly confessed Richardson.

ROBBINS had worked late the previous night on various reports for his Chief, and, as customary with men unused to the cramped confines of an office—duties such as these were more exacting than he cared to admit; and so he found him after a few hours' sleep taking a turn along the Connaught Road.

He walked on to the Customs pier in an endeavor to catch the clean sea air which blew gently across the water.

"Day Robbins." He was addressed by a Customs official who stood on the stern of a splik and span launch that joggled in the choppy water of the harbor.

"Hello, Byrne. I didn't see you hobnobbing up and down there."

"We're just going out to give that tramp a run over. Care for a blow?"

"Thank, I would."

"Jump in."

He waited himself, and the official gave the order to shove off. Robbins contented himself listening to the lively chatter of Byrne until they ran alongside the steamer.

"Are you going to wait here, or are you coming on board?" asked Byrne, preparatory to stepping on to the ship's gangway.

"I'll come with you."

Both men climbed aboard. Robbins looked back and saw Lee, his assistant, following, but gave no sign of recognition.

Once aboard, Byrne busied himself with his various duties, and Robbins, left alone, stood idly by watching the shouting crowd of dock passengers huddled ready to disembark. He turned from the noise below and addressed himself to the quartermaster standing at the head of the gangway:

"Had a good passage, quartermaster?"

"Aye, a fair passage, yess."

The gentle rising inflection of the sailor's voice carried Robbins to the Welsh hills and bustling Cardiff.

"From Wales." It was more of an assertion than a query.

"Llandudno."

None but a native son could infuse such music into the seeming unmusical name, thought the detective, and as he was familiar with that country he spoke of the various towns and seaside resorts with a knowledge that pleased the Welshman, and prompted the latter to ask how long he had been "out."

"Fifteen years."

"Fifteen years!" the Welshman echoed, unforgotten horror depicted on his peaky face: "Man, I'd be yellow myself."

Robbins smiled. "Yes, it's a long time. Taft, but one gets used to the East—and the smells," he added with a laugh.

"Look you," the Welshman pointed to the litter on the fore deck. "Get used to that, whatever; and will you look at the black crowd about to sign off—here behind." He lugged the detective's sleeve and turned him facing the after part of the ship. Shuffling along behind the Second Engineer came the firemen, led by "Number Four."

"Man, will you see 'Number Four'? He is a bad dream and dirty, man—I think the last time he was washed was when he fell overboard, the time we picked those fishermen up near Ceylon."

The Welshman laughed as he recounted the incident to the detective. "Twass too funny, man," he concluded.

Robbins looked at the unfortunate Chinese and noted the misshapen body and the crooked scarred face:

"He looks like the original bogey man all right, poor devil, and that sort—how did it happen, Taft?" he asked.

"They say he fell down the fiddley on

one of these boats, and was smashed up."

At this juncture Byrne appeared and Robbins, saying good-bye to the sailor, followed him into the launch and was soon back on the island.

Arrived at his office, he made straight for the Chief's room.

"Those reports right, sir?"

"Yes, Robbins. Quite a pile of them. You must have worked very late. You look fagged."

"No, I'm fit enough. Maybe I look a bit dreamy, that Welshman has made me feel like a holiday." He told of his visit to the tramp.

"Well, you're due for a holiday, why not take one? A run home," the Chief suggested.

Robbins did not answer. Going home meant a lot of money. Besides, his leave would only permit of a boat trip. He walked over to the map, Singapore? No change there, he thought. Sydney, Brisbane? Go down for the races? No, he wanted hills and streams and quiet.

Colombo? Hills there—up Kandy way, pretty island, too, Ceylon; but just the same smells there as here. . . . His eyes ran over the map. It was hereabouts that the tramp had picked up the fisherman. His mind went back to the Welshman. . . . Suddenly he stiffened.

"Major!" His voice was tense.

"What's the matter, old man?" The Chief joined the detective at the map.

"Look here, Ceylon!" Robbins' finger-tip almost covered the island.

"Yes, same old place—Galleface an' that."

"And here—Maldives."

"Yes."

"That sing-song Welshman told me his ship picked up a fisherman hereabouts, lost, blown from his grounds." He pointed just north of the group.

"Great Scott! Robbins, you don't think—"

"It's a chance, sir," the detective appealed.

"I wonder," said Richardson.

TEN minutes later Robbins was back on the tramp, and a wondering quartermaster directed him to the Captain's cabin.

Robbins introduced himself.

"Well, what is wrong, Inspector?" Captain Hall motioned him to a seat on the settee.

"I understand that you picked up a fisherman just north of the Maldiv Islands?"

"Yes, that's so. It's not uncommon for these fellows to be in the steamer lanes flying signals of distress. But what has all this to do with me, Inspector?"

Robbins then proceeded to tell of the cable and his suspicions concerning the fisherman.

"You see, Captain, anything could happen. As you say, it is not uncommon to pick these fellows up. Therefore the thing might have been planned so that the thieves would meet you—or any other ship—and I thought it might be possible for one or two to board you, slow away, and then slip ashore at your first port of call."

"What's that?" cried the astonished mariner. "Wait, I'll call the mate. The whole business sounds incredible." He rose from his chair and pressed a button in the panelling above his table.

"Really, Inspector, I cannot associate that fisherman with jewels of fabulous worth—it's too fantastic."

At this juncture a steward arrived in answer to the Captain's ring.

"Steward, send Mr. James to me—tell him to hurry."

Robbins' bombshell had shattered his serenity—he was in the midst of writing a letter home.

The steward departed and the Captain turned again to Robbins:

"Of course, you have had greater experience with the Oriental and Asiatic criminal than I, Inspector, but to me there appears to be slender ground for your suspicion."

"There is weighty fruit on slender stalks," replied the detective. "For instance, the case of Pu Hui and his smugglers, an organisation which stretched from Bagdad to Bombay and across to China."

He held the Captain's attention with stories of the heathen Chinese and his wiles, until the arrival of the mate.

Introductions over, all three seated themselves, and to the mate the Captain explained the nature of Robbins' business:

"There, that's the story. You will assist the Inspector in every conceivable way—and now," addressing the detective, "we are both at your service. If you will outline your plan of action regarding this ship."

"Good," said Robbins. "We will assume the fellow boarded you and hid on the ship. The chances are a thousand to one against your finding him—you don't look for slow-aways in that part of the world. Am I right?"

Captain Hall nodded. "Now you mention it," said the mate, "some of the swine did get on board; and I booked 'em back." He grinned at the recollection.

"Nevertheless, one might have eluded you," observed the detective.

"Fair enough," agreed the mate.

"All right," continued Robbins. "He travels with you to Singapore and waits an opportunity to get ashore. You take a load of deck passengers, and the opportunity to get to Shanghai with that crowd is not to be missed. I emphasise Shanghai because of one thing. The mate who did this job was no common codd of a coolie, and would know as well as we that Shanghai is the greatest market in the East for that kind of stuff."

"Well, what do you propose to do now—search the ship?" asked the Captain.

"Yes."

"The Customs people have picked her pretty clean already," commented the mate. Robbins nodded. "I know, but they were on a different job." He sat silent for a while, then asked:

"You go to Yokohama from Shanghai?"

"Yes."

"Then how can I get a man on board without exciting suspicion—someone to mix with the crew—work with them?"

"Sign him on," suggested the mate. After a pause, "I understand we are engaging some new stockhold hands; you ought to be able to manage that—say, fireman or trimmer."

"Fine." The detective rose. "I'll get ashore and see the agents. Meanwhile, let no one ashore. Send all those bumpsteers and sampanes away, and wait until I come back. I need not mention that the strictest secrecy is to be kept. I don't want that fellow getting the wind up and dropping a fortune into Hongkong Harbor."

CHAPTER 3.

SOME instinct told Robbins that his conclusions were right; that someone from the fisherman had boarded the ship, and the guns went with him—but his proof? The search had been abortive. He had expected little in that direction. The old crew had been tagged and subjected to a severe examination, and their homes, and those of their kinsmen, overhauled by a party of experienced searchers. They had been shadowed until he grew weary of their movements. Lee had been placed on the ship as a trimmer, and was now, doubtless, toiling in the black bunkers somewhere in the Inland Sea.

"He is the last hope," thought the detective moodily, "and it is about time I heard something of him."

"A month, good Lord! . . . Come in!"

He almost shouted life invitation to someone at his door.

The Sikh entered, a rather startled expression on his face. He had rarely heard the sahib speak like that before.

"Well, what . . . ?" Robbins looked up; the expression on the orderly's face halted him.

Amender Singh had been a warrior, and, until an unfortunate accident checked his activities, a policeman of merit. He enjoyed the respect of all headquarters, was particularly attached to Robbins, and between them there existed a great understanding of respective worth.

"I think I'm getting temperamental," laughed Robbins. "Well, now, does the Chief want me?" he asked.

"Yes, Sahib."

"Right; I'll run along."

He went to the Chief's room and found Richardson sitting back in his chair.

"Sit down, Robbins. We seem to be in the doldrums with that Malda affair—sort of wash out, what?"

"It looks that way, sir—yes, I can't help thinking that hooker had something to do with it."

"Got what our American friends call a 'hunch'?" suggested the chief.

"Yes, that is about it."

"Well, keep on playing it."

The detective made a wry face: "I have only one card left . . . Lee."

"He is something, anyhow," concluded the chief. "However, I didn't send for you to discuss that matter. An Indian was found early this morning in the Chinese town with a knife between his shoulders. He was alive when the policeman picked him up, but died shortly after being admitted to the hospital. It looks like plain murder—a brawl, and somebody got peeved. Kabban Singh found him; here is the report."

Robbins gathered the papers and stood up.

"I'll go down myself."

"Carry on, old chap."

In the seclusion of his own office Robbins read the policeman's report. It was as Richardson had described. The man had been found in one of the alleys down town, stabbed in the back, and was rushed to the hospital.

He rang his bell and the Sikh answered.

"Amender, I am going out. When the Constable Kabban Singh reports for duty I want to see him."

"Yes, Sahib." He held the door open for the detective to pass.

From the elevation of the station the panorama of the bay lay before Robbins' eyes. Down on the harbor, ships of His Majesty's China Squadron lay under white awnings, like giant sea-birds at rest. Quaint, high-popped junks filled by their mat sails just filled with the breeze.

"It is certainly a fine day to visit the morgue," he sighed, as he slowly walked down hill in the direction of Queen's Road. Along this wide thoroughfare he went until he came to the Chinese quarter of the city.

The street where the murdered man had been found was filled with jostling natives, and here and there wide-eyed tourists went wondering along. It boasted the name of the Street of the Half Moon, and differed in no way from the others that ran at right-angles or parallel to it. A warren where a hunted man might hide until the crack of doom.

THE detective walked slowly to the end of the street, halting for a moment outside the shop where the man had lain. The place was a thinly-disguised opium joint. He then retraced his steps, took a rickshaw, and was driven to the morgue.

The man on the slab, he noticed, was darker than the average Southern Indian; the nose was flatter; the lips a trifle thicker. He was lying on his back and the wound was hidden.

"Where are the effects of this man?" he

asked the attendant. They were produced. A few cotton rags of clothing, a polished tortoise-shell ring, inlaid with some white metal, and a greasy chain necklace with locket attached, completed the dead man's effects. There was a deep wound beneath the left shoulder, where the knife had entered, but otherwise the under-nourished body showed no marks.

"Wrap these clothes and send them, together with the knife, to headquarters. I will take this ring and locket with me."

HE left the place and proceeded to his club, intending to write some letters before going back to see the policeman, Kabban Singh. Seating himself in a cane lounge on the wide verandah, he rang for the waiter.

"Bring me a whisky peg and some writing materials," he ordered.

While waiting the execution of his order, he lay back in the lounge and felt for the locket of the Indian. The case was polished to a degree by close contact with the wearer's skin and clothes; it was roughly and cheaply made, and yielded easily to the point of his penknife.

Enclosed was an inch of paper, folded double and covered with characters, which the detective was unable to read. "Now, I wonder what all that is about," he asked himself. "It might be his will—or the combination of his safe. . . ." His musings were suddenly interrupted by someone dragging a chair across the verandah and swinging it into position at the opposite side of the table. He looked up.

"Hullo! Farquhar, how are you?" He extended his hand to a tall, lean man of about thirty, with blue eyes, pleasant face and sun-bleached hair.

"Fine, thanks, Robbins," Farquhar spoke softly, and with a quiet drawl.

"Been away?"

"Up the river. Went after the 'Wah-Ping' bandit."

"Catch any?"

"Not a one; they went like the summer snows."

Few knew as much as the detective concerning this mild, drawing individual. After four years with his native Australians in Egypt and Palestine, he had been discharged in Cairo, from whence he wandered up and down the East until, induced by the Associated Shippers in Hongkong, he had elected to settle, and act as their agent in the highly-dangerous occupation of trying to spike the activities of the river pirates.

"Better luck next time; anyhow, you can catch a drink, eh?"

"You bet," Farquhar was decisive. Robbins ordered a drink for him and told the waiter to take away the writing materials. Both men lit up. Farquhar spoke:

"What is keeping you occupied, Robbins? This place seems criminally quiet."

"Not so quiet," replied the detective. "As a matter of fact, I have just come from the morgue. An Indian was knifed last night down in the Chinese town."

"Ah! getting bricker, and the suspect?"

"No idea—here," he handed his friend the locket. "I found this on him. Open it and see if you can make anything of the writing. You have a reputation as a linguist."

Farquhar examined the piece of paper.

"Afraid it is not a clue of any sort, Robbins, it's a verse of the Koran; Mohammedans carry this sort of thing as a charm—or a cure for some illness."

"Arabic?" The detective was puzzled. "But this man was not an Arab, Farquhar; he had much broader features and was very dark."

"Maybe so, but the Mohammedan world stretches over a decent part of this old globe. From Java to Singapore; then it runs like a thread through Southern Asia

to Turkey; all Northern Africa, and some of the islands in the Indian Ocean."

Robbins' hand grasped his glass and he suffered in his chair. "Did you say islands in the Indian Ocean?"

"Yes."

"Would it embrace the Maldives?"

"Yes, the Maldives are purely Moslem, why?"

"Fargher, finish your drink and come with me to the morgue. I do not know whether the science of ethnology is one of your acquirements, but I want you to try and place this black for me and my fancy tells me that you will."

CHAPTER 4.

IT was nine o'clock and Wah Sing's joint, in the Street of the Half Moon, was filling up. Patrons moved through the gloom of the ill-lit place seeking empty benches or a vacant space on the floor, in eager anticipation of the pipe.

The Hindu on the top bunk, facing the entrance to the room, stirred fretfully, and gasped as though the heat and vitiated air affected him—which it did. Amender Singh's work had effectively disguised Robbins, but it needed more than the genius of the Sikh to impart to his healthy body an enjoyment of his surroundings.

Fargher had expressed no doubt about the black's lineage. The dark skin and the negroid influence in the features, he had explained, were due to these islanders' close association with the African mainland. Further, a reinspection of the dead man's clothes revealed two small cowrie shells, which Fargher went on to affirm were peculiar to the Maldives, and were used by them as currency.

Natives of Maldiva, ranging as far east as Hongkong, were rare; and as there was no trade between the islands, the assumption that he came in the tramp could not be dismissed. The possibility of any impetuous islander making the passage via Colombo was too remote. The dead man had been an opium eater—the coronial inquiry had revealed that—and he had been found outside Wah Sing's. . . . He had studied the search on the ship, and being without money and in need of the drug, was forced to reveal his loot, as a security against an advance. This had been his undoing. A quarrel, no doubt, but why? What was the motive behind the killing? Who knew the dead man's secret? A keeper of one of the joints? A fellow-smoker. . . .

Robbins had discussed all this with his chief, discarding, adopting; until, bit by bit, he had constructed the basis for his conclusions which led him to the Street of the Half Moon, and to Wah Sing's.

He clenched his fists, and with a growl sat up, preparatory to descending. "I'm fed up with this hole and the rest of the stinking joint; sick of being black and living like a rat; I want a white man's company—a drink. This damn case is getting on my nerves," he muttered.

He had barely reached the floor, when his irritation vanished, and he was again the cool, alert lawbringer. Someone had entered the room; someone whose shape in the gloom was familiar. He waited, his hand still on the bunk.

The newcomer advanced towards him. It was the donkeyman; the scarred ex-member of the tramp's crew. He was evidently in search of someone, for he walked round the room peering at the faces of the sleepers. He then went over and spoke to Wah Sing and left. Robbins followed.

ONLY the detective trailed in the wake of the Chinese. The street was clear at this hour. Occasionally, ragged bundles of humanity fitted in and out of the shops along the way. The

donkeyman had a heavy gait, due to his infirmity, and was very easy to keep in view.

Robbins was thinking of the cleanliness of his club as he slowly kept behind—good music, sleek waiters, comfort.

Suddenly, before the door of a shop, the man ahead stopped and fumbled in his long coat for a key. Instantly, the detective halted and flattened himself against the wall. Why he did not pass as he originally intended, he afterwards explained, he did not know, and smilingly said that, "perhaps, it was that 'hunch' working." The fact of the Chinese stopping to enter the house was not highly suspicious, but his quick glances up and down the street disturbed the watcher.

"He seems afraid of someone or something," thought Robbins. "I wonder who or what?"

He waited until he judged the Chinese was inside before he resumed his way. Coming abreast of the place he noted it was quaintly gabled and ornamented with a central spire; bamboo walls, lined with matting, presented a front to the street.

"Now, why did he seem afraid? Why suspicious? So far as we know, he is all right—got a clean bill—dammit! I'll look him over myself." His decision found him at the end of the street which was crossed here, at right angles, by another as squalid and as narrow as the one in which he stood.

He turned right and walked along with the intention of finding what lay at the back of the place just entered by the Chinese. As he had hoped, a lane ran parallel with the Street of the Half Moon giving rear access to some of the shops. Robbins picked his way along this dark ribbon of space to where he judged the house of the Chinese should be, and stopped, before a crumbling mud wall, which presented no difficulty in climbing. No lights shone from the back of the house. He scrambled over and dropped noiselessly into the yard.

THE place was littered with an accumulation of boxes and rubbish through which ran a passage to the back door. "Look for me! I didn't land on any of that junk or the whole street would have been in a turmoil," mused the detective. He groped for the belt next his skin and brought out a flat electric torch.

"No one appears to have heard or seen me," he thought. "I'll carry on." He rose and silently made his way between the piles of boxes. The flash of his torch revealed an entrance to the rear of the ground floor. The door had been taken off to facilitate easy egress for the empty cases, and stood leaning up against the wall.

The room which he entered was the shop. He saw, in a swift scrutiny, the merchandise stacked along the walls, and a counter running half the length of the room; a flight of low stairs led to the upper floor.

"Now for a look see," said the detective, softly. Without a sound, he listened to where a crack in the matting permitted a view of the room. A stretcher of cane slats with short bamboo legs, on which some very dirty bedclothes were crumpled, occupied space alongside the opposite wall. A porcelain neck-rest did duty for a pillow. At the foot of the stretcher, with its end resting on the floor, stood a seaman's bag packed, evidently, with the occupant's belongings.

The Chinese was seated at a table in the middle of the room and appeared about to smoke, for two long opium pipes lay in front of him. He sat facing the detective. As Robbins looked, he saw the occupant in the act of picking up the pipe nearer him, and saw him glance in a furtive way about the room. Seemingly satisfied, he pulled out the bowl of the pipe, and gently knocked

the long stem on the palm of his hand. As he tapped, two cylindrical objects dropped out, which he placed reverently on the table; each was about two inches long, wrapped in dirty silk. The Chinese picked them up between his thumb and forefinger, then delicately started to unroll, first one and then the other into his cupped left hand; the wrapping he let flutter on to the table. This done, he extended his hand and opened it under the lamp. On his palm lay something that flashed and glittered—diamonds!

Robbins gasped. The Jewels of Maldiva! He was right; his hunch had turned the trick. The strain of the last weeks fell away; the sight thrilled him. He cried out, and blindly, madly, tore at the mat walls. The old matting ripped at his onslaught and he hurried into the room. The Chinese seemed transfixed, and his undamaged eye dilated with terror. In a few strides the detective was around the table and had closed with him. They swayed to and fro in the little room, wrestling desperately. The Chinese was strong and his build awkward. Slowly the detective's fingers crept down the other's arm until he felt the wrist; then, exerting all his strength, bent the arm back until he felt the resistance slackening. . . .

WO PING was nearly drunk. It had been a wonderful night, and the stinging and heady samshu was but a circumstance compared with the flattery of his fellow-drinkers. They had patted him on the back and called him "good fellow—smart—too smart to be a laboring coolie." He had stood the drinks. Money? He had money, and there was plenty more; plenty. Wait until the business was applied to "Number Four." He thought Wo Ping did not know of the diamonds. Ah! he licked his lips and stammered up the stairs of the shop.

On the top, he halted—what was that? The thuds of wrestling men filtered into his bemused brain. He peered inside, and the sight partially sobered him. "Number Four" was jammed against the opposite wall, struggling desperately with a Hindu. Wo Ping lost no time. Silently he entered, creeping across the room, and snatching the porcelain neck-rest from the bed, he brought it crashing down on the detective's bestrummed head.

Slowly Robbins' grip relaxed. He swayed and fell limply in a heap at Wo Ping's feet. "Number Four" staggered to the stretcher and lay full length, breathing heavily, and remained so for some minutes before he was able to speak. Meantime, the coolie busied himself tying Robbins' hands and feet with the tarlatan of the insensible detective.

"YOU came in time, Wo Ping."

"Number Four" still lay on the bed, gasping.

The coolie walked over to where the donkeyman lay.

"It is another black?"

"Yes."

"Why do they follow you?"

"Who knows?"

"Perhaps you have something they desire?"

"You speak in riddles, Wo Ping. What is it that I should have?" He sensed that his henchman knew of the diamonds.

"The black," he ordered curtly.

The coolie did not move.

"No, you will first tell me what it is, this and that other one sought."

"They mistake me."

"Two could not make the same mistake," definitely retorted Wo Ping.

At this juncture Robbins opened his eyes. The blow from the coolie had been softened by his thick turban, but his head ached and throbbled. Instinctively, he tried to move

his feet. He struggled, then stopped, and turned his head slightly, permitting himself a sight of the two other occupants. They were speaking, and in the Cantonese dialect understood by the detective. He heard "Number Four":

"Will you tie him?"

"No!"

"Fool, have you forgotten the other in the Street of the Half-Moon, and the price?"

But the shaman was standing firm. "Perhaps I, too, can tell of something." "Wo Ping, why should we quarrel? A house divided falls. Come, tie him. I will sell the stones in Macao, and we will share." "He is already tied."

"Number Four" snarled. The needless battle of wits had left the coolie triumphant. "The dog," he thought. He turned, and busied himself cramming whatever he could into the sailor's bag. The two pipes he poked down the sides, after replacing the stones in their hiding-place. He looked around.

"Come, take the bag," he ordered.

"What of the black?" asked the coolie, displaying a knife he had drawn from his belt.

"See, Wo Ping, if the knots will hold?" Wo Ping knelt over the prostrate detective, and Robbins felt him fumbling at his bonds.

Suddenly, the man groaned and fell heavily across his body, and the shock of the fall caused Robbins to open his eyes. Wo Ping was lying sprawled across him, unconscious, perhaps dead, and "Number Four" was slowly backing across the room, his ugly face convulsed with rage.

The detective watched him lay the lethal pillow on the table, catch the bag by the cords, draw and knot them, and swing it over his shoulder. Came the sound of his descent, then silence.

ROBBSINS waited. Minutes passed before he attempted to release himself from the double shackles of the lifeless Chinaman and of his turban. The coolie had fallen across his wrists, and it was only the matter of a second to jerk them from under him. He next grasped the man's clothing with his fingers and slowly pushed and rolled him on to the floor.

"Now, 'Number Four,' I am after you," he muttered.

Vainly he strove at the binding on his wrists, but the coolie had done his work too well.

"Beaten by that damned chink! Lord, what a fool I was to rush in on him like that," he raged in his haste. "I'll get him, though."

He looked down at the inert coolie, then began to batter him with his bound hands. "Here you, wake up! Wake up!" he shouted. Suddenly he stopped and sniffed. The acrid smell of burning reached his nostrils—fire! He thumped the coolie harder. "Wo Ping, wake! Wake, man!" He crawled along to slap the Chinaman's face in a last desperate endeavor to rouse him. His knees bumped something; he looked down; it was the knife lying where it had fallen when its owner was so treacherously struck. It was the work of a minute to saw through the bindings on his ankles, and his legs were free; but a different proposition presented itself with his hands. He held the knife jammed between his boots and slowly commenced to saw at the binding on his wrists.

Stronger now came the smell. Puffs of smoke blew into the room, and an ominous crackle told him there was no time to waste.

The knife kept slipping from his insecure hold; he labored feverishly.

"I'll make you smart for this, 'Number Four,'" he ground his teeth. It was a race now between asphyxiation and the half-sawn binding on his wrists. Raging, he strained at the gripping folds.

Desperately he bent his arms outward—crack! the sawn cloth tore asunder.

The room was now full of smoke, and his eyes smarted. Stooping, he grasped Wo Ping, threw him over his shoulder, and staggered from the room.

Luckily, the stairs had not yet properly caught. He scrambled down. Blindly he made towards the door. His senses reeled—and he tottered drunkenly into the street.

CHAPTER 5.

ROBBSINS woke in a white cot in the native hospital. His face and arms were bandaged, and his head ached horribly.

He sat up in an endeavor to collect his thoughts. Now where was he? He looked along the ward. Patients, mostly Chinese, sat upon their cots idly smoking. Smoking? But they were smoking cigarettes—there was not a long pipe in the place!

"Hey!" The patients ceased their chattering, and half-smoked cigarettes hung limply from lips of astonished smokers.

"Hey! Someone bring my clothes."

The sight of a Hindu swathed in bandages limping to the door, the white bellows hoarsely in perfect English was enough even to startle the Celestial from his habitual calm. Attendants made to hold him, but he brushed them aside and, clad in the official nightwear of the Government hospital, he stumbled down the steps and hailed a rickshaw.

"Police headquarters, boy, and a dollar if you make it 'one time!'" he cried.

The boy eyed his fare with some misgiving.

Robbins waved his arms impatiently. He saw two young and burly European doctors pushing their way through the rapidly collecting mob on the steps:

"Quick, boy, two dollars!"

The boy picked up the shafts. "Two dollars? and to the police station...?"

Robbins' boy earned his money. Before the pursuers had turned the corner he had landed the detective at Headquarters' steps.

"Boy," he chuckled, "you're a Derby winner. Wait here."

As fast as he could he scrambled up the steps and entered the Chief's room.

"What the...!" cried that astounded official, looking up.

"It's all right, sir."

Richardson recognised the detective's voice.

"Robbins!" He rose and pulled out a chair. "Sit down. What's happened—you're wounded—hurt?"

"Not hurt as much as those doctors who are after me!"

"What doctors?"

"Oh, they'll be here in a moment. I cleared out from their hospital a few minutes ago and they chased me up here. In fact, here they are now." Robbins grinned through the bandages that swathed his face.

"Come in," invited Richardson.

The doctors entered, excited and anxious. The taller addressed himself to the Chief:

"I beg your pardon, Sir, but this man," pointing to Robbins, "cleared away from a ward just now, and—er—it's not customary for patients to take their discharge in that manner."

"No doubt. Well, doctor, he is one of my men—I beg your pardon, allow me; this is Detective-Inspector Robbins—C.I.D.—and he evidently had very good reasons for not wishing to be detained." "Well, I'm blessed!" gasped the medico. "Then we'll go—good-bye, sir; good-bye, Inspector, and if those burns worry you, drop in."

"Thanks, I will," said Robbins. "Good-bye... Oh, Doctor, was there a Chinese coolie admitted at the same time as myself?"

"Yes, he has a severe concussion coupled with burns, and his condition is critical." "I wouldn't be surprised," reflected the detective. "Watch him well, Doctor, we need him."

NOW, Robbins, your story," demanded Richardson, when the door had closed on the doctors.

The detective recounted the happenings of the previous night, his waking in the hospital and his fear of detention there, while the donkeyman made good his escape to Macao.

"And to think that I was within an ace of the stuff," he groaned. "The sight of those stores drove caution and good police work out of my head—I ought to resign—I was bitter against myself."

"Nonsense!" Richardson valued too well the services of his chief detective. "Well, what do you propose?"

"I am going to Macao."

"Like that?"

"No, as myself."

"But your burns?"

"Oh, I will be all right after a rest and some good food. First, I'll wireless Macao and ask the Portuguese to detain him. We haven't a launch speedy enough to catch this morning's boat."

Robbins limped out of the Chief's room into his own, and rang for the orderly. "Surprised you to-day, Amander," he said. "The Sahib is hurt?"

"No—burnt a trifle—nothing serious. Send to my club for clothes—wait!" His eye caught sight of a greatcoat hanging behind the door. "Hand me that coat and call a taxi."

The Sikh departed on the errand and Robbins went to the phone. He called up the native hospital and was soon connected to Dr. Armstrong.

"Robbins here, doctor. I want to see you about taking some of this swaddling off... Yes, I'll come over now. How is the coolie?... No change?... All right... see you in a few minutes." He rang off as Amander entered to announce the taxi.

The return to the hospital was not so exciting as his departure, and the detective doubted if it were as quick; it certainly lacked the ostentation. He was shown into Dr. Armstrong's sanctum, with some misgivings on the part of the attendant. "You had to come back," laughed the doctor.

"Yes, I want to get some of those bandages off. You have no bound and wrapped like a mummy. I can't walk!"

"You know they don't dress you for burns, with the intention of letting you go promenading round the island—not even in a rickshaw. However, get on to the table here; I might unwind a yard or two and make life and locomotion a little easier."

"Good!" Robbins stretched out on the table, first divesting himself of his coat and the hospital clothes. Deftly and rapidly the doctor unwound the bandages, leaving only the affected parts of the arms and legs sufficiently covered.

"There, I've skimmed you to an inch."

"Phew!" Robbins blew thankfully, "that's better. I feel a stone lighter, and can move now without hobbling." He proceeded to dress again. "I'm much obliged, Doctor." He held out his hand. "Good-bye."

"Good-bye, and don't take off any of those remaining bandages," warned Armstrong.

"I won't," promised Robbins. He opened the door and passed out into the hall.

DRESSED, and rid of the stain on his skin, Robbins made for the Club verandah. He appeared to suffer little from his hurt, save that he limped a trifle, and one hand was out of action for a time; and, although he had missed "Number Four",

at the shop, he felt that the Chinese's success was only temporary.

"With our description of him the Macao people will have no trouble in landing him, and I'll have him back to-morrow," he thought.

The verandah was not crowded, and he spied Farquhar sipping a peg in the far corner.

Limping over, he sat down beside the seaman's man.

"Day, Farquhar."

"Hello, Robbins, back again, eh?" responded his friend; then, catching sight of the bandages.

"Seems as though I'll have to change my mind about these fiendishers; or did you go over to the mainland to get that way?"

The detective laughed. "No, I got it here, but it's more or less rubbish—a few burns."

"Any story go with it?"

"Yes, a big story, but at present it's running in serial form; I might conclude it to-morrow."

"Good man. Now, what's the poison?"

"The longest, coolest whisky in Hong-kong."

"That," said Farquhar, ringing the bell, "is an order."

Robbins sipped the drink with obvious enjoyment. After his sojourn down town the Club was a heaven—when he got "Number Four" and those jewels—he closed his eyes and leaned back in his chair.

"Well, I'm waiting," Farquhar's quiet drawl broke in on his reverie.

"Oh, yes," The detective put down his glass. "Last night I had my hands on the Malden jewels."

"Great Scott!" Farquhar sat up. "Are you telling me we have amongst us the thief?"

"We did, but they killed him. You remember that tortoise-shell locket, and my dragging you to the morgue that day? Well, the man you saw was the thief."

"Who killed him?"

"A coolie, now in the native hospital. But he's not the one we want—the man with the locket I missed last night." He then told Farquhar of his vigil since the day he left him; his fight the previous night and escape from the burning shop.

"You'd better let me come along with you," urged his friend. "My people will not want me for a day or two and—I might be useful."

"You would be most welcome, old chap, but I trust we shall have no need of your help."

"You don't expect any trouble, then?"

"No! You see he has every reason to think I'm dead along with the coolie—he'll not attempt any evasion—why should he? Would anybody suspect him of having so valuable a sea-bag?"

"Do you think he has all the stuff?"

"I don't know—he has enough—and when we get him maybe we can make him talk—besides, the coolie will not feel too kindly disposed towards him, and there are beans to be split there."

"That's so. All right, then, we go to Macao at two, get your 'Number Four,' play the tables for a while, and return with the jewelled splendor of the Orient!"

"There is not much splendor about 'Number Four,' said Robbins dryly. "You should see him."

"I don't know," Farquhar was serious. "I fancy he will be the brightest jewel in your crown when you get him."

"Yes, I believe he will," slowly agreed Robbins.

Embarking on the midday boat and arriving at Macao, Robbins called a conveyance and was driven away, whilst Farquhar strolled along the water front intending to spend an hour in one of the casinos.

M

ACAO occupies about four square miles of territory at the mouth of the Pearl River, and was founded by the Portuguese in 1537. It was the first port of trade with the East, but with the

rise of Hongkong it slowly decayed; and the revenue, once so buoyant, now is whittled to a percentage from the gaming tables of the casinos that flank the waterfront. Now, smart yachts of effete Easterners ride at anchor, where long since the galleons of adventurous seamen dried their sails, and the pirate junks of Changsi-loo took tribute. The ancient convent, the old fort of San Francisco, and the crumbling facade of the Cathedral of San Paulo, alone stand in pathetic memory of the race which bred Magellan, and the Captains of his period.

At the appointed time, Farquhar—after varying fortune at the tables—strolled along to meet the detective, and was surprised to find him already there and alone.

"Well, where is he?"

"I don't know," Robbins shook his head. "Was he not on the boat?"

"No."

"Phew!" Farquhar whistled. "That makes it awkward." He hesitated. "But you ought to make sure, old chap—don't put too much faith in these Portuguese—myself I don't think they could catch a cold!"

The detective made an impatient gesture. "They're all right. They got the Chief's wire, and had the boat met and searched before she berthed."

"Well, if you say so . . ." Farquhar seemed unconvinced.

Still another shock awaited Robbins on his return. The coolie was missing from the hospital. The Doctor reported that on his rounds he came upon the guard fast asleep in the chair at the bedside—drugged—and the patient gone—spirited away by whom, or where no one knew.

CHAPTER 6.

JOHN MALONE

VAUGHAN lived in a pretty villa on the Bubbling Well Road in the Western District of Shanghai, and his daughter, Barbara, with the aid of two Chinese servants, ministered to his wants.

Society knew little of Vaughan; it assumed he had means, and that his investments kept him. Middle-aged, he dressed in the manner of a conservative club man; drank very little, played a good hand of bridge, and was passionately fond of his daughter.

Barbara was a brunette, tall and slim, with regular features, dark-eyed, capable, and sweetly womanly.

This morning, Vaughan sat at the breakfast table, the paper propped before him, and between the toast and marmalade he absorbed the world's cables. Barbara had not yet arrived.

Vaughan looked at his watch; it was nine o'clock.

"Hi," he addressed the houseboy, "Where is Miss Barbara?"

"She make talk with compradore . . ."

Before he could finish Barbara entered looking fresh and dainty in a cool morning frock. Her eyes danced and her cheeks glowed with health.

"Morning, Dad."

"Morning, my dear. What's the matter with the compradore?"

"Oh, nothing much, a silly squabble with Sam over some bill, and I acted as arbitrator."

"Who won?"

"She laughed. 'I made it a draw.'"

"Hum, you would." He smiled with her. "I'll wager you're about the only person in Shanghai who could break even with that compradore."

"Now, Dad, you're trying to flatter me."

"Heaven forbid!" he laughed. "But, nevertheless, I can imagine how you handled the situation. You chided Sam, and smiled on the compradore; then reversing the tactics, you smiled on Sam and censured the compradore. The true why-fores of the battle were forgotten in the delight each took in feeling that the other

fellow was catching it, too. The affair became personal. Then you reminded them that it was unseemly to quarrel before you; crossfallen, they agree, and presto! the matter is settled. Am I right?"

"It went something like that," she confessed, laughing. "Do you know, Dad, those two exasperate me. Sam will barge and haggle over two cents; and that compradore . . ."

"My dear, it's all part of the game; the spice of buying and selling—but what of last night?"

"It was lovely. We danced until one, and then went on the river, in Tommy's launch."

"You be careful on the river, young lady."

"Dad, don't fuss—you forget, I'm reckoned a fair swimmer."

"I am afraid that does not console me sufficiently, you know how treacherous the river is."

"And you know how stout Tommy's launch is."

"I wish that you wouldn't . . ."

The tone of her father's voice sobered Barbara. Of late he had developed a habit of falling into little fits of despondency. She rose and went around to his chair. Picking the paper from the table where he had laid it, she let it fall to the floor, and putting both her arms about him, rested her head on his shoulder, and gently rocked him to and fro.

"Don't worry about me, Dad," she whispered.

"My dear, I know you're most capable, but you're all that I have." He stroked her hair, "and someday . . ."

"Oh, let someday look after itself."

She lifted his head, and kissed his cheek.

"Come, show the blues, here is your paper; finish it whilst I have my breakfast."

Soon he rose. "I'm going now, dear."

She accompanied him to the door, and handed him his hat and stick.

"You'll be back for lunch?"

He shook his head. "Fraid not."

"Then don't be late for dinner."

"I promise."

It was a bright spring day, and Vaughan decided to walk into town. Skirting the racecourse, he soon entered Nanking Road. Crossing this busy thoroughfare, he walked for a few blocks, turned right into Peking Road and entered a shop which advertised, in flag-like streamers, the sale of anything European or Oriental.

He walked through, and came to a rear door on which he tapped twice with the knob of his cane. It was opened by a Chinese who was evidently the shop-keeper.

The room to which he was shown was furnished in European style, with round wicker table and wicker chairs, and was evidently familiar to the visitor.

Vaughan put his hat and stick on the table and sat down. The Chinese drew a chair close, and was first to speak.

"You were successful!" His English was perfect.

"Yes, I managed again."

"Ah, good. You have it with you?"

"No."

"Then where . . . ?"

"I left it at my Club—somehow I thought my home was being watched, and I can take no chances. If my daughter knew . . ."

Vaughan stopped; his brow grew troubled. The Chinaman bent towards him.

"You fear for her?"

Slowly Vaughan replied:

"Wu Sang, if she knew, it would kill her—and me, too—but she will never know."

"You are too clever."

"I am not clever enough to beat the law for ever. It is as sure as death, Wu. Soon it will reach the pair of us. So to-day I have carried my last for you. I am going back to England."

"Is it because the half-caste Lee was seen up here some time ago?"

"It might be—why was he up here mas-

quarantined as a sick man on a tramp. I don't like it, besides," he paused. "I have decided—no more." He struck the arm of his chair in emphasis.

"But who would suspect you—a clubman—respected?"

"Wu, you have acquired the polish and language of the West, but you still retain an Eastern mind. To be rich, well born, that puts one beyond suspicion." Vaughan laughed a trifle harshly. "That is not our way. The Western net drags for all classes of society, and all kinds are caught. Only kings can do no wrong."

"The discussion is—er—slightly at variance with our business." Wu's voice was soft, and there was a hint of contempt.

"Just at present perhaps, but . . ." the Englishman shrugged.

"What was it you brought ashore?"

"Cocaine."

"Much?"

"A bigish parcel. Call at my club about three, and I'll hand it over."

The Chinese took out a wallet and handed Vaughan a bundle of notes. "There, I will call at three."

"Thanks." Vaughan placed the money in his inside coat pocket, picked up his hat and stick, and held out his hand.

"Good-bye."

The Chinese shook.

"Good-bye, Mr. Vaughan, and if you reconsider your decision . . ."

"I won't. I am going to England in a few weeks' time. I am sorry—well, I will see you this afternoon at three."

"Yes, I will be waiting for you."

Wu opened the door and Vaughan passed out and through the shop.

AT the rear entrance to the club a Chinese received a parcel of laundry from the steward, and Vaughan, watching from a window of the smoke-room saw Wu raise his arm as though hailing someone; saw him joined by a compatriot carrying a parcel, and watched the two walk down the street and out of his vision. He sighed thankfully.

"That is the end."

CHAPTER 7.

ROBBINS smarted over the set-back at Macao. Tirelessly he hunted every club, but his efforts were unavailing.

Hongkong had been scoured, the Kowloon shore combed, and he was in despair when news came down that his man had been seen in Shanghai. So he found him walking along the Bund of that cosmopolitan city to his hotel, after some feverish hours at Police Headquarters.

He was unconscious of the crowd which passed; the medley of traffic on the street, and on the river; the pleasant embankment gardens. . . . Suddenly, outside the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank, a hand grasped his shoulder, and the quiet drawl of Farquhar arrested further meditation and progress.

"Well, well, so the scent leads to the old Hwang-Pu!"

The detective was glad to meet the drawling Australian, whose optimism and good-humor were always a sedative.

"The scent is on the Hwang-Pu," smiled Robbins, shaking his friend's hand.

"So? Then, I hope you land him this time, and further, I trust I am handy for the run home. Come and have a drink—let's walk along to the Palace."

Seated in the lounge of the hotel and under the influence of the cheery Farquhar Robbins brightened.

"You've been up the Yang-tse?" he asked.

"Yes, we had some trouble near Hankow."

"The Powers should arrest the whole nation," growled the detective. "However, seeing that's impossible we can do our bit by pinching 'em one at a time. But to

get away from the Celestial—how long are you stopping here?"

"Only a few days. I stepped off to see some friends—as a matter of fact, I was on my way to meet them when I ran into you."

"You'd better be going, had you not?"

"No hurry. It was here I had to meet them." He looked at his watch.

"They should be here any minute—overdue just a quarter of an hour."

"Farquhar!" Robbins feigned surprise, "and you didn't tell me."

"Tell you what, old man?"

"That your friends were ladies."

He was looking over Farquhar's shoulder in the direction of the door. Two young women were being escorted by an attendant in the direction of their table.

"Right again," laughed Farquhar.

Both men rose upon the arrival of the ladies. The detective noted the taller as being a striking brunette; her companion was fair, with laughing blue eyes.

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CHAPTER 8

VAUGHAN sat in the smoke-room of his club reading the afternoon paper, when a steward handed him a letter.

"Where did this come from?" he asked.

"It was left by a messenger, sir."

"Is he waiting?"

"No, sir."

"All right, Wong," he dismissed the steward with a nod, and ripped open the envelope.

It was a note from Wu Sang, asking him to call and see some valuable Satsuma ware. Something the writer had picked up cheaply—a bargain.

"Satsuma?" muttered Vaughan. "Satsuma?"

Now, I wonder what the devil wants?" He knew Wu Sang was not a collector, and the note mystified him.

Something extraordinary, evidently, or the writer would not have communicated in this way. Satsuma . . . ?

No matter, he was not going; his business with the Chinese was finished.

Satsuma! The word danced across the pages. With an impatient gesture he shook the paper and settled down to take up the threads of his reading. It was hopeless, he could not dismiss the letter from his mind.

Why did Wu Sang write? He had other agents? Vaughan knew his Chinese, particularly did he know the writer; and he sensed a subtle hint behind the fiction of a bargain in Satsuma.

"Damn him!" He sprang to his feet, and going to a writing table prepared an answer, curtly reiterating his former decision. The note finished, he folded and was about to envelope it, when he stopped.

He had never yet corresponded with the Chinese; it was too dangerous. He put the envelope back, and for a minute sat, undecided.

Then he rose and left the room.

"Perhaps, I'd better go down and see him," he said.

"A.H.: you came, Mr. Vaughan." Wu Sang stood in the doorway.

"Yes, I came to tell you that whatever you might be planning you cannot count on me. I told you I was finished. Why, then, did you write me?" Vaughan spoke heatedly.

"Sorry," Wu bowed, "but the proposition is one I thought you may be interested in, considering it will fit in with your proposed return to England."

"What do you mean?"

"This, Mr. Vaughan. A countryman of mine has a large collection of precious stones—diamonds mostly—and wishes to dispose of them. The market here is inadequate, and naturally, Europe has most appeal. At present it would be—let us say—imprudent for the owner to go, and it was suggested that I could find a reliable man, who could carry the business to a successful conclusion."

"Now, Wu," Vaughan spoke with deliberation, "be frank. You say the owner cannot go. Why? It's obvious; the stuff is the result of a robbery, and he is afraid his movements are being watched. Is not that it?"

Wu shrugged.

"Well, it's too risky to me," went on Vaughan, "the stones must be of tremendous value if he cannot dispose of them here; consequently, the police will be extra vigilant, and I am too nervy now to take big risks—anyhow, what is the matter with your going?" he asked in conclusion.

"Everything," replied Wu. "I or any of my countrymen would find the greatest difficulty in placing them. You, I understand, would not."

"I would; I don't know the buyers, any more than you."

"If you could assist the person I repre-

sent would give you a quarter as your share—a little fortune."

"No, it's not for me, it is too dangerous—besides, the thing's absurd; what if I wish—keep the money or the jewels?"

"A contingency. To meet anything of that nature has been provided for."

"And what is that?"

"Your daughter."

"My daughter, what do you mean? Vaughan went white.

"That if you undertake this mission, you will leave her here as a hostage."

"Leave her here," he rose agitatedly.

"Mr. Vaughan, your daughter will not be disturbed one whit. All that is necessary is that she will wait in Shanghai until you have remitted the money from the sale; then she is free to join you in England—a security, shall we say. Her movements will not be restricted in any way."

Vaughan picked up his hat and stick. He was calmer now.

"No, Wu, I will not consider it at all."

"You are foolish," said the Chinese.

"Maybe—but I waste your time; goodbye," he walked towards the door.

"Stay!" The Chinese rose and intercepted him. "You must give this more consideration. It means a fortune for all concerned—besides, think of your daughter." His voice was soft and he looked at the Englishman with eyes cold and forbidding.

"I am thinking of her."

"That is not so."

"Purely a matter of opinion."

"When you have heard me further, you will agree that your refusal is not in the best interests of the young lady."

Now the Englishman trembled, and anger gave place to fear. He glared at the Chinese.

"Don't you think I am aware of your intention?"

"Then you will change your mind?"

"No!" Vaughan's voice was harsh, suppressed. "You would not dare—you, the greatest drug runner in China!"

Wu ignored the accusation.

"I will give you three days to consider further. At the end of that time your daughter will know how you live."

"You . . . !" Vaughan raised his stick to strike.

The Chinese stepped back. "Don't, Mr. Vaughan."

The Englishman stopped. Peeping from under the folds of Wu's long sleeve he saw the steel glint of a revolver.

Back at his club, Vaughan slumped in his chair. He was sick with apprehension.

"He's bluffing," he muttered, "bluffing. He dare not." But in his mind he knew that the Chinese would execute the threat.

The picture of two brown eyes rose before him accusingly.

"Oh, I can't. I can't." He buried his face in his hands. . . . "Barbara, Barbara."

CHAPTER 2.

ABOUT half-past seven on Wednesday evening, Farquhar rang Robbins' hotel. He found the detective waiting to keep the engagement, and soon they were bowling along the Nanjing Road, west-bound.

"Heard any more of your chink?" asked Farquhar after they had settled down.

"Nothing. He has simply faded again," replied Robbins. "But that's shop, Dick; I'm tired of hearing that Chinese name; let's forget him for to-night—who will be at the Vaughan's?"

"Not many: just a few of Barbara's friends; you should enjoy the company."

"Good. I'll be glad to get away from the gloom of headquarters for a while."

"Yes, I suppose they're worrying a lot over this affair. Hullo, here we are."

The cab stopped, and both men alighted.

Li opened the door of the villa, and Bar-

bara received them in the hall. Robbins thought how charming she looked. She held out her hand to him.

"So glad you were able to come, Inspector," she greeted.

"The pleasure is all his," laughed Farquhar. "Shall I take him in and introduce him?"

"Please do, Dick."

"Right, come along Robbins."

Introductions over, Robbins found himself in the company of the vivacious Miss Templeton.

"Oh, here you are, Inspector—met everyone? Then take me out on the verandah, and tell me some tales of your captures."

He found two chairs at the farthest corner of the verandah and they sat down.

"Now," she began, "you can tell me of your exploits, if you wish, but this was merely a ruse to keep you safe from some of the mamas in there," she nodded towards the room they had just left.

"Safe?"

"Sure! they'd steal a man quicker than Dick's pirates do a ship. An aimless man is fair game for a good talk, and you'd find yourself chained to a chair being bored to death."

FURTHER conversation was interrupted by the arrival of Barbara and Dick. "I thought we'd find you here. Has Pat been looking after you, Inspector?" Barbara asked.

"Oh, yes, as a matter of fact she has just rescued me from some pirates."

"Now, Pat," admonished Barbara, laughingly.

"You can't laugh, Barbara, but I bet you a new pair of shoes he would have been a prize for some of those piratical mamas, had he remained in that room much longer."

"How do you like being watched, Robbins?" laughed Farquhar, "bit of a change I guess—sort of detective. However, it was good of you, Pat, to take him in tow; and for a while, I'll share the responsibility, whilst Barbara listens to the latest from the ladies' club."

"All right, now you are here I'll stagger in myself and hear the latest, too," said Pat. She joined Barbara and they left the verandah to the men.

Farquhar sat in the chair, recently occupied by Pat. He lit a cigar and crossed his long legs.

"Well, what do you think of her?" he asked.

"She's a smart little thing."

"En?"

"What the Yanks would call 'cute.' She has some wonderful expressions, too, and her slang!" he smiled.

"What are you blithering about?"

"You asked me how I liked her, and I'm telling you."

"But Barbara is not slangy—'cute' . . ."

"Who?"

"Barbara."

"Gosh! I thought you meant Pers . . . er, Pat."

"Bah! Farquhar was contemptuous.

"Pat! How could anyone think about her when Barbara was around? Sure, she was a nice kid, and a good soul, but . . ."

Robbins chuckled, then seriously, "I think Miss Vaughan is wonderful, Dick."

"You do? Then congratulate me. Barbara and I are engaged. She promised the night before I met you on the Bund. I bought the ring this afternoon." Farquhar's words tumbled over themselves and he blushed and grinned.

"Good man, congratulations." The detective shook his friend's hand warmly.

"Well, you're going to wet it, I suppose?" he asked.

"You bet; but come on in—of course, it is unofficial, you know, so we'll have it alone."

"Lead on, Paolo."

THEY entered the drawing-room and walked to the buffet. Robbins lifted his glass in silence, and Farquhar nodded in acknowledgment.

They had scarcely replaced their glasses when they were joined by Pat.

"Now you are in here are you not going to ask me to dance, Inspector? It is a shame Dick keeping you in his pocket." She glared at Farquhar.

"Good Lord! It was you who had him parked on the verandah," cried Dick.

She tossed her head. "Come on, let's dance, Inspector; we can't stop here all night talking to Dick."

She was excellent company, and danced beautifully. Robbins was sorry when the music finished.

"No hope for an encore, I suppose?" He looked sadly at the dancers trooping towards the cool verandah.

"I'm afraid not."

"Bad luck." He led her in the wake of the retreating guests.

Outside he had some difficulty in finding chairs, but managed to locate two, and they were about to be seated when he heard Farquhar calling his name. He turned, and saw his friend approaching from a table behind them, at which were seated Barbara and an elderly man whom he had not met. He waited expectantly.

"Excuse me, Pat, but I don't think Robbins has met Mr. Vaughan, has he?"

"Have you, Inspector?" she asked.

"No, not yet."

"Then come over and meet him," said Farquhar. "Better come too, Pat—here, I'll take that seat over for you. You'll have to bring your own, Robbins; bit of a jam out here to-night."

Vaughan stood up on their arrival. He bowed to Pat. "Good evening, Pat."

"Good evening, Mr. Vaughan."

Farquhar then introduced Robbins. "Inspector Robbins, Hongkong—Mr. Vaughan."

Vaughan grasped the back of his chair. Robbins, Hongkong! Here in his house! He felt sick. What was he here for? His thoughts tumbled in mad confusion, as he stood dry-mouthed facing the detective. First it was Lee—now Robbins, Robbins! His warning to Wu had not been untimely, then. The net was closing. He looked at his daughter. . . . At last he spoke:

"Pleased, Inspector. Won't you sit down?"

"Thanks," said Robbins.

"Have you been up here for long, Inspector?" Vaughan tapped a cigarette on the table nervously, as he asked the question. His eyes followed the movements of his wrist; he lacked the confidence to look at his guest.

"A few days only—I met Farquhar on the Bund, and we had tea together with Miss Vaughan and her friend, Miss Templeton. They were kind enough to ask me along to-night."

"Oh, a friend of Farquhar's." He felt somewhat relieved.

"The same club," said Farquhar.

"Rather a happy meeting, you two up here—unexpected like, eh?" He waited anxiously for a reply.

"Sure. I had no idea of meeting Farquhar. I imagined him to be in Hongkong—but then he is a busy man these times, with hold-ups here and there."

"I should think you are not so slack yourself, with one thing and another. Your business booming," he attempted a laugh.

ROBBS looked up at Vaughan. The detective's profession had attuned his ears and trained his eyes. He noticed in the half-light of the verandah that the questioner looked somewhat strained, and that the hand which held the cigarette shook slightly. The man was obviously worried—business perhaps.

"Well," Robbins answered thoughtfully, "my business is like any other, alternately

quiet and brisk. Crime has a strange reaction on many people. One robbery might lead to a dozen similar ones, each committed by different people, and all with breath-taking suddenness.

"Of course, out here, your chief delinquent would be the Chinese."

"Not at all—this place, for instance, is probably the most international city in the world, and is the Mecca of the American and European con-men, drug-runners, procurers, and the higher and lower lights who ply within and without the law; barred from their own country much to their indignation."

"It must be rather a thrill to be married to a burglar," Pat exclaimed. "Just fancy all the different things he would bring home every night!"

"Yes, all right until they pinched him; then the thrill would develop into a chill, and home to mother again for you," drawled Farquhar.

"That appears to me the most unfortunate part of the whole business; there are always innocent sufferers," said Barbara.

"They know whether laws be right

Or whether laws be wrong."

chanted Farquhar. "But come, let's dance. It's mine, I believe." He rose and took Pat's arm. "Robbins, Barbara dances better than Pat."

"All the more reason why I should not ask her," laughed the detective, rising.

"They made their excuses to their host and left him."

Alone, Vaughan stared pitifully at the chair just vacated by his daughter. "Two innocent sufferers," he echoed. "Yes, she was right. Well, she would not suffer. He ground his cigarette into the ash-tray. She need never know, and, if the thing on hand turned out successfully he could settle in France or England and change his name. She would probably go to Australia with Farquhar. He sighed, and his eyes grew moist.

CHAPTER 10

"BUT, Dad, why this sudden rush to England?" Barbara asked of her father, when the latter had told her of his projected departure.

"Well, my dear, I have some business to transact, and it needs my going at once."

"But what am I going to do?"

"You will have to carry on without me for a month or two. I thought, maybe, Pat and her mother could be persuaded to come and stay with you. I'll arrange for extra help, and will place sufficient funds to your credit at the bank this morning. You'll be well provided for."

"Dad! You know very well that is not what I meant. We've been alone together so long now that I'll miss you dreadfully—besides, Dick and I are not being married for months, and his business..." There was a slight catch in her voice as she left the sentence unfinished.

"Yes, dear, it will be hard for both of us," Vaughan embraced her, fighting hard to control his emotions. "But it is only a matter of a few months and we will be together again. As for Dick, I must ask him to give up that business of his and settle down to something steady—although I fancy he will need no asking. Now, I must run along and make some arrangements with my banker, and get some more help for you in the house."

"We don't want any more; Li and Sam are adequate."

"But if Pat and her mother come, one more boy will not be out of place." He felt mean and treacherous. The boy, he knew, would only be a spy of Wu's; to watch her and report to his master—but it was in the bargain; there was no other way. Wearily he sat down, and she, looking at him, noticed a tear run down his cheek.

"Oh, Dad," she seated herself on a rug

at the foot of his chair, and took his hands between hers. "Don't be troubled on my account; Pat and her mother will be only too pleased to come, and then I have Dick."

"You are fond of him, my dear?"

"Yes, Dad."

He nodded. "He'll make you a good husband, and I'll be secure in that knowledge in case anything should happen to me."

"But nothing is going to happen."

"I hope not." He kissed her, and, rising, helped her to her feet. "Now run along and let me make my arrangements."

FARQUHAR stayed on in Shanghai for a few days after Vaughan's departure, helping in the readjustment of Barbara's household; and this afternoon was on his way to pack in readiness to catch the boat sailing that night for Hongkong.

Arrived at the hotel, he rang Robbins, and they were soon talking over the wire, the result of which found Robbins in Farquhar's room about fifteen minutes later.

"It was good of you to come over, old man," said Farquhar. "I want to talk with you—got a little favor to ask." He took up his overcoat and hat, and they both passed from the room. Arrived in the lounge, he ordered the drinks, and began.

"Vaughan sailed for England two days ago."

"Oh; what for?"

"Goodness knows—business," he said.

"And Barbara?"

"She is stopping on. Her father intends returning in a few months, and that brings me to the little favor I would ask of you. Would you drop in occasionally to see them? I am going down now to hand in my resignation, and it will be some weeks before I can return."

"It certainly will, with pleasure," promised the detective. "By the way, it was sudden of Vaughan to go like that, was it not?"

"Took our breath away," replied Farquhar.

"Dick, do you know anything of Vaughan—the nature of his business?"

"No; absolutely nothing; he never confided in me—and, of course, I never asked him."

"He seemed worried on the first night I met him—nervous, been playing with the stock market, do you think?"

"Maybe; still, he left a tidy sum at Barbara's disposal with the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank."

"Hum; then, if it was not money that was troubling him, what was it?" The detective spoke as though unaware of the other's presence.

"Perhaps he was upset over the engagement business," hazarded Farquhar. "You know, he is very attached to Barbara."

"Yes—but I don't think it is that, Dick."

The detective shook his head slowly. "I understand he is very fond of you, too. However, you did not ask me over to discuss Vaughan—what are you going to do after resigning from the shipping company?"

"I have a promise of a position here, and when Vaughan returns..."

"Wedding bells, and that, eh?"

IT was a week before Robbins found time to call at the Villa in the Bubbling Well Road.

Since he had said good-bye to Farquhar there had followed a time of heart-breaking and fruitless work. "Number Four" became a chimera whose fair now lay among the mass of native craft on the Soochow Creek, in the narrow, crowded alleys of the Walled City; in Footing; in Hong Kow. Always someone had seen him. Robbins cursed the minute details contained in the reports of the native police, and wished that the same

thoroughness could be infused into some sweeping activity on their part.

"If you see anyone that looks like him—get him, and leave the writing to me," were his orders, given after reading a mass of closely written detail, which led to nothing, but exasperation.

Despite the barrenness of the week he was in good spirits when Li admitted him. Barbara and Pat met him in the hall.

"So glad that you have come, Inspector," Barbara greeted him. "We've been waiting for you. Dick told us to expect you."

"How have you been keeping—and how is Dick?" he asked when they were seated in the drawing-room.

"Oh, we're all right—that is..." Barbara hesitated in replying, and glanced quickly towards Pat.

"Nothing wrong, I trust?" he noted the look, and made the inquiry before she had time to continue.

"No, Inspector—but..."

"Inspector, Barbara and myself think we are being followed," Pat cut in quickly.

"Followed?"

"Yes."

"But who would follow you, and what for?"

"Goodness knows what for—but that new house-boy of Barbara's seems to be everywhere we are!"

"But how long has he been with you, Miss Vaughan," he turned to Barbara.

"Since father left for England," she answered. "He engaged him so that I might have extra help, now that Pat and her mother are with me."

"Perhaps Mr. Vaughan told him to keep an eye on you, and he is keeping to the strict letter of his promise," said Robbins jokingly; but the tenor of his remarks belied his thoughts.

"Yes, but it is rather uncomfortable," rejoined Barbara. "I had a good mind to dismiss him."

"Don't do that, Miss Vaughan." He was in haste to prevent such a happening, and added, before the women had time to notice his appeal: "Er, that is, I would not do anything without consulting your father. He is a good house-boy?" he asked.

"Oh, yes."

"Then don't be alarmed or annoyed any further by him," he said, and adroitly turned the conversation so that the matter of the house-boy was dropped.

Barbara played, and Pat sang, and the evening passed all too quickly, thought Robbins. His remarks concerning the house-boy had mollified the women, and when he signified his intention of leaving and they were reluctant to let him go, he pleaded work, and was allowed to depart after making a promise to call again.

Outside he hailed a taxi, and was driven to the corner of Shansu and Poochow Roads, where he alighted, and waited until the cab had driven away. He then walked to the headquarters of the police and sent an urgent wire for Lee.

AT ten o'clock the following morning he sent in his card to the manager of the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank and after a short wait was in conversation with that high official over the affairs of John Malone Vaughan.

"No, Inspector," the manager was speaking. "I do not know any more about him than what I have already told you. He left a sum to be drawn on by his daughter, and also deposited with us his will and some private papers. So much I learned by the transference of his account to that of his daughter, and signatures necessary for the depositing of his papers. Of course, you will readily understand that it would be impossible and unnecessary for me to be conversant with all our customers' transactions."

"I understand," agreed Robbins, "but I should like to get some idea of his business with the bank—his deposits..."

"I can easily do that for you." The man-

ager phoned the banking chamber, and asked that an officer familiar with the account of Vaughan be sent to him.

Half an hour later Robbins left satisfied with the result of his investigation.

That night he found Lee waiting for him at Headquarters.

"Why, Lee, I did not expect to see you for some days," he exclaimed.

"The Chief thought it might be urgent, so I came by plane."

"Good for the Chief! Well, I'll begin at the beginning, and make you familiar with the job on hand. About a week ago I went to an evening. My host was a man named Vaughan—John Malone Vaughan—know anything of him? No! All right. He has a charming and beautiful daughter, to whom he is very much attached, who keeps house for him on the Bubbling Well Road. There are only the two of them; he has no wife. Li, the house-boy, and Sam, the cook, were, until recently, the only servants in the place. The night I met him he was palpably nervous, and obviously fished around to ascertain a reason for my presence. Two days later he sailed for England, leaving his daughter behind, and last night, to keep a promise, I paid the girl a visit. It appears, before Vaughan left, he engaged an extra house-boy—against his daughter's wish, I understand—and this boy is following her and a girl friend about. I think I reassured them somewhat, but, Lee, there is something crooked going on I am sure, and that is why I have sent for you. I don't like the way Vaughan met me, nor do I like his sudden departure. He deposits sums in the bank at irregular intervals—large sums, and it is local money—no bills or drafts which clearly shows he has no outside interests. His shareholdings are negligible. Now, where does his money come from?"

"Do you want me to find that out?" asked Lee.

"If you can, but I want you to shadow the house-boy; follow him wherever he goes, and report to me."

CHAPTER 11

AMONG the throng of happy, excited, homeward-bound passengers on the boat, Vaughan, alone, stood a disconsolate figure. It was the first time he had ever been separated from his daughter, and now he was leaving her for ever. The city disappeared behind a bend of the river, and, weighted with the sadness of his parting, he turned and made for his cabin.

By dinner-time the ship was ploughing southwards to Hongkong, rising and falling with the swell of the open sea.

Vaughan heard the gong, but made no attempt to get up and dress; he felt in no mood to eat.

A steward opened his cabin door:

"Sick, sir? Can I get you something?"

"No, I am not sick, steward, but I am not going to dinner. Yes, you can get me something—a brandy and soda."

"Yes, sir."

He drank his brandy, and about a quarter of an hour later went on deck. It was deserted. Seating himself in a cane chair, he dully watched the dark shape of China slowly fading from him forever. He thought of Wu Sang. Silently he cursed the day he had first met the Chinese.

How surely the beast had worked it all out. He sprang up in a spasm of wrath. "By God! I won't let him. I'll go back from Hongkong; I'll face it. . . . Poor Vaughan; the tumbling waters of the Yellow Sea leered at his empty boat."

Gradually the deck began to fill with after-dinner promenaders, and so he sought the seclusion of his cabin.

"Our fellow passenger must be in for a bad time," The speaker, indicating Vaughan's empty chair, addressed a lady and a gentleman sitting at the same table.

INSPECTOR COTTER

was happy. At last, after twenty years, he was going home. In that time he had served in His Majesty's police in the East, and now, with an inspectorship in his bag, and six months' leave ahead, he felt he could enjoy the hard-won merit of the years that the locusts had eaten.

"Don't be too hard on him," said the woman. "Remember, it was only dinner last night and now breakfast that he has missed, and I imagine he is not the only one absent on that account."

"Well, I hope he comes up for lunch," said Cotter. "If he's a bridge player, that will give us a start, eh?—a ready-made four." His eyes danced in anticipation.

At lunch Cotter's hope was not deferred, for just as the three were seated the steward led Vaughan to the vacant seat. He looked and felt a sick man, and inwardly thanked the suppositious sea-sickness as an escape from well-intended inquiries as to his condition.

Cotter broke the silence: "Had a bad time?"

"Not too good," Vaughan answered, smiling wanly.

"You'll begin to pick up, now—at least, I'm told that if you're able to eat something you're on the right road—never get sick, myself." The policeman was genially garrulous, and he carried on most of the conversation, racing from one subject to another during the remainder of the meal. He bubbled over with good spirits, and soon had the others in a merry mood. Vaughan excepted. After promising Cotter to make a four that night, he excused himself and went on deck.

On the short run to Hongkong, the games committee, or the nucleus thereof, had reserved its good-natured and well-intentioned coercion until the passengers from the island had joined the ship. Under the circumstances there was no general fraternising of those on board, and friends were, more or less, confined to dining-room associations. As a consequence, Vaughan found himself on the Peak tramway in company with his two fellow-diners—Mr. and Mrs. Hayes—he had introduced himself upon their invitation to see the island. Cotter had gone ashore alone, earlier.

The Hayes were a charming couple and Vaughan was pleasantly occupied the remainder of the evening showing them the sights. By the time the trio had returned to the ship, the influence of his companions had lifted him from the slough into which he had fallen into a partial resemblance of his old self; although nothing could efface the sorrow he felt, nor compensate for the exile to which he was committed. They thanked him for his guidance, and he went below.

On entering his cabin, he was startled to find the settee occupied by the grey-headed Cotter, who was idly turning the pages of a magazine, with a good deal of finger wetting, and an obvious lack of interest.

Upon Vaughan's entrance he sprang up: "Ah, been ashore—been up to the Peak?" and before Vaughan had time to answer went on: "Came aboard myself ten minutes ago and found nobody—asked the steward for your cabin, thinking you would join me in a drink—no one at home, picked up the magazine, and here you are! Now let's have that drink." He took Vaughan's arm and led him along to the smoke-room.

LEAVING Hongkong, the ship had nearly a full complement of passengers, and in the atmosphere created by the new arrivals, the occupants of Vaughan's table felt that they had known each other longer than the period since joining the ship in Shanghai. There grew, between them, an intimacy which only

shipboard associations beget; friendships quickly knit and enduring.

In this atmosphere, Vaughan was like a shipwrecked sailor, clinging to a raft of forgetfulness built by his fellow-diners, when fate, swirling and white-capped, smashed his hold in a smother of foam.

It happened at bridge that night.

Hayes was dealing when a steward approached and asked of Cotter—

"Are you Inspector Cotter, sir?"

"Yes, that's me," confirmed Cotter.

"Wireless for you, sir," the steward handed him the message.

"Thanks, steward," he excused himself, and ripped the message open, then grunted at the others.

"One of the boys from Hongkong missed me when I was ashore and wishes me bon voyage. For a moment I thought something was wrong."

Vaughan sat tense. . . . Cotter! He spoke and his countenance surprised himself.

"Inspector Cotter of Shanghai?"

"That's right," the policeman nodded, smilingly.

V

VAUGHAN hesitated. "Let me introduce myself—my name is Vaughan." He essayed a smile, but his eyes watched the detective's face intently.

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Vaughan. . . ."

"Do you mean to tell me you two fellows have only just met?" cried Hayes.

"That's all right—little oversight," cheerily replied Cotter. "Names don't matter much—eh, Vaughan?"

"No, not much," Vaughan was slow to answer.

"Not much! He should have laughed, he thought. So this was Cotter; the famous 'inside man' of the Shanghai Civil Investigation. His eyes narrowed as he watched the detective sort his cards, upon Hayes finishing the deal. Abruptly he stood up, his mind racing to the scene of a grey-headed man, seated on the settee of his cabin, idly turning the pages of a magazine.

"Excuse me for a moment," he spoke naturally and steadily. Slowly he walked from the smoke-room; but outside, he almost ran to his cabin. In the corner stood his steamer trunk as yet unopened, for in the days since leaving Shanghai he had no recourse to it—had almost forgotten its contents.

Hastily he fished for his keys, and kneeling, opened the big trunk. Groping among the neatly-folded clothes, he brought forth a small attache case, and with a smaller key, snapped back its strong lock.

Tucking the attache case under his arm, he stood up. Now, what was he to do with the stuff? Give it to the purser? No! If Cotter were seeking him, that would be his first inquiry. Leave it under his bunk pillow? Fool, a fortune under his pillow! He opened the case, extracted two chamote bags, and with quick decision, stuffed them into his trouser pockets. He then lifted the pillow and plunged the empty case under its shelter. "The safest place for to-night, at least," he muttered. He went to the mirror, smoothed his hair, and left for the smoke-room.

Reflecting, Vaughan grew bitter. To be caught now would be a crushing blow to his plans, and all that he had hoped for, ended in dreadful and complete exposure.

By the time he returned to the card-table he was composed, and apologised for his long absence.

"Any one bid?" he asked as he sat down.

"No, we waited," his partner replied.

"Good; now see if we can make up for lost time." He sorted his cards, and the game commenced.

After the players had retired, Vaughan paced the leeward deck, thinking hard. This last desperate throw had to succeed. . . .

had to. Cotter going home on leave! he smiled to himself. . . . Good work! he breathed aboard, and roaring at all and sundry his name and occupation. Honest

Cotter . . . have all the latitude you want, Mr. Vaughan, I am not after you, at least not until you reach the Continent—nothing so clumsy as detention in any of the ports East.

"Well, we'll see," he patted, gently, the two bags in his pockets, and went below.

SINGAPORE.

Idly, Vaughan leant over the rail, and watched the milling crowd on the wharf. Tamils, Malays, Hindus, Chinese, shouting and gesticulating as they ran or cowered before the belaboring baton of the ubiquitous Sikh, those tall, diademed keepers of the King's peace.

He looked at his watch—quarter to three; she was due to sail in an hour. He left the rail and went to his cabin.

He unlocked the steamer trunk and extracted his papers and letters and put them in his pocket. Then, closing and locking the trunk, put on his hat, swung a camera over his shoulder, and walked ashore.

About four o'clock, from the verandah of an hotel overlooking the harbor, he saw the ship outward bound, threading and hooting through the mass of smaller craft in the fairway. He wrote a letter to his daughter, telling her he had missed the boat, assuring her he was well, and would continue on the next available steamer.

That night a Chinese second-class passenger sent a cryptic wireless message to Shanghai.

CHAPTER 12.

LEE pulled a rickshaw along the Bubbling Well Road, passing and repassing the Vaughan home, or sat, with his vehicle parked in the gutter, watching with sublime, Oriental patience for the house-boy to appear alone.

To-night Lee sat on the kerb beside his rickshaw. The subtle perfume of shrubs and flowers hung in the still air, and tamarisk and oleander, drooping from walled gardens, threw dark shadows on the pavement.

Of these things Lee cared little. He was watching a figure which had left by the side door of the villa and, in stepping from the shadow of the wall, revealed itself to be the house-boy. The watcher saw him stand on the kerb, hail a rickshaw from the head of the rank, and drive off in the direction of the city. At a reasonable distance he followed.

Outside the shop kept by Wu Sang, the boy dismissed the rickshaw and entered.

In the back room of the shop the Chinese sat in conference with "Number Four," and a fat, prosperous-looking fellow-countryman of the well-to-do merchant type. He had a wireless message in his hand and had just finished reading it to his countrymen—or, rather, to the merchant—he ignored the ex-donkeyman.

"There, that is from Tang Loo," he said as he threw the flimsy paper on to the table.

"Ho!" The fat one raised his eyebrows. There was no outward sign that the text of the message disturbed either of the speakers.

"You can speak later. First we will hear Ho Ling."

The fat Chinese looked at "Number Four" and his big, round face smiled as he nodded in response.

"Yes, we will determine what to do; trust us." He then addressed himself to Wu. "You have agents in Singapore who will find this Vaughan."

"You think, then, this is a trick?"

"I do."

"But his daughter?"

"I have her closely watched; every movement I know. To-night my agent comes to report." Wu looked at the clock. "Even now he should be here."

"If we caged the dove, what then?" Ho Ling opened his eyes and looked at Wu

Sang. The other returned his look meaningly.

At this juncture the house-boy from the villa was admitted.

"Well, what have you to report?" Wu Sang asked.

"Nothing, honorable, but that the women go out and come home," replied the boy.

"Where do they go?"

"To the shops on Nanking Road, to friends, or drive along the Bund."

"Has the man Farquhar returned?"

"No."

"Has the daughter received messages from her father?"

"Yes. Here are two." The boy handed his master two of Vaughan's wireless messages, one sent on the first day out, and the other from Hongkong.

"There is nothing more?"

"No."

Wu handed them back. "Replace these."

"For a time he sat

silent. Then he spoke to the boy:

"To-morrow afternoon the girl will receive a message to meet this Farquhar on the Bund; outside will be a taxi, conveniently situated for you to call. Ming Lee will be driving; see that she gets that taxi."

"Yes, but . . . ?"

"But what?" Wu Sang snapped the query. No doubt the disappearance of Vaughan had ruffled his habitual calm.

"Her friends . . . ?"

"What of them?"

"They will want to go with her; never does she go out alone."

The fat Chinese sat, a placid mass of evident contentment, his eyes half closed, apparently disinterested; but behind the round face an alert, cruel brain worked quickly. He leant slightly forward.

"They could be sick—not too sick to prevent the dove from leaving them; but headaches—slightly indisposed," he suggested.

Wu Sang nodded understandingly. He rose and entered another room, soon to return with a bamboo box about two inches square; this he handed to the house-boy.

"At the time for tiffin, put as much of that powder as will cover the half of a dollar in the drink of the younger one and that of her mother; then wait for the messenger and Ming Lee."

The boy bowed to Wu and Ho Ling, and was gone.

Lee waited until he saw the house-boy reappear, and watched him board a west-bound tram. Then he took the rickshaw shafts and softly paddled across the road for one last look inside, when Ho Ling came out.

The sight of the Chinese almost caused him to drop the shafts. . . . "Ho Ling!" he gasped.

"Boy!"

He heard the Chinese call, and for a moment felt inclined to race away unheeding, but checked himself. Here was an opportunity to find where Ho Ling lived. He pulled the rickshaw into the curb, his bowed head hiding his face. He lowered the shafts and his passenger climbed aboard.

Lee prayed as he ran along that his identity would pass unnoticed. . . . Ho Ling! The police had been watching his store in Hongkong for months; but the Chinese was cunning even beyond the average of his race.

After setting down his passenger, Lee went to headquarters to make his report to Robbins.

"Glad to see you, Lee," Robbins greeted, looking at him over his desk, "and, what is more, you'll be oral," he sighed thankfully.

"And may be interesting, too," smiled Lee.

"Is that so? Good for you." Robbins leant forward expectantly. "I'm listening."

"As you know," began Lee, "except following the women, the house-boy showed no suspicious movements. To-night, how-

ever, about 8 o'clock, he came out alone and drove to a shop in the Peking Road.

The place appears to be of a prosperous kind, and looks like the retail department of an importer—Wu Sang the name is. I watched the boy enter, but when I walked along a minute or two later he was not in the shop. I waited. In about half an hour he came out, and caught a west-bound tram, evidently going home. I then returned and picked up the rickshaw, and was passing for a final look at the place when a fat figure also came out and hailed me. It was Ho Ling."

"Ho Ling!" Robbins exclaimed. "Are you sure, Lee?" he asked.

"Sure. I pulled him to a house in the Hong Kow—I know—he is heavy," replied Lee drily.

"Ho Ling . . . ? Lee, the plot begins to thicken. Now, you go and rest and be on the job in the morning."

"I will. Good night."

W

HEN Lee had gone, Robbins looked at his watch: it was half-past ten. "I don't suppose they will be in bed," he said to himself. He lifted the phone, asked the switch for Vaughan's number, and was quickly connected.

"Hello, Miss Vaughan. . . . This is Robbins . . . very well, thanks, still horribly busy, though. . . . and yourself? Good. Miss Vaughan, have you any word of Farquhar? . . . expecting him to-morrow night? Sort of welcome home. How is your father? . . . Good. No further trouble with the house-boy? Oh, don't take any notice of that. Well, I won't keep you up. . . . See you to-morrow night. . . . Good night." He hung up and sat thoughtfully tapping the table with his pencil. Presently he rose and, donning his coat, took his hat and left the room.

Outside, he walked slowly along the Honan Road, passing the fire station and the dark spires of the Cathedral before he crossed the busy intersection of Nanking.

A few more blocks and he was in the road wherein the shop of Wu was situated. He turned right and passed it on the other side of the thoroughfare. The place was closed, as he expected, but lights shone from the upper floor windows. "Wu Sang, Merchant and Provider," was written over the door in English, and the Chinese equivalent ran a perpendicular course down each side.

CHAPTER 13.

THE Vaughan household was early astir on the morrow. Barbara, expectant and radiant, was delivering to Sam the order for the day, and particularly for dinner that night.

"And don't forget Sam, dinner at seven," she reiterated in conclusion.

"You catchee seven, missus; can do," promised the smiling Sam. Then, "Missus Flarker, he come?" he asked.

"Yes, Sam."

"Velly good man, Missus Flarker."

"Thanks, Sam."

"You marry him, eh, Missus—sometime?"

"Yes, sometime," she laughed.

"Good. 'Ave plenty children, ally same you and Missus Flarker."

"Sam!" she blushed indignantly.

But the cook was unconscious of her confusion. He had watched her grow from hoydenish plaits, and had fed her surreptitiously in his kitchen, to her and his own delight. He was about to reply, but she checked him.

"Now, Sam, that will do," she said to finality.

At breakfast she confided in Pat the substance of Sam's remarks, much to her companion's delight.

"Ha, ha," laughed Pat. "Good old Sam. And are you going to take his advice, Barbara?"

"Pat, you are as bad as he!"

Pat smiled.

"And he said he hoped you would soon

be marrying Mr. Robbins, and . . . " Barbara went on.

"Did that old scoundrel say that?"

"Yes," smiled Barbara, "and a heap of things . . ."

"I don't know what the heap contained," broke in Pat, "but you can tell Sam for me that I would not marry Mr. Robbins—as he calls him—if he were the only man in the world," she snuffed, and with vicious strokes resumed her attack upon the orange.

"Silly," laughed Barbara. "I was only fibbing, dear; but I don't think you meant what you said all the same, did you?"

"I . . ." but she did not finish. At that moment her mother entered the room. The two girls greeted her.

"Sleep well, mother?" asked Pat.

"A little, my dear," Mrs. Templeton lowered her plump figure in a chair with a sigh. Sleeplessness was her pet "complaint." A condition her daughter scornfully derided and mockingly referred to as "Mother's rightly habitation."

"Well, what is in the papers . . . dear?" she addressed Barbara.

"Mother, you don't think that Barbara is interested in the papers, to-day, do you?" said Pat. "Why, to-day Dick returns."

"Oh, of course; forgive me, Barbara. But now that Pat has reminded me, there is something I would like to say to you about Mr. Farquhar. Don't you think it is time he gave up going down the river after those pirates . . .?"

"Up the river, Mother, up," corrected Pat.

"Very well, my dear, up the river, and getting himself shot like he does."

"Easy with the 'shot,' Mother; he told Barbara he didn't drink."

"Drink?" Mrs. Templeton looked puzzled.

BARBARA laughed. "Oh don't heed Pat, Mrs. Templeton, she's joking. Thanks ever so much for your concern for me, but Dick has already resigned his former position, and is going to settle down here in Shanghai."

"Ah, that will be nice for you, dear. Have you had any more word from your father?" she asked.

"No, nothing since his message from Hongkong."

Breakfast over, Mrs. Templeton went to a shady spot on the verandah to read, and the girls left for a tennis engagement with some friends.

At lunch the talk between the girls was mostly of frocks and the morning's tennis, with occasional irrelevant interpolations by Mrs. Templeton.

"What are you going to do this afternoon, Barbara?" asked Pat, at the conclusion of the meal.

"I won't go out; I have a few things to do, and I'm a wee bit tired after those strenuous sets we had this morning—what had you in mind?"

"I was thinking I would take mother for a drive, but I'm tired, too, and as we'll probably be up late to-night on second thoughts I'll postpone it until to-morrow."

About three o'clock Pat and her mother were prostrated with headaches, and Barbara was busy with the smelling-salts when Wu Sang's messenger arrived.

Mr. Farquhar had met with an accident. The car he was driving had collided with another, and at present he was in the Astor Hotel.

Dick, hurt . . . "Li, boy, get me a cab," Barbara flew into her room and hastily donned some street clothes.

Pat made a gallant effort.

"Barbara, wait, I'll come with you."

"No, dear, stay with your mother. I'll phone as soon as I get there."

In a moment she was in the road, and entered the taxi the house-boy had engaged. "Astor Hotel, boy—quickly."

Ming Lee smiled at the ease with which the

trap had been sprung; but in the conceit of his achievement he failed to notice a rickshaw boy jogging along in the wake of

the fast-disappearing taxi, the car number stored away in his very retentive memory. Stopping at the Lonza Police Station, Lee telephoned headquarters for Robbins; but the detective was out. He left a message covering the events of the afternoon, and then returned to his post and resumed his vigil.

FARQUHAR walked down the gangway of the P. and O. a little disconsolate. He had hoped the girls would have been there to meet him; they knew the time he was due.

"Trust nothing has happened," he thought, then smiled. "I suppose they're exercising the usual feminine prerogative. I'll wait about for a while—there's no hurry."

Presently he looked at his watch. "They're riding old prerogative a bit hard, and I'm beginning to think they'll wear him out," he mused.

A wharf telephone-booth upon the arrival or departure of a steamer is an over-worked institution, and as Farquhar's patience had already been somewhat strained he gave up the notion of phoning and hailed a taxi.

"Bubbling Well Road, boy; I'll tell you when to stop."

Lee watched the arrival of Farquhar; saw him dismount the cab and enter the house. Ten minutes later he reappeared. Lee scuttled across the road fouting for his custom, and in so doing breaking his rank and all the known ethics of rickshawdom.

"Yes, boy, Forchow Road—Central Police Station, and hurry," Farquhar's face was troubled.

Lee looked around at the angry, gesticulating crowd as he gathered way. At headquarters Farquhar alighted, and tossing Lee a coin entered the building. Lee followed closely behind. Inside, he touched Farquhar's shoulder.

"You want Inspector Robbins?" He spoke jerkily; he was unused to such long runs and had not fully recovered his breathing.

"Yes," Farquhar looked with some surprise at his former rickshawman.

"Very good, we will go together," said Lee.

They found the detective at his desk, and it needed no explanation as to the reason of their call. He had Lee's note, and guessed from the look of Farquhar that something serious had happened. He motioned them to sit down, and said:

"Dick, you are going to tell me that Miss Vaughan went away this afternoon and has not returned."

Farquhar nodded. "Yes, Pat told me that Barbara received a message from me saying that I was at the Astor Hotel, that I had been in an accident and I wanted her to come to me."

"Do you know anyone who would do that? Have you any enemies?"

"Plenty up-river rough-and-tumble coolies. They would probably chop your head off, but never think to descend upon Shanghai on a kidnapping job—nothing so subtle, if you understand me."

"I do, and it strengthens my belief that Vaughan himself is implicated in this."

"Vaughan?" Farquhar was startled.

"But . . ."

"I know what you are going to say, but listen to me. You know nothing about Vaughan, no one seems to—not even his banker. Before he left for England he insisted—don't forget, insisted—upon engaging a house-boy who has done nothing but shadow his daughter; and to-day, as a climax, she is lured away by a false message, and does not return. Last night, Lee here," he pointed to his assistant, "followed the house-boy to a shop in the Peking Road, kept by a man named Wu Sang and it is evident that there the plan to kidnap Miss Vaughan was hatched."

Further, Lee saw Ho Ling—you know him—leave the shop shortly after the house-boy.

Now, is there any connection between Vaughan, Wu Sang and Ho Ling?"

"Don't ask me, Robbins, I don't know—but this I know, if she is in that shop on Peking Road, I'll get her out."

He spoke slowly, deliberately; his eyes blazed for a second, and his brown jaw set hard. Robbins looked at him and inwardly felt sorry for Wu Sang or anyone coming to grips with this rangy Australian.

The detective got up and walked around the table. He laid his hand on his friend's shoulder.

"Dick, I am sorry—I know how you must feel about this—but don't rush, you know our Chinese, if they get an inkling . . ." he stopped.

Farquhar gave a slight shudder. "Yes, I know," he said quietly.

"You go to the villa now and stay there for the night—the other two will need your company. Lee and myself will pick up that taxi and find where he drove the girl—don't worry, if there is to be any fireworks, you'll be in on it," he smiled in conclusion.

"Thanks," said Farquhar, "that is a promise, but all the same . . ."

"You cannot help us to-night, Dick, do what I ask and I will phone you first thing in the morning."

CHAPTER 14.

BARBARA imagined the worst as she was being driven in the taxi. Why had not Dick given instructions to be taken to the villa? . . . How the taxi crawled. . . . She leaned forward to the driver.

"Hurry, boy, oh, hurry!" she cried. Ming Lee nodded, and accelerated in obedience.

She heard the driver tool, and felt the sway of his car as he swerved to pass the slower-paced vehicles; actions which, in ordinary times, would have brought from her a quick remonstrance; but she gave no heed. Finally, with a squeaking of brakes, the car stopped and she saw the driver leave his seat. Her heart beat quickly. . . .

At last! She looked out. They had stopped in a narrow lane at the rear of Wu Sang's. She had noticed the boy turn off the main road, and had imagined he was taking a short cut; but to stop here? . . . The Astor was near the Bund!

"Boy, this is not the Astor Hotel!"

Ming Lee stood with the door open. He did not answer.

"No, Miss Vaughan; but Mr. Farquhar is here. The boy was evidently confused when he gave you the message. I am a friend of Mr. Farquhar, and was with him at the time the accident occurred. At first he suggested the Astor, but I prevailed upon him to accept my poor hospitality until your arrival."

Barbara, who had made no move to leave the car, had not seen the speaker approach. Now he answered for Ming Lee. She looked up, and for the first time met Wu Sang. There was nothing in his demeanor to suggest what lay behind that suave exterior, not was she in a mood to stop and question. Dick was hurt, and was here in this Chinese gentleman's house.

Wu Sang nodded to Ming Lee, and, turning, ushered her through a narrow door and down a long passage until they came to the room off the shop.

"Upstairs," he led the way. At the top of the stairs he halted, and, pointing to a room on the right, whispered "In there." He advanced and opened the door for her. She smiled her thanks and entered. He did not follow; instead, with a quick motion, he silently closed the door and locked it. She was a prisoner.

He heard her exclamation of dismay, the agitated rattling of the lock, her cries, and muffled thumping on the door, as he slowly descended the stairs. But for a glitter in his eyes, his countenance did not change as he wrote to Ho Ling.

"The Dove is caged."

Barbara had entered the room to find

is empty. She turned with a quivering tremor upon her lips. . . . She was alone and the door closed. . . . The first quick surge of indignation died, and she grew afraid: "Dick! Dick!" she cried, vainly renewing her attack upon the door. Tears trembled in her eyes, but, with a little cry of returning courage, she checked them, and looked about seeking some means of escape, or of attracting attention to her plight.

A window looked out over the back portion of the house, and another was let into the partition on the opposite wall, dividing the room she was in from another, which faced the street.

IN a few quick steps she was at the back window, her fingers desperately struggling with the catch, in vain. Her hopes falling, she raced to the opposite wall, where a further shock awaited, for what, at first, appeared a window, was only a square of thick glass set into the wood. It was fixed and unmovable.

In despair she beat upon the surface. . . . Suddenly her cries died, and her arms ceased their beating. . . . Staring at her through the glass was the hideous face of "Number Four." For a moment she gazed in horror at the drooping mouth, and the scared, bloodshot eye. . . . She screamed and covered her face to shut out the sight.

She awoke on the bed. Something cool was on her forehead, and her nostrils still tingled under the influence of some sharp stimulant.

"Dick," she sighed. "Oh, Dick!"

The shape did not answer, but took her hand and held it. . . . Slowly the mist cleared. . . . The man who held her hand was not Dick; it was the Chinese who had brought her to this room!

"You!" she exclaimed. "You will explain this outrage!"

Wu Sang raised a deprecating hand.

"In good time, Miss Vaughan. But first I must apologise for the inconvenience of which I was the unwitting cause. Please be assured. You are quite safe, and no harm will come to you."

"Where is Mr. Parquhar?"

"Mr. Parquhar?" he shrugged. "I don't know. . . ."

"Then your message was a lie?"

"Let us call it an expedient."

"I don't understand," she voiced her bewilderment.

"You will, later. Tell me why did your father leave the boat in Singapore?"

"My father? What have his movements to do with you? You have no right. . . ."

"It is scarcely the time for you to challenge my right. You forget that you are here in this house alone—except. . . ." He broke off and looked significantly towards the window in the partition.

She shuddered. "I did not know that he had missed the boat. I have received no word from him."

"Did he make any arrangements with you to leave Shanghai?"

"No."

"When do you expect his return?"

"I don't know; when his business is finished—but what has all this to do with me?"

He ignored the question, and went on: "Did he tell you the nature of his business that called him away?"

"No."

He nodded, and for a moment sat silent.

"Miss Vaughan, you say your father made no arrangements for you to meet him anywhere, nor did he tell you when he might return. That is strange behaviour for such an affectionate parent, don't you think?"

"How dare you question my father's movements. How dare you!" Oh! . . .

Slowly, Wu Sang rose, and left the room. Barbara was unconscious of his departure. Events had followed too fast; and now kindly nature was easing the stress

of her pent emotions with the floodgates of tears.

Outside Wu Sang was met by Ho Ling, who had been listening.

DOWNSTAIRS Ho Ling spoke:

"She knows nothing—I believe her."

Wu Sang nodded—"Yes."

"And now?"

"To-night I will send her to the Old City and hold her until Sun Ling finds her father. If he missed the ship by accident, she shall go free—if not—"

He stopped and looked at his companion.

Ho Ling spread his hands.

"A bargain not kept destroys the soul of him who made it. To-morrow I will see you again."

Barbara did not know how long she had been in the room, but by the darkening light judged it must be now somewhere approaching six o'clock. It had been three

when she left the villa. Three hours! The thought came to her of Mrs. Templeton and Pat. She wondered what they were

thinking about her absence—and Dick? Relief came from the knowledge that the story of his accident was untrue. He would be at the villa and wondering what

had happened to her; and she took comfort from the thought that even now he would be consulting with Robbins over her disappearance. Robbins would comb the city.

She showed and felt a greater control when some time later the Chinese again entered. A servant followed bearing a tray.

"Tea, Miss Vaughan," Wu Sang bowed indicating the tray. "It is the best my poor house has to offer. Refresh yourself."

She ignored the invitation:

"Are you going to explain this outrage?"

He did not answer her question—but said:

"In half an hour you will leave this place."

A sudden hope rose within her:

"You are sending me home?"

"Not yet."

He said no more, but followed the servant out and closed the door.

To the girl it did not seem half an hour before he returned and bade her descend the stairs. In the room below he spoke:

"Now, Miss Vaughan, I am going to tie this scarf around your head—you might scream, and attract attention, and of course, that I cannot permit," he smiled.

She thought of resisting, but the afternoon had taken its toll of her reserves, and so she suffered him to gag her.

"Now, I will take your arm."

He led her along the way they had come, and soon she was being helped into a car.

She heard the door close, and felt her captor sit down beside her. The car began to gather way.

They had not driven far when Wu Sang untied the scarf. Barbara took in a deep breath of air:

"Not so stuffy," he said lightly. Then the voice sank to a whisper: "But I would advise you not to scream, nor make any attempt to leave the car."

"Where are you taking me?"

"To a place where you will be safe," he replied—and added, "until your father returns."

"What has my father to do with this?"

She repeated, voicing the thought that continually occupied her mind.

He did not reply.

SHE sat silent for a time, a prey to doubts and fears. Her father and this. . . . She glanced at the Chinese. In the half light of the cab's interior he looked satanic. The prominent cheekbones; the little pointed beard, and

those slits of eyes, heightened the illusion. She shivered.

Presently the siren of a steamer sounded, and she sniffed the river. They were travelling along the Bund, she thought. A wild idea took hold of her to open the door, and jump. . . . Her eyes went to the catch. . . .

"Don't attempt it, Miss Vaughan. You would certainly be killed—besides the door is locked."

Further on, progress of the car was slowed, and soon it stopped, and Wu Sang turned to her:

"Now, Miss Vaughan, you must again suffer me to cover your head," and almost before he had finished speaking, the scarf was once more wrapped about her face. The driver opened the door, and in a trice she was being helped out, and hustled up a flight of narrow stairs into a room at the back of the house.

A servant followed them in, and, placing a lighted lamp on a table near the bed, silently withdrew. Then Wu Sang spoke:

"Here, Miss Vaughan," he indicated the room with a wave of his hand. "You will be my guest for a little while at least. You will probably think of escaping; but I would dissuade the thought if I were you. The place does not provide much scope in that direction—besides, I have a good watchman."

He broke off and went outside, to return, leading a giant dun-colored dog, who, upon catching sight of her, strained at his lead savagely; his jaws slavered, and his eyes staring wildly.

"This is Klang. He sleeps outside your door, and is extremely savage when strangers are about." He patted the dog's head.

He roughed the dog. Its head jerked forward in quick motions, and its great mouth opened and closed in rapid succession; but no sound was emitted by the beast. It was dumb!

Barbara gasped, it was horrible, uncanny. She hid her face, and the Chinese smiled as he watched the effect upon her.

"Escape by the door, you will see, is out of question," he went on—"and the window," he looked up, "is too high."

"You beast!" she cried. The mockery in his voice angered her, and dispelled her fear. "You beast! You can't expect to escape the consequences of this act!"

"I am not alarmed, Miss Vaughan."

"Mr. Parquhar will hunt you—"

"Mr. Parquhar's ability is not unknown to me," he interrupted. "But he is now dealing with a pirate rabble. If he is wise, he will sit down in patience, and await your return. Now we must go; Klang pulls hard, and my arm is tiring—Come Klang."

She heard the key turn in the lock, and there came to her a sense of hopelessness. Where was she? Would they ever find her? How long was this mad questioning about her father to go on? Where was her father? Was he in danger? The questions chased through her mind in a bewildering, unanswerable stream.

She took stock of the room which was to be her prison. In it were the barest necessities. A single bed was set along the wall, the coverlet of which was turned back displaying clean sheets and pillow-cases. A cane lounge chair and a small table of the same material were grouped near the head of the bed.

THE window Wu Sang had spoken of was an open space in the roof, and exit or entry thereby was blocked by three lengths of stout bamboo which ran athwart it. Escape was impossible.

About nine o'clock she heard footsteps on the stairs, and stood up expectantly as her captor stepped into the room, holding Klang by the collar.

"I have brought some supper, and I hope you will be comfortable for the night."

"You are determined to keep me here?" she charged.

He shrugged. "It is against my wish."

"Is it money you are wanting?"

"No," He shook his head. "Miss Vaughan, you do me an injustice—Money!" he laughed.

"Then there must be some explanation—"

"There is; but I don't think I can afford it—unless," he looked hard at her, "you are lying to me about your father."

"You can afford to insult me; subject me to these indignities. . . ."

"Let us hope that is all you will have to suffer. Come, Klang." He led the dog outside and closed the door.

It was a night of terror for Barbara. Heavy opium-smoke filtered through the room, and, mingling with the close air, made breathing difficult. She slept but little, and when the first grey light of day struck through the opening on the roof murmured a prayer of thanks.

The morning was well advanced before Wu Sang made any appearance. The servant followed at his heels, bringing food and drink, and a bowl of water for her toilet. She was thankful for the water and the tea; a welcome combination. Beyond a curt "Good morning," the Chinese did not speak. He seemed agitated and quickly followed the servant out of the room, and at the foot of the stairs called his name.

"Wah Sing!"

"Honorable."

"Where is the one with the crooked face?"

"At the back of the house."

"Bring him."

The man departed, and soon returned with the donkeyman.

"You," Wu Sang addressed the latter, "stay inside, and do not leave. Wah Sing," he turned to the servant. "This one and the girl are in your charge. Let no one enter the house but Ho Ling and myself; keep him," he nodded in the direction of the donkeyman, "at the back. You understand?"

"Yes, Honorable."

"Good; now go."

Wu Sang was disturbed and his mood was dangerous. His Singapore agents had failed to locate Vaughan, and time was precious; further, the stupidity of Ming Lee that morning had added to his temper. "The fool," he snarled. . . . He sat down and for a time was lost in thought.

CHAPTER 15.

"WHAT did you do with your rickshaw, Lee?"

"Left it outside."

"Better put it away altogether; that job is over, now."

Lee smiled. "It certainly is, for me." He told the detective of the trick he had played on the rickshawmen that afternoon.

"Your popularity is beyond question in that rank now," laughed Robbins. "You would be 'in the gun' as Farquhar puts it. However, change, and be back as soon as you can. I'll phone and have that taxi-man brought in—that cab number is right?"

"Certain—still it might have been a dummy."

"We'll soon find that out." Robbins lifted the receiver, and his orders started the Law rolling through the crowded roads and quiet alleys of the city. This done, he went in search of Maloney, of the Shanghai police, and found him just about to leave.

Robbins told him of the disappearance of Vaughan's daughter, and his assumption that she had been kidnapped.

"I want a Chinese to assist Lee; someone to shadow Ho Ling," he explained in conclusion.

"O.K." Maloney used the idiom with refreshing crispness. "I'll tell him in the morning. You see the Chief; maybe he'll

put somebody else on the case, and leave you free to carry on with your own job."

"No, I don't want that. I'm interested in this personally."

"Go to it, then, and if there is anything I can do, just holler."

In the morning Robbins saw the Chief and was given permission to conduct the investigation and use the Chinese assistant.

He had just finished a letter to Richardson in Hongkong when the phone rang announcing the arrest of the taxi driver, and asking for orders.

"Look him up, and ask Inspector Maloney to come along and see me," he directed.

In a few minutes Maloney entered.

"They have found that taxi-driver."

"Fine."

"You can help me in this, Maloney. I don't want to appear, just yet. If my description goes to Wu Sang, my future activities are consequently limited."

"That's so."

"Then you get all you can from him as to where he set the girl down, and who sent him to do the job. If he is in Wu Sang's pay, we cannot expect much, but there is a chance he may talk. I'll ring and have him sent in, and will wait in the next room."

Maloney nodded. "Go ahead."

ROBBINS rang to the sergeant in charge of the cells:

"Send that taxi-driver in with an interpreter."

Under examination the prisoner gave his name as Ming Lee. Yes, he picked up a lady fare in the Bubbling Well Road, and drove her to the Astor Hotel, then took another fare from there, west.

"Ask who sent him to the Vaughan home," directed Maloney.

The interpreter translated, and the detective watched the taxi-driver's face as he replied to the question; but the wooden features did not change; not a flicker was there from the slant eyes, to betray the unexpectedness of the thrust.

"He says no one sent him. He was passing at the time and the house-boy hailed him."

Maloney looked searchingly at the taxi-driver; but he was experienced in the ways of Chinese who did not care to talk.

He rose and went into the room where Robbins was waiting.

"Can't get much out of that 'yegg,'" he said.

"Tells me no one sent him to the house, and that he dropped the girl at the Astor. What'll I do, 'raser' him?"

"No; send him back to the cells. I'll go down to the Astor myself, and check up on him."

Maloney re-entered the room containing the prisoner: "Take him back to the cells," he ordered.

Arrived at the Astor, Robbins sought out the booking clerk.

Yes, the booking-clerk had been on duty yesterday afternoon. No, no lady had made inquiries regarding a Mr. Farquhar; there was not a Mr. Farquhar staying in the hotel.

Back at headquarters, he sent for his assistant.

"Lee, that taxi-driver did not take Miss Vaughan to the Astor, so I propose to let him out again. You get into that rickshaw rig, have a good look at him, and when he is free hang on to him like a leech. I think he will go to Wu Sang some time. Come into the charge room and I'll tell the Sergeant to release him as soon as you are ready."

This arrangement completed, Robbins caught a cab; he was to lunch with Farquhar and Pat at the villa.

He found Farquhar worried and chafing at his own inactivity.

"For God's sake let me do something," he implored of Robbins. "I cannot stay here like this."

"Patience, Dick. We cannot jump into this with both feet. Supposing I raided

the Chinese place—had him arrested; what then? He wouldn't keep the girl in the shop, and there is no evidence against him; so on what charge could I hold him?"

Just as he finished speaking Pat came in to announce lunch. She was pale and there was an unmistakable redness about her eyes.

"Oh, you will bring her back, won't you?" the voice trembled a little.

He took her hand. Her agitation distressed him, and for a moment he felt a great desire to take her in his arms.

"You trust me," he almost whispered.

"Yes, I think I will," she said softly. Then disengaging her hand, smiled, "Come, lunch is ready."

CHAPTER 16.

AFTER Robbins had gone Lee went into the prison yard. He had barely taken up his position behind an angle of the wall, when he heard the voices of two men as they came out. The taxi-driver was voluble, because he was not allowed to take his cab. Lee looked around the corner. The interpreter was standing on the steps pointing to the gate, and in very forcible language bade the ex-prisoner get out.

The man waved his hands in an excitable manner, calling on his Jose to witness his innocence, and demanding redress. How long the wordy argument would have extended was problematical, but the arrival of a Sikh who, grasping the situation, advanced trustfully into the picture, put the wordy one to rout.

Lee took up his rickshaw, and leaving his hiding place hurried after him. At the corner he sighted his quarry, and keeping him well in view, followed. The man went straight to Wu Sang's. Lee smiled to himself as he reflected upon Ming Lee's reception.

"Wu Sang will be inclined to cut his throat when he finds out that he has come direct from the gaol," he mused.

Scarcely had he settled down to watch when the taximan reappeared hurriedly, and in an evident state of fright; Lee chuckled.

"Ah! from the look of our friend I should imagine the chief has been pointing out his very obvious lapse."

He was in the act of following Ming Lee, but stopped. He reasoned that Wu Sang, or whoever employed him, would not trust the man with any further commissions—at least not that day—so he waited. A few minutes passed and he saw a youth of about twenty step outside ostensibly to rearrange the festoons of advertisements, but the pseudo-rickshawman grinned to himself as he watched the quick glances up and down the street, revealing the real intention behind his industry. Evidently satisfied with what he saw, he re-entered the shop, and later Wu Sang himself came out.

LEE had never seen the Chinese, but his instincts warned him that the man at the door was the hand and brain behind the disappearance of Miss Vaughan.

The merchant stood for a moment looking along the roadway; then he caught sight of Lee:

"Boy."

Lee sprang to respond:

"Honorable."

"The Walled City."

He climbed aboard and Lee went bustling and hi-hi-ing towards the river. Reaching the Bund he turned right and raced along in high spirits. He felt that his passenger was doing all that Robbins had anticipated he would—go to the girl, impelled by that strange force which has been the undoing of countless evildoers. Lee's progress was slow upon entering

the old city. The narrow passages that passed as streets were crowded with natives; obstinate, ill-tempered; and all manner of vehicle was there to bar his passage.

At the intersection of two streets his passenger alighted, dismissed Lee, and disappeared into a house which stood on the corner.

Lee waited, rolling a cigarette the while, and noting carefully the place into which his passenger had entered. Then picking up the shafts of his rickshaw, he slowly made his way to the city gates. Outside he left his vehicle in the yard of the nearest police station, and repaired to the house where he had dropped Wu Sang, to watch in hopes of learning something definite before reporting to his Chief.

For hours he idled on the kerb. There was little risk of his being noticed among the crowd that continually filled the street. He saw Wu Sang come out and make off in the direction of the European City, but he did not attempt to follow; he rightly assumed the tall Chinese to be going back to his shop on the Peking. He waited on until dusk approached. He was tired. He had stood for hours watching, and how he longed to lie down and sleep. His thoughts strayed from the matter on hand to the niceness of a meal and a cool bed. Retrieving his rickshaw he started to return to headquarters. Engrossed, did not notice two rickshaw boys leave their stands, and was not aware of their presence until it was too late.

In a dark street off the main road they reined ahead; then dropping their shafts, turned and sprang as he came abreast. They overwhelmed him with the vigor of their attack, and he collapsed into the gutter. His assailants stood over him, and then one of them kicked him.

"That," he snarled, "is for breaking your line on the Bubbling Well Road."

CHAPTER 17.

LEE stirred, and sat up. Where was he? He tried to get on to his feet, but his legs were weak and would not hold him. What had happened? Slowly his memory returned. He had left the Walled City nearing dark. Then followed the assault by the two boys. What for? But it was useless sitting here, he must get back and report to Robbins. He staggered to his feet, and the effort made him wince with pain. Doggedly he groped his way along, and to the Bund. He almost crawled into a taxi, and to the astonishment of the driver, gave his destination as police headquarters.

Robbins was still in his office when Lee staggered in, and the sight of his assistant with the dried blood caking his face and hair startled the big detective.

"Lee, what has happened?" he cried. The assistant sank into a chair, and in halting tones recounted to his Chief the events of the day; his fare to the Walled City, his long wait, and then the attack.

Robbins was genuinely distressed. "You had better see the Doctor, Lee, and have your head dressed and then rest up a bit. We can talk over this in the morning," he advised earnestly.

He assisted him to rise: "Come on, I'll help you down. Whoever it was, he gave you a nasty time."

He took Lee's arm and assisted him along the corridor. Returning, he phoned the villa.

"Robbins here. Farquhar. Lee has just been in with some news. He was watching outside Wu Sang's shop this morning, and he thinks it was the gentleman himself he drove to a house in the Walled City. He has an idea Miss Vaughan might be there. We'll go down in the morning. . . . No, unfortunately we can't to-night. Lee was knocked about. I've had to take him to the doctor. . . . In all probability he'll be right in the morning. . . . Yes, had luck

. . . No; I don't think so. . . . a few stitches. . . . Right, be over at nine. Good-night." He hung up the receiver, and locking his office left for his hotel.

He was in a happy frame of mind as he walked along the street; events had moved faster than he had anticipated, and he dwelt upon the thought—if they were fortunate enough to get Wu Sang, he felt sure the Chinese could offer some explanation for the things that had been worrying him for the past week.

FARQUHAR was on the tick of nine, eager and impatient to be gone. He had barely slept, and the hours of waiting had stumbled by on leaden feet.

"Don't worry, old man," Robbins said encouragingly. "It takes more than a bump on the head to stop Lee." Then after a pause, he asked:

"Did you bring a gun?" Farquhar nodded and tapped his coat pocket.

"Automatic—I wish it were a Lewis," he answered savagely, getting up from his seat and walking towards the window.

Robbins was about to reply in a jocular strain, but checked himself; he respected his friend's anxiousness. Instead, he asked:

"Any news of Vaughan?"

"No." "Do you think we ought to send him a message?"

"I don't know. I was speaking to Pat about it, but we concluded letting him know wouldn't do much good—only worry him unnecessarily. He couldn't help."

"No—of course," he agreed; then, "It's a funny thing about Vaughan. . . . but he left the sentence unfinished and lapsed into thought; the pencil in his hand tracing weird patterns on his blotter.

Robbins' half-uttered remark was not lost upon Farquhar. He left the window and walked over to the table where the detective sat.

"Look here, old man; you have been hinting things about Vaughan ever since he went away. What's on your mind?"

"Lots, Dick," replied Robbins slowly—"but you would probably be offended—or else laugh—if I told you, so we will wait until the ground gets firmer."

"You don't think him a crook?"

"Would it surprise you if I said I did?"

"No, you fellows have a habit of sticking a label on a man and then leaving him to take it off," replied Farquhar, with a show of heat.

"Not without reason," said Robbins. He appeared not to notice his friend's irritation.

"Reason? What reason have you to label Vaughan?"

"Enough, come now. What do you know about him? Nothing; only that he is Barbara's father."

"Well," Farquhar hesitated, "I had no cause to make inquiries."

"Of course, you didn't, and if you had, results would have been perfectly satisfactory—to you. Anyhow you were not interested in Mr. Vaughan," he smiled, as he emphasized his conclusion.

Then, his expression changing, he looked at his friend with a serious, thoughtful face. "Dick, I think Vaughan is mixed up with this Wu Sang. Why the house-boy spy? Why did he leave so suddenly? Why has this seemingly respectable merchant taken the trouble to kidnap his daughter?"

"Have it your own way, Robbins," Farquhar said, "but for the Lord's sake let's get the girl first and thrash this other thing out later." He clenched his fists and began an impatient walk across the room.

"What time is Lee due?" he asked suddenly, pulling out his watch.

"Nine."

"It's ten past. Nothing could have happened him?"

"We'll give him another five minutes,

and then I'll send a messenger for him. But it's all right, Dick," reassured Robbins. "Remember, he got a nasty knock."

Farquhar was apologetic. "Sorry, old man, but—"

"Oh, I know," his friend sympathized.

No more was said between the two men. Farquhar's mind was in a tumult that only swift action could still, and Robbins sat and went over the theories formed, and facts collected in this his strangest case.

Both men looked eagerly at the door upon hearing Lee's knock. "Come in," the detective almost shouted the invitation.

Lee's head was bandaged and the ivory pail of his skin showed lighter from the effects of his assault. He was wearing ordinary civilian clothes and carried in his hand a soft felt hat.

"Lee," Robbins rose and advanced to meet him. "Glad to see you—feel better? much damage?" He fired the questions at his assistant, with gratification and relief.

"I am all right, sir—not much damage, a few stitches in and a little blood out," he laughed. "A good night's rest worked wonders."

Farquhar could have shouted with joy, and it was an effort for him to say as quietly as he did, "Glad you have recovered, Lee."

Robbins was picking up his hat. "Now, Lee, when you are ready, we are." He led the way out and into the yard. Here they were joined by two Sikh policemen who had been detailed at his request, and in ten minutes from the time of Lee's arrival into his office, the party was on its way to the Walled City in two police cars.

Robbins, Farquhar and Lee rode in the first car and the two policemen followed.

CHAPTER 18.

WU SANG was early astir. News had reached him late the previous night that his Singapore agents had located Vaughan and were watching, pending further orders. He sent a message to Ho Ling asking him to be at the shop by eleven o'clock; then he breakfasted, and half an hour before Robbins left police headquarters, he was in a rickshaw bound for the same destination, but with an entirely different purpose.

Vaughan had been right in his summing up of Wu Sang. The Chinese had acquired a veneer of Western culture, but underneath there remained the East, a vicious, voracious East, armed with a thousand tortures. A hideous legacy from barbarous forebears.

He left the rickshaw at the City gates, a precaution tardily remembered, and walked to the house. Entering, he called Wai Sing.

"No one came?" he asked.

"No one, honorable."

"How is the girl? Is she quiet?"

"She has made no sound."

He asked no more questions, but took from the pocket of his long coat, a small phial and a pad of cotton wool and set them down on the table. Then he removed the coat, and retrieving the phial and pad, turned to Wai Sing.

"You have a knife?"

The servant took a knife from his belt, and grinning evilly, flashed it before his master.

Wu Sang eyed the blade. "Come," he ordered, and led the way upstairs.

On the landing they were confronted by the dog whose mouth moved in that eerie, noiseless fashion as they approached; but at a command it sprang back, and they passed safely into the room.

Barbara stood silent when Wu Sang entered; she saw that the servant had not the customary tray of food, and her heart beat quicker.

"You have come to let me go?" she asked, eagerly.

"On the contrary," answered Wu Sang, "you stay."

"Oh!" she sank back into the chair, and her voice betrayed the disappointment she felt.

"You are unhappy," he smiled. "Come, that is strange, when I have such good news for you."

He paused a moment, watching her, then in a low voice, speaking slowly and with evident satisfaction, said:

"Miss Vaughan, I have found your father!"

Barbara jumped to her feet with a cry: "Found father! where is he well. What happened?"

The Chinese ignored the flood of questions.

"I have found your father in Singapore, and I am going to send him a message from you."

He spoke in the dialect to Wah Sing.

Something in the tone of his voice frightened her, she had heard him speak like that in the taxi. Hate worked within him and the skin of his face grew tighter, drawing his lips apart and exposing his teeth, wolfishly. She sensed danger to herself, and shrank away.

"What—what are you going to do?" she gasped.

"I am going to cut off one of your fingers and post it to Singapore. It will remind someone of a duty to be performed—honestly. This"—he held the phial towards her—"is chloroform."

Her eyes dilated with horror. . . . She screamed as the Chinese advanced. . . .

ROBBIENS tried the door. It was locked, but the crazy structure offered little resistance to his burly form. The soft wood yielded before the pressure, and in a second he was inside, with Farquhar close behind. They crept into the room where Wu Sang had left his coat, and Robbins was in the act of picking it up when Barbara's scream rang through the house. Both men stopped for an instant, then Robbins, jerking out his gun, cried, "Quick, Dick, upstairs!" He sprang to the stairs, Farquhar following.

At the top they were met by the huge Klang, who wheezed and tugged at his chain. The detective hesitated. "Down," he commanded, but the beast paid no attention. He waited no longer. . . . his gun cracked, and the dog went down, blood streaming from its head. Then, in a bound, both men were on top of the stairs and inside the room.

A moment of hesitation revealed to Robbins and his friend a sight that brought a quick oath from Farquhar. Barbara stood between the two Chinese, swaying, and on the verge of collapse. Wu Sang held her arm, he stood rigid, the shock of the detectives' swift entry had rendered him incapable of movement. Wah Sing still held the knife, its bright blade gleaming in the shaft of light that came through the roof opening, his otherwise passive face transformed by surprise.

"Look out, Dick!" Robbins shouted the warning, but it was unnecessary. Farquhar had seen the movement and fired as Wah Sing raised his arm to throw. The force of the bullet almost lifted the Chinese off his feet. The knife fell with a clatter as the owner staggered and crashed to the floor. Farquhar was on fire, rage tore at his heart, and with the spring of a panther he was across the room and had Barbara in his arms, his gun thrust into the stomach of Wu Sang. "Put up your arms," he ordered savagely.

"I'll take care of him, Dick; look after Miss Vaughan—she has fainted," Robbins' voice brought to Farquhar a swift realisation of Barbara's plight. She lay heavily on his arm, her face white and still. He lowered his gun, and, picking her up, gently placed her on the bed.

The detective strode over to Wu Sang.

The Chinese still stood with his arms raised, not a muscle of his face moving.

"Seems that we were just in time, Mr. Wu Sang." He watched the Chinese closely as he spoke his name, but there was no response. Wu Sang waited on, seemingly undisturbed.

"Won't talk, eh? Well, we'll see about that later. Come, hold out your hands." In a second he was handcuffed, and Robbins turned to Farquhar.

"I'll take him along, Dick, and I'll send Lee up to look after you and Miss Vaughan."

Farquhar nodded, but did not cease from his attentions to Barbara; he had found some water and was busy lavaging her forehead.

Robbins pushed the Chinese towards the door. "Go on," he ordered curtly, "get along." He held his captive by the arm and piloted him towards the door. There, he turned to throw a final word to his friend, when suddenly he felt the Chinese torn from his grasp. In a moment all was confusion; he heard Wu Sang shout, and, wheeling quickly, saw the giant Klang, his face covered in blood and his great mouth open, rise and almost envelop his helpless master. The Chinese sought to sidestep, twist away, but stumbled and fell headlong down the stairs, to lie a crumpled heap at the bottom.

Robbins stood irresolute, stunned by the swift action of the dog. The maddened brute, evidently only stunned by the shot, now strained at his chain in a desperate endeavor to reach the detective. Farquhar, hearing the shout and the commotion at the door, left the girl, and in a few quick strides was by Robbins' side.

"What's happened?"

"The dog," gasped the detective, "attacked the Chinese as I pushed him out of the room. Look out for the brute!" he warned.

"Shoot it!"

The beast presented a wonderful target as it reared savagely.

"Stand away."

Robbins took careful aim and fired. There was no mistake this time.

"Phew!" he wiped his brow with the back of his hand. "What a pet!" Without another word to his friend he ran downstairs to where the Chinese lay. Wu Sang did not move; he had fallen on his face and his head was bent upon his chest; his mangled hands were crumpled underneath. . . . His neck was broken.

THE detective turned him over and with a quick movement searched his clothing; but he found nothing that helped in substantiating the theories he had formed. He dragged the lifeless body from where it lay, and covered it with the long coat that once served its living form. Then he went out to call Lee.

At the door he was met by a crowd of shouting, jostling natives who filled the street, scrambling to where he stood, in evident curiosity and concern. In the middle of the press Lee shouted and pushed, and the Sikhs laid about them with their clubs, the three fighting desperately to clear the street.

Robbins took in the situation at a glance. He drew his revolver and waved it menacingly.

"Scatter," he roared.

The mob hesitated and drew back. The Sikhs, seizing the moment of opportunity, pressed hard, belaboring lustily. In a few moments the immediate vicinity of the house was cleared, and Lee, breathless and excited, reached his Chief.

"He got away, sir. I lost him in the scramble," he began, gaspingly.

"Got away? Who?" asked Robbins in amazement.

"Number Four"—the ship's donkeyman—the man we are after," cried Lee.

"What?" the detective grasped his arm. "Did you say the donkeyman, the man with

the crooked face?" He could have shouted in triumph.

"Oh! it was he," Lee was in despair. "I had my back to the door, when someone rushed past. I made a grab, but was too late; I had just time to see him when the crowd arrived, shouting and struggling and swallowed him up. In a second, I was carried off my feet and rushed past the door. They whirled me about, and I shouted for the Sikhs to help clear the street, when you arrived." Lee's voice expressed the disappointment which he felt.

"Bad luck, Lee, but somehow I don't think we want him so urgently, now," he concluded, half to himself.

Lee looked at his Chief in astonishment.

"Don't want him?" he repeated.

"Not so much as we did," answered Robbins, "but more later. Send one of those policemen for the car, and tell him to get an ambulance. Post the other at this door, and you come inside with me. Miss Vaughan is safe, and Wu Sang is dead—broke his neck."

Re-entering the house, they found Farquhar leading Barbara down the stairs. He went forward to assist.

"Glad to see you fully recovered, Miss Vaughan, we'll have you out of here in a few minutes."

CHAPTER 19.

WELL, I suppose you are waiting to hear what happened, and you want some information about the scarred-faced donkeyman. Robbins was back at headquarters and was seated talking to Lee.

The assistant looked glum at the mention of the donkeyman, at which the detective smiled.

"Oh, never mind that." He could afford to be happy. The events of the morning had cleared up a lot of things that had hitherto puzzled him, and a raid on the shop in the Nanking, and the capture of Ho Ling had rounded up a sweet day's work.

He told Lee what had occurred in the house that morning and appropos of the donkeyman, said:

"I've had it in my mind for a long time that Vaughan was in some way connected with Wu Sang. The raid on the shop did not link up the two definitely, but I found enough to indicate that the rest does not matter."

"Ah," Lee waited, expectantly.

"Cocaine and opium, a bigish parcel of both."

"Runs drugs, eh," Lee evinced no surprise.

"No, Vaughan has been doing it for him. Wouldn't that account for the sums deposited in Vaughan's bank?"

The other nodded.

"Then, in some way, Wu Sang meets with the donkeyman. There is no market here for such valuable gems, so the job is given to Vaughan to dispose of them in Europe."

Lee looked at his Chief inquiringly:

"I know," cut in Robbins, interpreting the look, "but there was a string to it. Vaughan had to leave his daughter virtually in Wu Sang's keeping, until the gems were disposed of. Enter the house-boy—the man in possession. Something went wrong, and Wu Sang kidnapped Miss Vaughan, holding her as a hostage, and in so doing committed an act of folly—an indiscretion that cost him his life and tumbled his schemes. But if these smart fellows did not make a mistake some time, our task would be infinitely harder to perform."

"You'll go after Vaughan?" asked Lee.

"I leave Shanghai in the morning, but first I must have a talk with Miss Vaughan. I am going along there, to-night. She may be able to throw more light on to this business."

"But the donkeyman?"

"Leave him to Maloney and his men."

They'll run across him some time. You get along now and see me here in the morning."

Pat met Robbins upon his arrival at the villa, and she took his hand in a warm clasp.

"Oh! Inspector, it was splendid of you and Dick—" her voice broke suspiciously.

He felt his pulses quicken at the warmth of his reception, and as he stood holding her hand he felt an impulse to take her in his arms . . . but not now. . . Later, he hoped, opportunity might offer a better time—

"Nothing at all, Miss Templeton. Just happened to be on the spot—by the way, how is she?" he inquired.

"As well as we can expect. She is in the sitting-room with Dick. This way," she showed him in and called softly.

"Barbara, Dick, here is Inspector Robbins."

Parquhar got up from a chair by the side of a couch on which Barbara lay. She looked pale, but gave him a bright smile as he walked into the room.

"I have not had time to thank you, Inspector."

"Don't," he smiled.

Parquhar proffered him a chair, and he sat down. He waited a little time before commencing on the subject of his visit, then began:

"Miss Vaughan, I must apologise for having to ask you a lot of questions just now. But time in my profession is very precious." He hesitated. "Of course, if you do not feel able, I will not persist."

She smiled at him. "Go on, Inspector, what is it you would ask?"

"Have you any idea why Wu Sang did this?"

"No, other than he seemed to be under a delusion that father had done him some wrong. He perished in this, and also that I was in league with father, and knew all about his missing the boat at Singapore."

ROBINS leaned forward eagerly. "Did your father miss the boat?"

"That is what he told me, and this morning before you and Dick arrived he threatened," she shuddered and covered her face, as if trying to shut out the horrible memory of the morning.

"The skunk was going to cut off one of her fingers and post it to her father!" Parquhar finished the sentence, and his voice shook with fury.

"Beat!" Pat gave a quick exclamation; "the fends!"

Robbins looked at her, and he visualised any like attempt being made on Pat. He felt a surge of anger which almost found expression. He contented himself with a nod of acquiescence. "Cold-blooded devil," he said.

"Inspector," Barbara was speaking, "would it be possible to find whether father did miss his boat in Singapore, and if he is any danger?"

"That is my next job," he assured her. "I leave for Singapore in the morning."

"Oh!" she sighed in relief, "and you will cable—let me know?"

Her meaning was plain, but he prevaricated. "As soon as I get there," he promised. How he hated the job; a promise to find her father so that he might arrest him!

He was conscious that the eyes of Parquhar were upon him as he spoke. He did not look at his friend, and his gaze shifted uneasily before the appealing look of Barbara. He felt mean, and made as though to rise, a movement Pat was not slow to detect.

"You are not leaving us so soon?"

"I'm afraid I must; there is a lot to do before I leave Shanghai," he replied, breathing a prayer at her intervention.

"Well, if you must!"

"Must in the word," he smiled, and stood up. Then he turned to Barbara and said: "Don't you worry, Miss Vaughan; your

job is to get well, and forget the past few days." He shook her hand, and in hurried tones addressed himself to Parquhar.

"Can you come down and see me in the morning, Dick?"

Parquhar nodded. "I'll be down at ten."

"Good night, then."

"Good night."

Pat walked with him to the door.

"I hope you are successful in finding Mr. Vaughan," she said.

"Singapore is a big place," he temporised.

"We will be anxiously waiting for news."

"Yes," he replied, lamely. "Yes—no doubt." Damn it! he thought, can't they let me forget Vaughan for a while?

They were standing on the porch, and the warm night air was full of the scents from the garden. He sought to change the conversation:

"What a wonderful night!"

"Yes, beautiful," she agreed.

They were silent for a while, then he took her hand.

"Good-bye, Miss Templeton—Pat," he smiled, and repeated softly, "Pat—that's a nice name—Irish?"

"No, Chinese!" she laughed. "I was born in Peking, which is now Peking but is the same dear old place for all that."

He nodded. "Yes, a lot of folk have tried to change it, but the Temple of the Moon River still stands serene by the Tungen Gate."

"Oh," she exclaimed delightedly, "you know Peking!"

"Yes, I was there for some time."

There was a pause, then she broke in: "Shame isn't it?"

"What?" he asked, wondering.

"That you have to go so soon. We could have such a long talk about Peking."

"Er—yes," he stammered. Then, in a more even tone, he said:

"I will keep I hope?"

She smiled. "Yes."

"Then good-bye—"

"Good-bye."

"For a time, I'll drop a line from Singapore, if I may?"

"Of course," a mischievous light played in Pat's eyes. "You'll have to—tell us about Mr. Vaughan!"

"Yes, of course," he fumbled with his hat. "I'll have to write to Parquhar—won't I?" he laughed awkwardly. "Well, good-bye," he repeated.

"Good-bye." She watched him go, and no one saw the light that danced in her roguish eyes. She could not hide her mood upon re-entering the house, and unconsciously she hummed a little song.

"What's the matter with you? What is there to sing about?" growled Parquhar, forgetting for a moment that of the household only himself knew the reason for Robbins' sudden departure.

She stopped in sudden confusion.

"Why—why shouldn't I sing? Isn't Barbara back?" she managed to retort.

"Are you sure that's the only reason?" smiled Barbara.

Pat blushed and left the room.

Parquhar sat on unheeding.

ROBINS moved quickly the following morning. He cabled the police in Singapore a description of Vaughan, the name of the ship which carried him from Shanghai, and asked that they suspect he detained pending his arrival.

He left it to them to act should Vaughan have gone on a contingency which he foresaw, but dismissed. Wu Sang had admitted to Barbara that her father was there yesterday, and further the detective felt sure some message would have reached the girl had he decided to continue his voyage.

Arrangements had been made to have Maloney take up the chase after the donkeyman. Lee was to stay and help in the prosecution of Ho Ling, and with Parquhar act as a witness at the inquiry into the death of Wu Sang and his associate. His work in Shanghai was finished;

there was nothing to do now but wait for Parquhar and Lee.

The meeting with his friend, he did not relish. It was a distasteful business, and had a dampening effect upon his otherwise bright spirits. He began pacing the room, a frown of complexity clouding his face.

"I wish there was a way out," he muttered, "but—Come in."

Parquhar was on time, and Robbins noted that despite his friend's spick-and-span appearance he looked drawn and worried.

"This looks a ghastly business, Robbins," he groaned, slumping into a chair.

"Oh, cheer up, Dick, you don't know. I may be wrong in my assumption—after all, it is only an assumption." He spoke with forced cheerfulness.

Parquhar waved an impatient hand. "Don't try that, Robbins. It's obvious there is something crooked in the whole affair. Has Ho Ling told you anything?"

"A pack of the biggest lies you ever heard. Knows nothing and was only in the shop to do business."

"Of course," Parquhar nodded, and sat looking out of the window. He could not help but think that the detective's suspicions were well founded, and was tormented by the thought of Vaughan's arrest. For a moment his anger welled up against the man; it was rotten, cowardly, he thought—a gentleman of means? a wretched crook! He turned as though to give vent to his feelings, but subsided. His sense of fair dealing struggled within him—after all, he could not vilify the man unfairly. So, instead, he asked:

"What do you want of me, now?"

Robbins explained the necessity of his being present at the inquiry, so requested him to be at the service of Maloney in this matter. "I'll be constantly in touch with you from my end," he concluded.

"All right," Parquhar rose from his seat. "Good-bye and—I suppose—good luck." He smiled, but there was no laughter in his eyes.

Robbins took his friend's hand. "Good-bye, Dick; it's bad luck, but there appears no other way," he said sympathetically.

CHAPTER 20.

VAUHAN felt a sense of intense relief as he saw the Tainan leave; he sighed contentedly and sat down, his eyes still following the receding ship.

He was tired, now the excitement of the afternoon had passed. He was getting old, he told himself—he panicked too easily; yet he was too good for Cotter, at least, so far; but it had been close—too close. He got up. The boat had disappeared round a headland and only her smoky track was visible.

"They won't miss me until dinner-time, at least, and maybe, later," he murmured, "and I have until seven to make myself as scarce as possible."

He left the hotel, and walking into the less pretentious European quarter, booked himself a room at an obscure place, which boasted more of its bar than its accommodation, but which suited him admirably.

His next move was to buy some kit. For this he went to one of the better class shops, and purchased a trunk, and as few clothes as he could possibly do with to complete his passage to England. Then, loading his purchases into a cab, was driven to his hotel. With the things safely stowed in his room he stretched out on the bed and began to cast about in his mind how he was to get to England.

He felt in no immediate need of money, as he had brought ashore about £100, besides a letter of credit on the London branch of the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank. The latter, of course, he would not dare to present.

Already, he imagined, when missed from the boat, Cotter would have the wireless flashing the news to Shanghai and Singapore, and in the morning the hunt would

commence. He must wait awhile, a week or two, and stay closely by the hotel—let his beard grow, and then, perhaps, make some inquiries about a passage home in a freighter. This decision put him in a more equitable frame of mind, and he got up and went downstairs with the intention of getting something to eat.

The hotel was a square two-storied building, with a bar facing the street on each side of the main entrance. Big black letters told the uninitiated that this was The Salt House, and with due reflection, Wm. Coates, Prop., stood in less distinguished printing underneath.

The place was deserted, and Vaughan rapped on the counter. In reply to his knock, a door opened on the opposite side which evidently led into the bar, and the proprietor entered.

"Hello," he greeted, "what can I do for you, Mr. Craig?"

Vaughan had given his name as Craig on booking the room.

"I want the dining-room—" began Vaughan, then paused, "or perhaps I can have something sent up to my room?"

"Anything you like, sir," the proprietor grinned expansively, "—at any time."

"Good, and—er, I don't want to be disturbed. I write a little, and I want as much quiet as I can get."

The other hesitated. "Well, we'll do our best. Mr. Craig, but it's not too quiet around midnight—boys from the ships—they like a little 'fello' ashore," he winked. "Sailors?"

"Mates, engineers, and sometimes, a skipper. The lower ratings do not like to do their drinking under the eyes of their seniors, so we don't get many. It's what you'd call a 'brass-bound' house," he laughed.

Vaughan nodded. "Can't restrict the sailor's night ashore, I suppose," he smiled. "Very well, then, I'll remember to get well asleep before midnight."

He retired early. All the next day he kept to his room until about nine o'clock when he risked a visit to the bar, and sat at a small table, farthest from the door. So seated he was in a position to watch whoever entered. The place was comfortably filled, and most of the drinkers he observed, were sailormen.

So intent was he in watching the crowd that it was only in a vague sort of way he noticed a young fellow sit down at his table, and it was not until the other spoke that he was fully aware of his presence.

"Good to be ashore for a while, isn't it?" Vaughan started at the sound of the man's voice, and inwardly cursed the foolishness that had drawn him into the bar. Why hadn't he stayed upstairs? He wanted to run . . . Turning slightly he looked at the speaker. The man was about 35, fresh-faced, and in obvious shore clothes of a sailor.

"Yes—it must be," he replied, at length. "You don't follow the sea?"

"No, I'm from up country—Jahore," lied Vaughan.

"Been working for the Sultan?"

Vaughan was alert, yet his intuition told him that the man was making no attempt to interrogate him. There was a breeze about his questioner; a good-natured garrulity, that typified the atmosphere of the place.

"No, travelling," he answered. "I write a bit, and Jahore is interesting."

"Sure, it must be. I'd like to travel up that way, myself—have a drink?"

Vaughan hesitated. "No, thanks. I'll get along," he made a movement to rise.

"Pity—I'd like to hear about the Sultan. They tell me some tall tales of his riches. Ever met him?"

"No."

"Waiter," the man beckoned. "A whisky and soda for me, and," to Vaughan,

"better have one with me, Mister. I can't drink with the flies."

Vaughan sat down, "one then."

"Right oh!" the other smiled. "But if you had been away from a good drink as long as I have, the limitation wouldn't apply."

"You follow the sea?"

"Second mate, Telemodes, grey funnel, came in this morning."

"Ah!" Vaughan relaxed into the chair.

"About this Sultan, you say that you never met him. I don't suppose you would without an introduction. You travel a lot in search of copy?"

"Yea, one has to; local color, you'd call it."

"I'd like to travel."

Vaughan laughed. "That's funny—you'd like to travel! I'll bet there is hardly a port in the world you've not been in."

The sailor grimaced.

"Boris, yes, but that's only on the fringe, one never gets a look inside a country; we never stay long enough. Bombay, Calcutta, Karachi; but that's not India; and here in the Straits we browse along on the edge—I have been in China eight times, and never seen Peking!"

His listener nodded understandingly.

"Putting it that way, of course, but apart from those disappointments, you'd hardly call yourself a stay-at-home! By the way, where do you go from here—home?"

"Not direct. We are carrying pilgrims to Jiddah."

"Pilgrims?"

"Mohammedan pilgrims going to Mecca."

"Oh, that should be interesting."

"Yea, it's a break in the usual routine, but a smelly business, with eight or nine hundred crowded all over the ship for nearly three weeks."

"You take them from here?"

"Y"ES, this is the clearing house for Malays. The ships are specially equipped for the trade, and in the season regularly engage in it. No doubt you are aware the true Mohammedan lives only to complete a journey to Mecca, and the shipping companies are only too willing to assist to that end—for a consideration. Jiddah is the port for Mecca, and there we disembark them into barges. I suppose there are hundreds of ships similarly engaged; most of them running from India and Northern Africa. It's rather a big business."

"One the outside world knows little of, I should think."

"A trip like that would provide you with some good copy."

Vaughan's pulse quickened at the sailor's remark. "But you don't carry passengers, apart from the pilgrims?"

"No, although I remember one voyage out East we carried a fellow who went out to study, beri-beri. Wanted to get into ports where the big ships don't go. Saved him a lot of overlanding and transhipping."

"Friend of the Captain?"

"Don't think so, I fancy he was 'O.K.'d" from head office."

Vaughan nodded. Supposing he could manage a passage. What an opportunity to slip away . . . and on a pilgrim ship . . . They would not pay much attention to her . . . He sipped his drink . . .

"When do you sail?"

"The sailor was not slow to draw an inference from the directness of the question."

"To-morrow, at four in the afternoon—why, you thinking of coming along?" he laughed.

"Well, it would make splendid copy, as you say, but—"

"What?"

"There are difficulties. The Captain might object, and the steamship people—they may not permit it."

"How would you like me to ask the 'Old Man' for you?"

"That's very good of you."

"No trouble, perhaps he might be flattered—distinguished traveller and writer—"

Vaughan smiled.

"You can leave the distinguished part to posterity. Just tell him I'd like to come only to get some first-hand information about the pilgrims, and not to 'nose' about his ship; they're a toughy lot."

"I'll make him understand that—he's a nice old bird. I'll speak to him in the morning, and then let you know."

"Thanks again, and perhaps you could lunch with me to-morrow?"

"No difficulty about that," the sailor smiled.

"Good; at one to-morrow, here."

AT a quarter to one the next day Vaughan's anxious steps led him into the hall, and he waited by the little office. One o'clock came, and at ten past his high hopes sank. He was about to return to his room when the doors opened to admit his newly-found friend. At the sight of his face Vaughan's apprehension vanished; success was written large on the beaming face of the sailor.

"You saw the Captain?" Vaughan could scarcely restrain his eagerness.

The other nodded and grinned.

"He will be only too pleased to have you—said you could have the pilot's room, and trusts you will be satisfied with our limited bill of fare. He told me to see the steamship agents, so I went there before coming here. The agents have no objections, only you'll have to sign on as one of the crew. So you are to be an extra steward at a half-crown a month. We'll go down after lunch and you can sign the ship's articles. After that send your bags aboard. Sailing at four sharp."

Vaughan was incapable of immediate reply; he extended his hand. "Thanks," he managed, as he led the sailor up the stairs to his room, and lunch.

At the shipping-office he was outwardly self-possessed, but fretted impatiently during the reading of the long rymarole of the ship's articles, a tedious business which no seafarer pretends to hear or understand. He signed "John Craig," and committed himself to do all that the Master would order him; to sail so many degrees south or north, and to be content with the scale of rations, measured or weighed, according to the regulations laid down by the Board of Trade—a kindly committee of gentlemen who gauge sailors' appetites in ounces and who have a general regard for their welfare at sea.

The business over, the second mate went back to his ship and Vaughan to his hotel to pack. At three o'clock he was down at the wharf and had a coolie carry his trunk aboard.

He had chosen his time nicely. The wharf was crowded with pilgrims and their relations, and a continuous procession of natives went up and down the limited space of two narrow gangways. He was wearing a khaki shirt and shorts surmounted by a topee—a traveller's touch to lend color to his story.

The quartermaster at the head of the gangway informed him that the second mate was engaged at the after part of the ship, loading. The Captain? He pointed to a flight of steps leading to the bridge.

"Just under the bridge, sir, 'longside the chartroom, port side."

Vaughan thanked the man and mounted the steps. He had little difficulty in finding the Captain's cabin. He knocked.

"Come in." The voice was crisp.

He hesitated, his hand on the latch; then opened the door and stepped into the room. The Captain sat at his table evidently engaged on the ship's papers.

"Captain Mathers?"

The occupant of the cabin nodded.

"I am Craig, Captain. You were kind

enough to offer me a passage—the second male—

The master rose and extended his hand. "Oh, you're welcome, Craig. Yes, Barstow spoke to me about you this morning. Sign on all right?"

Vaughan shook hands. "It was kind of you, sir."

"Not at all, Craig, only too pleased to have you. A welcome addition to the ship's company. I trust you will find plenty of interest in the voyage."

"Sure to, Captain." He caught sight of the pile of papers on the table, and tactfully said, "I'll run along and see to my trunk."

"Very good, Craig, I'll see you later." The Captain nodded and smiled as he waved his hand towards the table. "I'll have them sorted out in half an hour. It takes a lot of work to ship pilgrims."

Vaughan withdrew, delighted with the result of his meeting and sought the steward.

Thankfully he watched the steward stow his bag, then, closing the door of the room, sat down to await the departure of the ship.

CHAPTER 21.

TWO bells struck from the bridge, and Vaughan was to the act of leaving his cabin when Barstow appeared at the door.

"Been on deck, yet?" he asked.

"No. Thought I might get in the way."

"You missed it. It's an eye-opener embarking these fellows. Listen to them!" he broke off, and pushed the door open.

"Like a bunch!"

Vaughan heard a confused babel of voices arising from the waist of the ship. "Will it be like that all the way?" he asked.

"No, they'll settle down after a while. But come and have a turn along the deck—not going to be sick, are you?" he asked solicitously.

"Oh, no, I am a fairly good sailor."

They descended the iron ladder on to the main deck, and Vaughan followed to behold the queerest jumble of humanity he had ever seen.

Indians, Javanese, Malays, Negroes! Hundreds of excited pilgrims ranging in color from coal-black to tawny-yellow, were herded within the confined space of the well-deck. They milled in the wildest confusion; shouting, gesticulating, and perspiring. Above all they perspired, and the warm body odor hung like a vapor under the tightly stretched awning.

Barstow pushed his way through the welter. Hands reached out to stay him:

"Sahib, an old Indian, stretched out a skinny, trembling arm: 'My son—he is gone!'"

"That's all right, Wallah!" The officer smiled kindly on the old man. "Allah is watching over him, bye 'n bye you find."

They crowded round, jostling. "My money, it's gone—stolen." An anguished voice shrilled. "Ah, Allah curse the thief!"

"Come on, Craig," Barstow shouted to his companion. "Let's get down into the tween-decks. There's more down there." They hustled their way to the open hatch and down to the lower deck. Here, the pilgrims seemed more subdued.

"These have sorted themselves out, and are getting ready for the night—get hunka, too, you see." He drew Vaughan's attention to the tiers of bunks attached to the wooden stringers lining the ship's side. They were bolted into the wood on the inside, and when let down and outwards were caught at the head and feet by chains. When not in use, they folded back, and thus did not inconvenience the stowage of cargo.

Vaughan flinched as he looked at the hard wooden planking.

"Not too inviting, are they?"

"Oh, they have mattresses; straw, kapok,

quilling—here, look; and all this stuff we are stepping over, that's bedding," replied Barstow.

All about them was activity and noise. Here, a man cried out in thanks at some reunion of friends or family; there, one lamented lost ones; anxious questions were asked; protests shouted.

Sitting on a bunk, a man wept loudly and unashamed. Vaughan pulled the mate's arm: "What is he crying for?" he asked.

Barstow shrugged. "Who knows? Perhaps he has lost his money; perhaps his clothes, or what seems most likely, he was too poor to bring his family, and weeps because of the parting—but whatever it is, he'll get over it." He laughed, then added: "Come on, we'll get up."

"Ah!" Vaughan looked sympathetically at the weeping passenger. . . . perhaps, he had a daughter, too. . . . Absently, he followed Barstow to the ladder. With his foot on the bottom rung he halted and looked around. How many were there, among the hundreds on board, who were leaving someone behind?

"Time we were up. They'll be getting down for the evening prayer soon," Barstow warned, as he looked back to where Vaughan stood motionless beneath him. They climbed to the top deck.

At dinner Vaughan met the Chief Engineer and the rest of Captain Mathers' officers who were not on watch. They all sat at one long table in the saloon, which occupied the centre of a block of cabins directly under the bridge.

"Something new for you, Craig?" Captain Mathers began after the introductions were over.

"Entirely," replied Vaughan.

"Then I trust you will get some good copy. There is plenty of color."

"How many have you aboard this time, Captain?" Vaughan asked.

"Nine hundred, odd—quite enough, too."

"Ever have any trouble?"

"None, apart from sickness, and they cater for themselves in the matter of food. All we supply is the ship and fresh water."

"Ah, the steam hose rigged, Captain."

Maclean interrupted with apparent unconcern. The steam hose was a precaution demanded by the company against sign of trouble.

"Mac, you old scoundrel, you know perfectly well the chances of our having to use it are as remote as that of your leaving the Free Kirk. No, Craig, we never have any trouble. Complaints, of course; thefts and the like, but altogether they are a quiet lot; fatalists, and that, probably, accounts for their behaviour and patience under the trying conditions of the trip."

"Loah!" the engineer rose. "Weel, A'm going 'ae look at me engines. You come on an' see them the morn, Craig. Guid night."

"Good night, Chief, and thanks for the invitation."

"Don't take Maclean seriously, Craig. He's a splendid fellow, but a devil to argue. It's a game with him; a way he has of passing the time," said the Captain, as the door closed behind the engineer.

"He is known throughout the company as 'Argus' Maclean," remarked the doctor. The following morning Vaughan accompanied the Captain and the doctor on a round of inspection, and had a better opportunity of seeing the conditions of the passengers now that they had settled down.

The ship was a sturdy thing of some 7000 tons, without pretensions to rake or line, but admirably suited for her task as a cargo carrier. Overall she measured 400 feet, and was well equipped with the modern aids to sailormen. From the break of the fore'st'le head, the main deck, forward ran a hundred feet to the tall, white bulkhead of the midship superstructure, and all about, filling the place to suffocation, lay the pilgrims. They took up every available space, men and women huddling

together, frightened, now that the great adventure had begun. Some, racked by retching, sat on their haunches along the scuppers, and with dolorous voices called upon Allah to witness their plight; some dozed; others smoked; and all were naturally subdued.

THE Captain and the doctor seemed satisfied, and they ascended to the top deck—that "bit of England," of Barstow's, which housed the tiny community of Europeans to whom Allah had entrusted the Faithful on their mission. Here cabins flanked the narrow promenade on each side, and from out of the warm mouth of the engine-room could be heard the rumble of Maclean's smoothly-working machinery. Stewards bustled, busy at their tasks, and the galleys, prominent in its isolation stood against the rails where the deck broke and led aft.

Vaughan nodded pleasantly to the cook as he followed Captain Mathers and the doctor down the ladder. The space here was smaller than that provided on the foredeck, and it was hotter, despite the wind-shutes that hung, gaping mouthed, from the jumper-stay. The pilgrims seemed to feel the effects of their crowded quarters, too, for the Captain turned to Vaughan and said:

"Look a bit sick, don't they?"

"Yes, and a deal quieter than when I saw them yesterday."

"No doubt about that, and look at the old chap over there?" The Captain drew his companion's attention to an old Indian who lay full length in the scupper, the dirty water swirling about him with every roll of the ship. "He'll choke in that bilge." He walked over to the old man and tapped him with his foot.

"Get up, man," he ordered in Hindustani.

The passenger moaned.

Captain Mathers called the doctor:

"Lend a hand, doctor." Together they sat the old fellow up and propped him against the bulk.

"Come, rouse thyself," urged the Captain, shaking the bent shoulders gently.

The man opened his eyes. "Sahib, I die."

"Bah!" the Captain growled. "Art thou a hillman, a fighter, or a Tamil? Wouldst thou die with the Holy City within thy sight? Thou hast to live." They left him a figure of abject misery, awaying and groaning a greeny-black victim of maldemer.

"What do you think of them, Doctor?" asked the Captain, when the inspection was over. "Some of them looked pretty green," he laughed.

The doctor smiled. "Yes, poor devils. But apart from that, they seem a healthy lot."

"Amen to that," solemnly concluded Captain Mathers, and for a moment his otherwise cheery countenance clouded. Then, in a brighter tone, he turned to Vaughan:

"We can hope for the best, eh, Craig? And, by the way, you had better run along and see those engines of Maclean's."

CHAPTER 22.

ROBBINS went by plane to Hongkong and laid the results of his Shanghai adventure before his Chief.

"Very sound work, Robbins," Richardson congratulated him at the conclusion of his story. "How much start has this Vaughan got?"

"He's had about two days since leaving his ship until my wire went to Singapore."

"Well, we can only hope for the best. You can leave to-night. I'll cable the Indian office, and Scotland Yard, and if Singapore wires any reply, I'll relay it to you; so good hunting."

Four days later the detective stepped ashore in Singapore, and at once repaired to police headquarters.

The officer in charge of the case, In-

spector Brown, informed him of the receipt of his message, but, so far, he reported all his investigations had been without result.

Robbins was disappointed. A week had passed since Vaughan had landed from the Tainan. Surely he had attempted to complete his journey? or was he still in Singapore? He dismissed the latter thought as unreasonable. The fools here had let the man slip through their fingers; they had let him walk up the gangway of some ship, and he was now well on his way to Europe. These thoughts ran through his head as he listened to the dismal recital of Brown. At last he burst out: "It looks as though he has given you fellows the slip, and is now on his way again."

"I'll bet you a new hat he has not!" cried Brown heatedly. "He's up country, or 'in smoke.'"

"I'll take you," snapped Robbins. "The best panama in Singapore!" He left and went to the hotel where he had sent his bag.

After a bath and change of linen, he lay down to think. Vaughan must have gone; there was nothing to keep him idling in Singapore. He could have had no suspicion that the police were after him; why had he not gone to the steamship agents and explained? They would have shipped him in the first boat available. He had left Shanghai openly—had anything happened? Robbins momentarily grew afraid at the thought; yet Vaughan was a man used to the East, and would not venture far from the European quarter with those jewels in his possession. But where was he? It was puzzling.

His disappearance was a blow to Robbins' expectations. He had anticipated the Singapore police finding the man easily, following his wife. Surely they had made all inquiries? He rose and looked at his watch. It was too late to make a round of the steamship offices to-day. Meanwhile, he determined to see some hotel registers, himself, and with this idea in mind, he dressed and went out.

Raffles and the International were the first two places he visited. These were Vaughan's style, and he did not doubt that the man carried plenty of money. But though he scanned registers, and sat for hours on terraces and in smoke-rooms it was all to no avail.

The following day he saw the passenger lists of those who had sailed from Singapore during the period under review, but they, too, failed to reveal any trace of the missing man. Nothing remained of Vaughan; he had vanished.

Robbins was perplexed; and almost began to regret his hasty remarks to Brown. Yet, knowing that Vaughan had no cause to "go into smoke," he could not, with reason, reach the same conclusions as did the Singapore detective. He approached Brown:

"Let me have an hotel list, Brown."

"You still think that 'bird' is here?"

"Unless he has walked past you fellows into some ship."

"You can count that out."

"Then he is still here. But Heaven alone knows why," he said slowly.

He opened the book that Brown had handed him, and in a moment was busy with pencil and paper extracting addresses of lesser-known hotels. "He must have slept somewhere the night he left the ship," he muttered. "but where? Friends, perhaps—an acquaintance here, I wonder?" Thoughtfully, he folded the paper and put it in his pocket; then handed the book back to Brown:

"Where is the Post Office?" he asked. Brown directed him.

At the Post Office he sent a private wire to Farquhar:

"Has Vaughan any friends in Singapore, reply urgent."

He spent the morning in inquiries at hotels, and returned for lunch without having raised the slightest clue. The after-

noon was similarly unproductive, and he was hot and tired after the gruelling day; further, Farquhar's reply awaited him. Vaughan had no friends in Singapore. He crumpled the telegram in his hand, disappointedly.

After dinner he was again upon his quest, and he speculated on his chances when he pushed open the swing doors of the "Salt-house."

The bar held the usual crowd, and Robbins had time to look it over, before the barman took his order. He drank a liqueur, and as he pushed the glass back to the man, said:

"Is that the boss at the till?"

"Yes," the barman nodded as he briskly dried the glass.

The detective waited until he saw a favorable opportunity, and approached the proprietor: "Mr. Coates?"

The hotel-keeper looked up from the till. "That's right."

"My name is Robbins—here, have a look at that." He put his detective's badge into the man's palm. "I'd like to talk with you for about five minutes—any place we can go?"

Coates looked serious as he handed the badge back.

"Certainly, in the office." He called to one of the barmen, "stand by the till, Charlie." Then to Robbins, "This way, sir." He lifted a flap in the counter, and Robbins passed through, and through a door into the little office.

"Sit down," Coates motioned him into the only chair. "What's the trouble?"

"Have you many boarders?"

"Not many, the house depends upon its bar trade."

"Had any new ones lately—say, within the last week?"

"Yes, three. Two yesterday, and one about five days ago. The last two are still here; the first chap stayed only two nights."

"What are the fellows like who are still here?"

"Couple of prospectors—tin men from Kuala-Lumpur. They are in the bar now."

"And the other—the chap who only stayed two nights; remember him?"

"Yes, I should say he was a man about fifty. Looked like a 'toff,' clean-shaven, grey hair—said he was a writing man from Jahore."

"What name?"

"Can't just remember; but here's the register." He turned over the pages. "Ah! here we are, John Craig—Jahore; on the ninth."

"The ninth! that was the day Vaughan missed his ship . . . grey hair . . . about fifty."

"SHOW ME." He almost snatched the book from Coates' hands. . . . Yes, there was the entry, "John Craig—Jahore." He rested the register on his knee, and from the inside pocket of his coat extracted his wallet. From this he took a letter which bore the signature of Vaughan. One look sufficed. The man had made no attempt to disguise his handwriting. The Christian name was a facsimile of that in the detective's hand. He closed the book, and handed it back to Coates.

"Thanks."

"That the fellow you want?" The hotel-keeper had watched Robbins' examination without a word. Yet, he knew from the look on the detective's face that his question was superfluous.

Robbins nodded, "Yes."

"He didn't look much like a crook to me." "Well, I don't know whether he is or not—yet. But I have a mighty strong suspicion. Now, you say he left on the eleventh?"

"After lunch."

"Say where he was going?"

"No."

"Any idea?"

"None, only he left with an officer from one of the boats."

"Know which boat?"

"No; I noticed them talking together in the bar the night before he left. He must have asked the officer to lunch, for they had it in his room with a bottle of champagne."

"Did he take all his clothes?"

"Everything."

"Know any boats which sailed that day?"

"No, 'raid I don't pay much attention to sailings. Arrivals are more in my line." Robbins smiled: "Of course. Never mind, I can find that out in the morning. There's nothing more you can tell me?"

"No."

The detective got up. "All right, Mr. Coates. Sorry to have troubled you."

Coates saw him to the doorway. "Good-night, Inspector." He watched Robbins disappear round the corner; then he turned into the bar rummaging upon the strangeness of his customer. Suddenly he stopped. "I wonder whether I should have told him of the 'Chink' who inquired about Craig." He stood for a moment, then with a slight shrug of unconcern went back to his station at the till.

Robbins learned from the shipping authorities that only two ships left the port between the time of Vaughan's arrival on the ninth and 5 p.m. on the eleventh. The Telemodes, carrying pilgrims to Jiddah, and the tramp, Saffron, for Calcutta, via Burmese ports. He decided on the Saffron. Perhaps it was Vaughan's idea to tranship to a fast P. and O. from Calcutta.

But the agents had no knowledge of a passenger—none were carried. The manager laughed. "Who would book a passage on the old Saffron?"

"Perhaps it was possible for him to—er, stow away, like. The man was seen with a young officer of some ship which left port between the tenth and eleventh."

"Stow away! On the Saffron!" The agent threw up his hands in horror. "Besides, that magnificent vessel carries no young officers. There's Dowd, the skipper; O'Connell, the 'second'; and Jones, the 'third.' Dowd is sixty, and the other two dashed near it; and there are no young engineers aboard, either. 'Sparks' is a native of Singapore—he is young, but not the right color. No, Inspector, I can assure you your man did not sail on the Saffron."

"She carries wireless?"

"Compulsory, whilst under British register."

"Can you raise Captain Dowd?"

"Certainly."

"Then have this description sent him. Ask him to search his ship, and, if my man is aboard, to hold him pending further instructions." He scribbled a description of Vaughan for the agents. "I'll call back this afternoon."

The agents for the Telemodes were in the same block of buildings, and in less than thirty minutes, after being shown into the steamship office, he was acquainted with the circumstances surrounding the pseudo-writer's enlistment with the ship's complement.

"Brown," he stood savagely in front of the Singapore man, "they sell good hats at Robinson's, I am told."

"Eh?"

"Our man left on the night of the eleventh in the Telemodes, a ship carrying pilgrims to Jiddah!"

"Well, I'll be—"

"Out buying that hat, I hope," Robbins snapped.

CHAPTER 23

THE Telemodes ploughed her way in a steady, solid gait that quite befitted her station as a first-class tramp, her tall masts and funnel standing stiff and straight under the stars, and her bow wave falling away before the quiet dignity of her progress.

It was a clear, warm night in the Straits,

and an offshore wind blew to Vaughan the mingled perfumes of the tropical mainland. He closed his eyes. Hew was a peace undreamt; further, the influence of the sea, and the wholesomeness of those who sailed it, created an environment of clean thought and action that was finding its way into his soul. Times there were, when, under the spell of his surroundings, he felt an out-cast. . . . He sighed.

"Contentment?"

He turned his head at the sound of the Doctor's voice. In his reverie he had forgotten the man seated in a chair by his side.

"Eh?" he exclaimed, momentarily startled. It seemed that the Doctor had read his thoughts.

"You sighed, and I asked whether it was one of contentment."

"Oh!" he laughed confusedly. "I beg your pardon, Doctor—no, it was a sigh of disappointment," he replied slowly.

"That's bad, what's the matter?"

VAUGHAN shook his head. "Don't misunderstand me. I don't mean that I am disappointed in the ship—I love every minute of this. I sighed because I had not met with it all before. Then, perhaps, things would have been different." His tone was bitter, and he was about to continue when a sudden realisation of the role he was playing silenced him, and he grew alarmed. What had he said? He glanced quickly at the Doctor and hastened to cover.

"You see, Doctor, it's this way. All my sea travelling has been done in ships where luxury almost reached vulgarity; and formality sat on one's shoulders from dawn to dusk. Big ships—leviathans they call them. They have tiers of decks, lifts, swimming pools, bugles and all the fancy gadgets ever invented. They resemble not ships, but a block of city buildings. The sailors dress like men-o-war, and are a mixture of painter and footman. Stewards stalk like butlers, and in the marble halls that stand as smokerooms one smokes a cigar with the same abandon as he would in Westminster Abbey. The company caters for everything but that really necessary thing—a closeness to the sea and the elements. But here," he waved his arm encompassing the bulk of the *Telemedos*, "one is at sea. One can hear the thump of the screw, the chant of the headman, and the tinkle of the ship's bell. One can smell the engines—and the bilges, too, occasionally," he laughed. "It's good to hear the rattle of a fireman's shovel or slice, and the ring of a chipping hammer; and besides we have nights like this, all to ourselves; no blare of jazz, or booming wireless, and we are not persecuted to attend concerts or entertainments convened at the behest of the bored, and effete—"

His observations were suddenly disturbed by the arrival of the Quartermaster, who excused himself and addressed the doctor.

"I was comin' from aft, Doctor, an' one of the pilgrims tells me there's a man down there very sick. He'd like you to see him."

"Nothin' serious, I hope?" The Doctor rose immediately.

"Gave me that idea, jabbered quite a bit," he said.

"I'll go along with you, Jones." He followed the Quartermaster to the after-deck, and there was met by the passenger who had spoken to the sailor.

"Where is the man?" asked the Doctor.

"There's way, Doktor—very sick man."

"Suppose he has been seasick, and now has indigestion through swallowing lumps of the Koran," grumbled the Doctor, as he picked his way among the passengers who lay stretched out on the iron deck.

The sick man lay near the winch, and he groaned feebly when the Doctor's torch flashed upon his face.

"Has this man any friends?"

"Yes, Doktor Sahib—Hassan and I . . ."

"Well, you and Hassan had better carry him topside." He turned to the quartermaster. "Jones, see they take this chap to the hospital on the poop. I'll go along and get the serang to see him made comfortable."

THE young Doctor's face was thoughtful when later he came back to Vaughan, who had been joined by Maclean.

"Anything serious?" asked the latter.

"I don't know yet, Craig. Hard to tell just now. I've had a look at him in hospital, and it appears more than seasickness. He looks very debilitated. I'll have a good look at him in the morning."

"Let us hope he is not going to give you any trouble."

The Doctor did not reply, but just nodded in response. He seemed preoccupied. Maclean noticed his abstraction, and looked hard at his shipmate, his grey eyes full of question. But he made no remark upon the condition of the passenger; instead he bade the two good-night, and went to his cabin.

Soon after, the Doctor excused himself, said he wanted to see the Old Man before going to bed. Vaughan wished him good-night, and expressed an intention to smoke another cigar before turning in.

Left alone, he lay back in his chair and crossed his legs. Three days had passed and there was no word from the shore. He speculated upon his chance of escape. Had he eluded Cotter? Yes, he was out of the way, tumbling somewhere, perhaps in Colombo. But there was always the wireless—no escaping that, he thought. He rose, walked to the rail, and looked up at the slender lines of the ship's aerial. That could catch him. He watched the wires as they swayed with the rolling of the ship. Ah! if he could only reach them and tear them down! His fingers gripped the rail at the thought. But they were far up out of his way; he groaned at his own impotence. . . . These slender lines could help end his life in gaol, and mark Barbara as a felon's daughter, unless he left the rail and mounted to the boat deck where wireless stood shaft the chart-room.

"Good-night, 'Sparks'; busy?"

"Night, Mr. Craig—no, come in and sit down. There's a fellow jamming in here, calling, calling."

Vaughan's heart jumped, but he maintained an outward calm, as he sat upon the settee in the little cabin.

"Calling us?"

"I don't know, some shore station. I think—Ah, there he is." The operator leaned forward, pencil ready to transcribe the call. Vaughan sat tense, his fingers clamping the covers of his seat. He waited in an agony of suspense. Suddenly Sparks' straightened up.

"Bahi!" he exclaimed. "It's Penang calling some chap about a load of rice."

"Ah!" Vaughan relaxed and laughed. "Rice, eh! That's funny." He laughed again in sheer relief. "Rice? Well, maybe we could do with some with all these pilgrims aboard. But I hope we are not going to Penang for it."

"Me, too!" agreed the wireless man decisively.

"They keep you busy, all these callers, eh, 'Sparks'?"

"The air is full of them—some fellow wants a talk with you, or to pass on some bit of news he has. First it was good fun speaking to chaps a thousand miles away, but you soon get tired of that."

"Yes, familiarity, even at a long distance, breeds a certain contempt, I suppose. But tell me, could you pick up any shore station now, barring those in close proximity—could you get Singapore, for instance?"

"Sure, I was in touch, just now."

"Any news?"

"No, just gave them my position, but to-

morrow I will be out of range—my machine is not too powerful."

"What happens, then, if they want to get a message through to you?"

"There's plenty who will relay it. Expecting anything?"

"Oh, no, just asking questions. There's a passenger's privilege, you know," Vaughan smiled.

"By jolly, and don't they exercise it," laughed "Sparks," "with all due respects, Mr. Craig."

"It's a good invention, 'Sparks.' It is wonderful to think that you can talk with folks thousands of miles apart."

"Yes, it's handy—especially in passenger ships, and to ourselves at this particular time."

"There would be a nice upset if anything were to go wrong?"

"Soon have it working again, unless some of the vital parts were smashed."

"What would you call the vital parts?"

"Oh, here, and there?"

Vaughan watched the operator as he pointed to the various parts of the machine's composition. "Well, we don't want anything to happen to it, do we?"

"Don't worry on that score, Mr. Craig. She's a good machine," "Sparks" hastened to assure the passenger.

He stayed chatting to the wireless man for a while, then said good-night and went below.

For a long time he lay awake. "Sparks" was not on duty all the time, and the little wireless room which adjoined his cabin was never locked. Vital parts! He tossed in his bunk struggling with the idea that had entered his mind. How he hated himself. He felt the influence of his few short days of ship life rise up and grapple with the thought. . . . Barstow, the Doctor, Maclean, the "Old Man," and all the good fellows who had taken him in; and the ship itself. . . . Could he do this? But fear whispered "what harm?" What lives are at stake? None. . . . "Sparks" will promptly report the wireless out of action, and the "Old Man" will swear and tell him to "see if you can get it rigged." . . . That's all it meant to the ship's company, but to him it meant his whole world. . . .

CHAPTER 24

THE monsoon, blowing light from the north-east, allowed the yawning wind-shutes, and filled the crowded 'tween-decks with its freshness, as the ship headed into the Indian Ocean on her lead West.

Vaughan anxiously paced the narrow walk of the upper deck. All night he had toiled with his plan of escape, and now he vainly sought an opportunity to put into action its beginning: he was waiting for the operator to leave the wireless-room. He must disable the set. There was no escape for him unless the ship was rendered out of touch. Already four days had passed, and his good luck could not continue, he told himself. In the first thrill of his escape, and then in the atmosphere of his newly-found friends, he had overlooked this one essential thing.

He felt mean and cowardly, and most of the day he had avoided the ship's company. Still, there would be no great harm done; he kept repeating to himself—just a week, and all would be well. In that time the ship could be lost in the ocean, to reappear at Jiddah; there he would take the chance—mix with the pilgrims, and so get ashore.

"Where was 'Sparks'?" He walked along the deck under the wing of the bridge, and down the port side, and almost ran into the arms of the Doctor and Captain Mathers, who had come from below.

"Afternoon, Craig." The Captain's face wore a serious expression, and the salutation lacked its usual heartiness.

"Afternoon, Captain-Doctor," he nodded, and unconsciously waited for the explanation which he sensed was coming.

"Piece of rotten luck," the Captain began. "The Doctor thinks that Malay he sent to hospital last night may be sickenin' for plague."

Plague! the word sent a shiver down his spine.

"As bad as that?" he asked.

"As present there are no definite lesions, but—" the Doctor shrugged. "I don't like him, and I have seen the thing before—"

"Do you want anything done now—some sort of isolation for those contacts?" asked the Captain, addressing the Doctor.

"You could rig that lazarette on the poop, sir—make it as air-tight as you can, and I'll burn some sulphur in there, then run all those on the after-deck through it. It is the only thing I have that might help."

"We'll do that right away. I'll get the boys."

"Hell!" The Doctor swore softly as he watched the Captain disappear towards the bridge. "I hope my diagnosis is wrong, Craig."

VAUGHAN did not answer directly. He had seen the ravages of plague in China, where whole villages had been wiped out by it, and there was no need for him to dwell upon the seriousness of an epidemic in the confined quarters of the ship.

"It's a bad business, Doctor," he said, looking into the troubled face of the young medic. There were a thousand souls in his keeping, thought Vaughan, and only a limited supply of drugs: a great responsibility—too great. For a minute he forgot his own distress, and with a sympathetic pat on the shoulder advised the Doctor not to take too serious a view of the Malay's condition. "You know," he concluded, with an attempt at cheerfulness, "Doctors are not always right!"

"Yes, that's what the crew say at times; only they are not as polite as you." A ghost of a smile flitted across the Doctor's face. Then, in a more sober tone, he said: "I'll go and see to my medicine-chest, if you'll excuse me, Craig." He walked a few paces, then stopped, and turning, pointed to the aerial.

"Thank God, we have the wireless if the worst comes along."

The wireless! The words brought to Vaughan a quick realisation of his own position. He looked up to where the other had pointed, and then slowly his eyes came down, and he watched the hurrying figure of the Doctor out of sight.

"Yes—thank God for the wireless," he echoed—bitterly.

He stood staring with non-seeing eyes at the setting sun, as he struggled with his desire. To disable the wireless and save himself meant, perhaps, endangering the lives of all on board; for he knew that the ship could be in communication with the best brains in the East if occasion demanded. Yet the Doctor's fears might be groundless, and the perilous hours were dragging on. . . . Any minute the call might come. He groaned in an agony of suspense. . . . but could he do it, now.

"Allah il Allah!" Allah Akbar!

The enormous cry of the muftidin broke in upon his thoughts. Unnoticing, he heard:

"Allah il Allah!"

The mighty voice rose full in the contentment of an untroubled heart, and slowly bore its way into the tumult of his mind.

Dully he listened. . . . "The peace be unto you, and the mercy of Allah, and his benediction," droned the preacher. Then Ibrahim in response: "And unto you be peace, and Allah's mercy."

"Unto you be peace," he repeated to himself. "Peace," he whispered, harshly. "Where was there peace? . . ." he cursed. "Damn the ship! To hell with everyone!" . . . He must save himself. . . .

"Allah il Allah, there is but one God." The voice insisted, it quieted him, and he

found himself listening. It was the muftidin Ibrahim calling the prayer; that kind old half-saint, half-philosopher with whom he had had many a pleasant talk. He fell to wondering how the "Old Man" would fare if the epidemic reached him. . . . ? How would they all fare? The hundreds who had scraped and slaved for a lifetime—the expectant mother, those pot-bellied kids by No. 1 hatch. . . . His head sank between the outstretched arms that gripped the rails.

He couldn't do it—now. . . . His escape was cut off and whatever befell was in the keeping of a higher power—Inshallah!

The following day, the Malay died, and at night they lowered him over the side; his feet towards Mecca. The Doctor's worst fears were realised, and the spectre of death stalked in the after well-deck.

Vaughan had volunteered to help the Doctor in any capacity and had thrown himself into his given task with a will that earned him volumes of praise from the hard-worked medic, and the undying gratitude of Captain Mathers.

The tiny lazarette on the poop was found inadequate, so part of the 'tween-deck in No. 4 hatch was partitioned off; the hatches were then put on and covered, and the space filled with sulphur fumes. Batches of pilgrims and their personal effects were then run through this improvised fumigating chamber. The work was hard, and the passengers protested at the intrusion into their otherwise peaceful calm. These things were in Allah's keeping!—True, oh King, muttered the purser, catching an indignant protestant by the slack of his baggy clothes—"but in you go, all the same!"

BY dusk all these on the after-deck had been put through and the Doctor and his volunteers, weary, and with their clothes and hair stiff, and brittle with the sulphur, retired for dinner.

"Well, Craig," the Doctor smiled as the pair trudged up the ladder to the top deck, "if there is a flea on any of those fellows now, it's a pet, and one that didn't go into the fumigator—Goah, sulphur!" he turned to spit.

"Doctor, don't make me laugh," groaned Vaughan. "My face feels like a piece of tin and—you!" he moved his jaw. "I'll never get my mouth open again!"

The business of the day and the vigor with which they had worked acted like a tonic on the otherwise lant nerves of the company at dinner, and the volunteers had the mess in good spirits recounting amusing incidents that had happened. Nothing engenders strain like inactivity, and they took comfort from the thought that they had done something, however small or unproductive.

"If their reluctance to undergo your treatment is any indication of its efficacy—it's rotten," observed the purser, laughing. "Two chaps hid under a winch bed, and I had to pull them out by their heels; and how they wailed! You'd have thought it was the crack of doom instead of the loss of a few fleas!"

"I saw one old fellow tie his beard in a handkerchief," chimed in Barstow. "Couldn't risk the old whisker—awfully proud of the face fungus, evidently."

"Come to think of it, it would be mighty strange to see a clean-shaven hajji," remarked the doctor.

"Spoil the whole effect of that calm contemplation of theirs, to see an aged fellow pulling at clean-shaven cheeks," said Vaughan.

Captain Mathers laughed. "Couldn't imagine such a thing, Craig—too terrible!"

"Loah, Captain," Maclean entered the conversation for the first time. "Hundreds of 'em there are, wi' faces clean as ma ain." "Mac!" the captain rose with assumed dignity—"the dinner and the discussion are ended."

"Tch, tch," the engineer's face was

solemn as he gazed at the grinning company. "I canna voice an opinion—never."

It was late into the night and Vaughan, although tired, could not sleep. He lit a cigar, and clad only in his pyjamas walked to the break of the fore-deck to catch whatever breeze there might be blowing. The ship was running down latitudes just north of the Line, and as far as he could judge, they were somewhere south of Colombo.

It was a muggy, close night, and what the humidity was like in the cluttered fore-deck below he hesitated to think; and yet the pilgrims rode without complaint, contented in the knowledge that they were obeying the summons of Him who wrote "Let them come to thee (Mecca) on foot and on every fleet camel, arriving by every deep denile."

He leaned over the rail and there came to him a steady murmur of unsleeping passengers. . . .

"Sahib," came a hoarse whisper from the foot of the ladder.

He peered down. It was the muftidin.

"Ibrahim, what is it?"

"Sahib, come down." There was something in the old man's voice that moved Vaughan to action, and he slid down the ladder to where the other stood under the awning.

"Well?" he waited.

"Sahib," Ibrahim hesitated. Vaughan grew afraid.

"Speak, Ibrahim—what has happened?"

"Two men are sick, and—" his voice sank with terrifying significance.

"My God!" gasped Vaughan, "where?"

The muftidin pointed dumbly towards the forecast.

"Ibrahim"—Vaughan grasped the old man's arm—"wait here, I'll get the Doctor Sahib. Tell me what you have told me." He raced up the ladder and, with shaking hands, roused the doctor.

"Get up, doctor, Ibrahim has two suspects on the fore deck!"

"Eh, what?" the Doctor opened his eyes. "What's the matter, Craig?"

"Ibrahim has two sick men on the fore deck, and he suspects—"

The Doctor swung out of his bunk, now wide awake. "Not on the foredeck," he protested in alarm.

They shifted the men to the little hospital, and then woke the Captain. The outbreak this time was of a more serious nature; besides the two men whom Ibrahim had reported, a woman and her husband were also admitted.

Two more days passed, and the epidemic was a thing of fear. Admissions followed in rapid succession, and the death-rate mounted.

From the Captain down, the ship's company worked heroically all day and all night. Officers, stewards, engineers, and sailors—drafted into watches—went about administering calomel and salts in a desperate effort to check the scourge that threatened the lives of all on board.

Among those who worked hardest and longest was Vaughan. He was ever at the doctor's right hand; coaxing stubbornness, ordering, directing. He became a force in the fight, and had earned high regard.

CHAPTER 25

"SPARKS" wrote the message down, and asked for a repeat. It came:

"Arrest extra steward Craig signed on Singapore. Wanted for jewel robbery. Hand over to police Port Suez. Report result. Robbins, Hongkong C.I.B."

The scrawl on his pad stared up at him—it was a joke, surely. Craig wanted for jewel theft! Good mind to give it to Craig and enjoy the laugh with him. He re-read the message. . . . "report result. . . ." There was a ring of sincerity in the conclusion that made him hesitate—anyhow, it was addressed to the "Old Man." . . .

He found the Captain in the chart-room.

"Message from the Petal, sir. P. and O. left Singapore about a week after us. Someone having a bit of a joke on Mr. Craig." He smiled in a hesitant manner as he handed over the message.

He heard the Captain repeat—"Robbins, Hongkong," and the smile on his face slowly faded, for he read in the master's eyes a deep concern.

"Fuh! joke you say, Meadows. Then if it is, it's in dam bad taste," the Captain replied. Then, after a pause: "This is confidential—strictly so, you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now call up the captain of the Petal and ask him to confirm this—urgently."

"Sparks" saluted and hurried off to the wireless-room.

WHEN the operator had gone, Captain Mathers read and re-read the message. It worried him. Craig a jewel thief? It seemed impossible; but there was the sender—Robbins, Hongkong; and he knew Robbins had met him in Hongkong one time. The detective had been aboard in the discharge of his duties—an affair over some drugs. . . . Nice chap, civil and smiling. . . . He shook his head in a puzzled way. Craig had joined the ship in Singapore—Barstow had spoken for him—Barstow?

He left the chart-room and mounted the bridge. It was the Second Officer's watch, and Barstow touched his cap as Captain Mathers approached.

"Afternoon, sir."

The Captain nodded in response, and for a moment stood looking absently along the fore part of the ship. Then he spoke:

"Where did you meet Craig?"

"In Singapore, sir."

"Um, whereabouts?"

"In the 'Bellhouse'." Barstow reddened, but the Captain appeared not to notice.

"Did he say how long he had been there?"

"No, sir."

"Said he was a writer?"

"Yes, sir—said he had been up country—in Jahore."

"Do you know anything else about him?"

"No, sir."

"Did you suggest this trip?"

"I did, little thinking he would take the idea seriously. I suggested it would make good copy. He seemed particularly keen, then."

"Um!" The Captain's manner seemed detached. He still looked to where the fore-castle head dipped with the swell. Then he turned to his officer:

"All right, Barstow—er, Craig need not know the subject of our conversation."

"No—very good, sir." He saluted and the Captain left the bridge and made his way to the wireless-room, leaving the puzzled and concerned second mate to resume his watch.

The Petal's captain had no time in replying:

"Confirm Robbins' message. Craig, your extra steward, wanted for jewel theft great value. Left Shanghai in Tainan, was traced your ship. Place in custody and hand over as previously advised."

There could be no doubt as to the identity of Craig, and Captain Mathers was distressed. He liked the man and—dam!—there was a policeman chasing him all the way from Hongkong!

"Send back a reply to the effect that I have carried out instructions, and will hand him over at Suex," he ordered, "and say that I have plague aboard and to keep his distance." He added savagely:

"Sparks!" nodded and bent over his key. He briefly replied to the Petal. The latter part of Captain Mathers' orders he wisely left to the ocean that separated them.

Vaughan was changing when the steward presented Captain Mathers' compliments,

and requested his attendance in the latter's cabin.

"Thanks, steward." He was tired and had to sit on the settee to pull off his shirt. "My compliments to the Captain. I'll be there in about ten minutes."

He wondered vaguely what the Captain wanted him for. Not—? He stopped in the act of dressing. . . . Had Cotter found him . . . ? Well, if he had. . . . His thoughts strayed, and he was conscious only of an overpowering weakness and a dull headache.

He went in obedience to the summons. "You sent for me, Captain." The "Old Man" appeared worried, and no wonder, he reasoned. All this sickness. . . .

"Yes, Craig. Sit down. You look tired and sick. Here"—he went to a cupboard and poured a stiff brandy—"get that inside you." He watched Vaughan as the latter drank. The man looks positively ill, he thought; and all occasioned by a splendid gesture to help him. And now his reward was to be what? Irons—ignomy.

"Ah," Vaughan exclaimed, "helps a lot, that stuff."

"Looks as though you need a case of it."

"Why me? What about the Doctor and the rest?"

"Yes, some day I hope to show all I you my full appreciation—and now"—the captain looked away, out of the porthole, his face working, as he strove with the substance of his summons. He felt a deep shame and basely ungracious. His gaze came back to the man on the settee. How sick he looked; how tired.

"Yes, Captain," Vaughan waited.

"I," the sailor hesitated; then, with a quick surge of emotion, "I wanted to thank you, Craig, for your great help—that's all." He rose and took Vaughan's hand. "I think you have behaved splendidly, all of you," he rushed on, in an endeavour to hide his feelings. "Now, you get along to dinner and bed—you need both."

The sickness had received a check; no fresh cases had been reported within the last few days, and the Doctor breathed more freely; as his small supply of calomel, his bulwark in the fight, was giving out.

The Captain had already decided with him that unless supplies were obtainable from within reasonable distance he would push on to Aden; a matter of several days' sailing on their true course, and there would land the worst cases.

ON the morning fol-

lowing his visit to the Captain, Vaughan found himself bedridden. The pains in his head and back, coupled with violent vomiting and shivering told him too plainly the nature of his illness. He had contracted plague; and the steward called the Doctor at his request.

"You had better get me out of here, Doctor—aff, on the poop with the rest," he said.

"No, Craig." The doctor shook his head in anguish. "Not there; you don't look that ill." He lied. "We can keep you down here for a little while at least."

"No, you can't."

The Doctor knew Vaughan was right. He could not stay where he was, but he hesitated in sending him aft.

"I'll see the 'Old Man,' Craig. You can't go down there. We'll find a way out. Steward, find Captain Mathers," he ordered. Then turning to Vaughan, "Come, I'll take your temperature. He put a thermometer into the sick man's mouth, and went on:

"You've been sickening for this for days, Craig. Blind fool that I was not to have seen it before," he growled.

Vaughan shook his head and framed his mouth to speak, but the thermometer checked him.

"Been shivering and vomiting?" inquired the Doctor.

Vaughan nodded.

"Had any calomel?"

Again the sick man nodded.

The Doctor withdrew the thermometer, and turned to the light of the cabin-door to read it. . . .

"Craig sick, Doctor?" the Captain was at the door, his voice full of anxiety. He did not wait for a reply. The concern on the Doctor's face was sufficient answer. He stepped into the cabin.

"Sorry to hear this, Craig; very sorry, indeed—but it's useless standing here commiserating. What's to be done, Doctor?"

"He wants to be sent aft with the rest."

"Nonsense! What do you say?"

"He would be better off out in the air, if we could rig something."

"Then let us rig something—come on, we'll find a suitable place." He hustled the other before him. Out of earshot, he turned to the Doctor: "Well?"

"He is bad, sir. Evidently been sickening for days, and wouldn't lay off."

"Yes, I suppose that's about the size of it." The Captain nodded. "Well, where do you suggest we put him?"

"On the boat-deck."

"Right, how about abaft the wireless-room?"

"Splendid!"

"I'll get the boy'n to run an awning over, and you have his bed and things brought up. It's up to us to see him through."

The fever seared into Vaughan and burnt him out; and the kindly ministrations of those about him were to no avail. He sank lower, and became too weak to struggle. He had fought hard, but now—what was it Ibrahim used to say? "Allah's will," a smile lit up his thin wan face. Ibrahim had great faith in Allah—so had Barbara in him, and how he had abused it. Ah! he closed his eyes, as he sensed the anguish, the disappointment. Her father a thief, a drug-runner, a poisonous beast. And all the luxury she had enjoyed, bought by the proceeds of his nefarious business. Had things been different she would have been spared all this. . . . Allah's will. . . .

He opened his eyes as he heard a footstep. It was the Doctor. They watched each other without speaking for a brief minute; the Doctor silently raging at his own impotence, and Vaughan understanding.

"Anything I can do?" the Doctor asked tenderly.

The dying man shook his head. "No—except that I'd like to see Captain Mathers. There is something I have to tell him."

The Doctor ran gone but a few minutes, when the Captain arrived.

"You sent for me, Craig?"

"Yes, Captain; sit down over there—not too close," he warned. "When do you expect to arrive at Aden?"

"To-morrow night."

"Ah—I want you to send a message for me to Miss Barbara Vaughan, Bubbling Well Road, Shanghai. Tell her— His voice trailed away, and he sank back, weak from his exertions, and he lay thus for several minutes. Then with an effort he continued:

"You have the address? Take it down, Barbara Vaughan, Bubbling Well Road, Shanghai—my daughter, Captain. My name is Vaughan, and I am carrying with me jewels to sell in Paris or Amsterdam. They are the result of a robbery—that's how I have lived for the past fifteen years—but she didn't know it," he paused for breath.

"Don't, Craig; don't exert yourself. I— we don't want to know anything about yourself. I'll send the message, you rest." The Captain attempted to rise from his seat, but Vaughan feebly waved him back, and went on:

"Many years ago I went out to Peking to work in a bank. I was married and had a daughter. The salary was small, and the station I was expected to keep—large—so I—you can guess?"

The other nodded.

"I WAS discharged, and came to Shanghai, where my wife died. Found it hard to get a post, and money soon ran out. I picked up with a merchant, a shady devil, who asked me to collect a parcel from a ship. He paid me well—I found out later that it was cocaine. He asked me again. I refused; he threatened exposure over the first lot—I was frightened . . . so it went on . . . I was coming to England when these jewels were given me to dispose of. I was to get a big cut. . . . They are in two chainmail leather bags in my trunk. . . . Worth a fortune . . . better cable the detective office at Shanghai. . . ."

The effort exhausted him, and he fell back gasping.

Captain Mathers said nothing upon the conclusion of this recital. He was too deeply moved by the unfortunate man's confession. He waited and Vaughan recovered a little.

"You still there, Captain?"

"Yes, Craig."

"You'll send—that message?"

"Yes."

"What's the time?" . . . Is that Ibrahim?"

"Yes, he is calling them to prayer—Craig is there anything else I can do?"

Vaughan lay silent for a long time, and the Captain thought he had not heard.

"Yes"—the voice was barely a whisper. "You can bury me with my feet towards Mecca. . . . It does not matter much to me, and it will please Ibrahim."

CHAPTER 26

TWO months later Robbins was back in Shanghai, and was seated on the verandah of the villa, talking to Farquhar. The men were alone, and the detective had finished narrating to his friend the story of Vaughan's flight in the *Teleropodes*.

"Remarkable, isn't it," commented Farquhar. "I wonder what drove him to seek a passage in that ship?" he asked, after a pause.

Robbins shook his head. "Lord knows, Dick. It's a mystery to me. He left Shanghai quite openly. Something or someone must have given him a bad fright. To put up at a mean little pub like the 'Salt-house,' give a false name, and parade as a writer from up country. . . .!" He shrugged and left the sentence unfinished.

"And that Chinaman—the donkeyman?"

"No—at least, that is, I did not inquire."

As a matter of fact I wanted to forget about the whole thing."

"Yes, I suppose so." The detective took a final puff at his cigar, and threw the butt into the garden. "Well, they got him—or rather Lee did. Maloney told me that Lee took it as a personal matter, and invited the man fireless—wanted to vindicate himself."

"Ah! Did he tell them anything?"

"Mostly that which we guessed. It appears he was in the stokehold, drying his clothes, when the Indian came down to hide in the bunkers. Being caught red-handed, as it were, he bribed the donkey man to shelter him. They slipped us in Hongkong, and had it not been for the murder outside Wai Sing's—"

"What became of that bird—that fellow they lifted from the hospital. He did that job, I think you told me?"

"That's right—but where is he now? Well, ask me another. He might still be in Hongkong, walking about under our very noses. I couldn't identify him."

"That's so," agreed Farquhar. "The majority of these coolies are alike as peas in a pod. What excuse did Number Four have to offer about the stones being in his possession?"

"He swore the Indian left them with him for safety."

"Pretty thin!"

"Of course, all moonshine. Wo Ping certainly did the killing, but at his behest."

"Can you imagine all that wealth of jewels stuffed into an old opium pipe? By the way, were there any missing—did Vaughan have the lot?"

"Every one of them. And now they are all back glittering triumphantly from the idols' heads, and I suppose there were extra prayers said for their recovery."

"There is another thing, I have sometimes thought about, Robbins; where the dickens do those stones come from—have you ever been in a mosque?"

"No."

WELL, they have no place for effigies of any kind, outside the Kaaba, at Mecca, nor will you see jewelled studded tapestries hanging about—savours of idolatry, and that's a cardinal sin. They worship in very plain style."

"Perhaps we might run along, and have a look at this particular one some day. Satisfy your curiosity," laughed Robbins.

"No, thanks!" Farquhar shook his head decisively. "No, sir! Malda does not interest me any further. I'm going home to 'Aussie' for a spell."

"And Barbara?"

"She comes, too. Pat and her mother will accompany her. I hope to be married down there."

"Bit of a blow to both of you, Vaughan's death." He inclined his head in the direction of the house. "How did she take it, badly?"

Farquhar nodded. "Although the cable from Captain Mathers softened it a good deal. It was kind of the 'Old Man' to write as he did. Vaughan seemed to have made himself very popular."

"That's so. I saw Captain Mathers in Suva. He told me Vaughan was in the thick of it from the start. 'A tower of strength' the 'Old Man' said."

"He went out gamely?"

"Like a hero." Robbins sat silent for a while, then, in quieter tones, said: "Dick, did you ever stop and think what a queer mixture is man, and what a dangerous business it is to estimate worth on face value? Vaughan, for instance, softened by his easy, sheltered life, weak, and, I suppose—immoral, should have cowered away in his cabin, agitated, haunted by the fear of the sickness; instead . . . ?" He gave an expressive little shrug and subsided.

"Yes, I know, I saw the same kind of thing in my regiment. Little eight 'stoners,' chinless and entire, lacking that off-fancied physical attribute to heroism, with more grit in their make-up than covered the floor of the Jordan Valley. Someone said something about time freezing the man, didn't they? which reminds me, old egg, it's time I went and found someone, myself." He excused himself and went into the house.

Robbins sat on alone. The past three months, with its activities and associations, now left everything flat. . . . Farquhar was lucky. He lit another cigar; he did not want it, but it was conciliatory, at least. . . . So they were going to Sydney. . . . How in hell would he stand Hongkong again? Well, he could take his leave—but where to? No place appealed very much—now if? . . . He heard a light foot-step on the verandah.

"It's a fine night, Mr. Policeman!"

Pat! It was she, smiling down at him! He stood up.

"It's as fine a night as they live in the old sod, Miss Paddy, yer honour!" He pulled an imaginary forelock, and made a self little leg. Then, with a laugh, said: "But my mistake, it's Chinese you are, not Irish, and it was as fine a night as this when you told me; but you'll sit down?"

She sat in the chair that had held Farquhar. . . . So he remembered!

"Let me see, how long ago was that?"

"Two years or more!"

She laughed. "It's a good thing for the

criminals of these parts: that you are a detective and not a magistrate!"

"Sounds left-handed!"

"Oh!" she sat up, laughter still in her eyes, and puckering her mouth. "I meant, of course, your idea of time. Your ability is beyond question."

He bowed solemnly. "Thanks."

"Don't mention it, you have probably earned the reputation—at least Dick says so. But tell me," her expression changed and a note of seriousness crept into her voice as she continued, "did you ever find that evil-looking Chinaman whom you were after, that 'Number Four'?"

"Yes," he answered after a moment's reflection. "Yes, Maloney and Lee caught him, and the jewels are now back with their rightful owner."

"And that terrible Wu Sang. What did he want with Mr. Vaughan?"

"I don't know. I expect Mr. Vaughan had crossed him in some deal, and he bore a grudge. That is the only conclusion I can come to."

They sat silent for a time; she staring into the dark of the garden, whilst he watched her. . . . Couldn't a man be happy with her? . . . at last he spoke.

DICK tells me you are going to Australia."

She nodded.

"It should be nice down there at this time of the year."

She laughed. "Dick goes into ecstasies about Sydney at Show time. Gets quite poetical about the Easter moon, and the soft nights."

"I think there is a streak of poetry in all men, but it takes something to bring it out."

"Such as—"

"Women, mostly."

"I am glad to hear that we are capable of awakening the muse, Inspector. Who knows to where a woman's influence might lead her man—to what heights!"

"And to what depths she might cast him down!"

"But you don't think we are as heartless as that?"

"I—" He was about to reply, when he became conscious of the cigar, now cold, and long ashed, clamped in his fingers, forgotten. He eyed the weed, then, with a gentle underarm motion, tossed it over the verandah rail. Abstractedly they watched it float into the light, then curve into the darkness beyond.

"Wasteful, wasteful," she murmured.

"Oh, it was out, and a cold cigar—"

He turned towards her, as he spoke, and his voice ended in a gasp; the movement of his hand, and a vagrant breeze, had deposited the ash of his cigar in the very centre of her lap.

"Look! Look, your dress!" he stuttered.

Startled she looked down, and, for a second, stared at the grey ash that mottled the white of her gown. Then, with a laugh of relief and amusement, stood up and shook her dress.

He was on his feet, handkerchief out, agitated, and dismayed. "Great Scott! I'm sorry!" he cried.

"Don't rub it!" she warned, still laughing; but, noticing his dismay, added softly, "It's only ash—Jim."

Jim! Robbins' heart bounded. Jim! The syllable sounded like the tinkling of a bell. . . . He caught the hand that sought to fend his attentions, and gently pulled her towards him.

"Pat," he whispered, "say that again."

"Is this a catechism?" she tried to speak lightly.

"Say it, in the name of the Law!"

"Jim"—the voice was muffled against his shoulder.

THE END

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

Printed and published by Sydney Newspapers Ltd., Macdonell House, 221 Pitt Street, Sydney.